April 1956, 50 cents

THE Atlantic

ARTHUR MILLER — *author of Death of a Salesman*

The Family in Modern Drama

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"We went to the Telephone Company's Open House," writes Evadne Scott Beebe in the Zion-Benton News, "and saw the electronic brain playing tick-tack-toe.

"My husband was enthralled with the performance but I was watching the deft, well-groomed hands of the woman displaying the machine. She wore a wedding ring and I wondered about her home and family.

"After we listened to her little speech we went to a man in a brown business suit who told us how telephone bills are made out. Then a clear-eyed young woman operated the machine for us. To be sure, it was an amazing gimmick, but not nearly so attractive as the girl who handled it so well.

"Outside we stopped by a truck with an 'earth auger' and other modern attachments. Explaining their uses was a big, brown, jovial lineman.

"While we listened to an account of how fast the auger could dig a hole, I was looking at the man and thinking that here was the typical lineman, strong, alert, capable and kindly, a person who, in times of disaster, becomes a kind of unsung hero.

"My husband said, 'This is what I want to see,' as we went into the equipment building. Here we saw switches and relays, ringing machines, countless colored wires in patterns like quilt blocks, and listened to technical explanations.

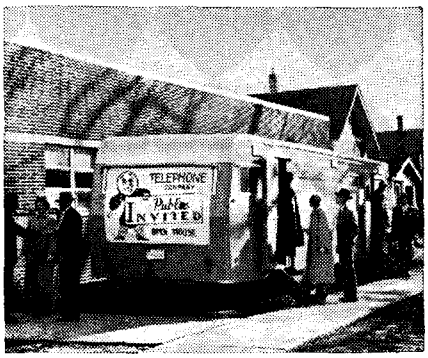
"That is, my husband listened. I watched the men as they talked so intelligently and wondered where they live, who cooks their meals and irons their shirts, what their problems are, and if they were ever in love."

EVADNE SCOTT BEEBE,
Zion-Benton (Ill.) News

There is, indeed, a lot of wonderful equipment in telephone service. But it takes more than 740,000 Bell System men and women to bring it into being and make it work. And because more people are making more use of their telephones, the number of employees is growing all the time.

"People," as Mrs. Beebe points out, "are the greatest invention yet" in the telephone business.

INTERESTED VISITORS—Pat Haan, a telephone accounting clerk, explains billing machine to Mrs. Beebe and her husband. "I was so impressed with everything I saw," says Mrs. Beebe, "that I went right home and wrote a piece for our local newspaper." It's so human and friendly that we are reprinting it here.



MANY OTHER EXHIBITS. In addition to Open Houses at telephone companies, there are many other occasions and places where the story of the telephone is brought to you. These include fairs, lectures, moving pictures and traveling exhibits. Everyone is welcome. Bring the children, too.

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APRIL

ATLANTIC

Ninety-eight years of continuous publication

VOLUME 197 1956 NUMBER 4

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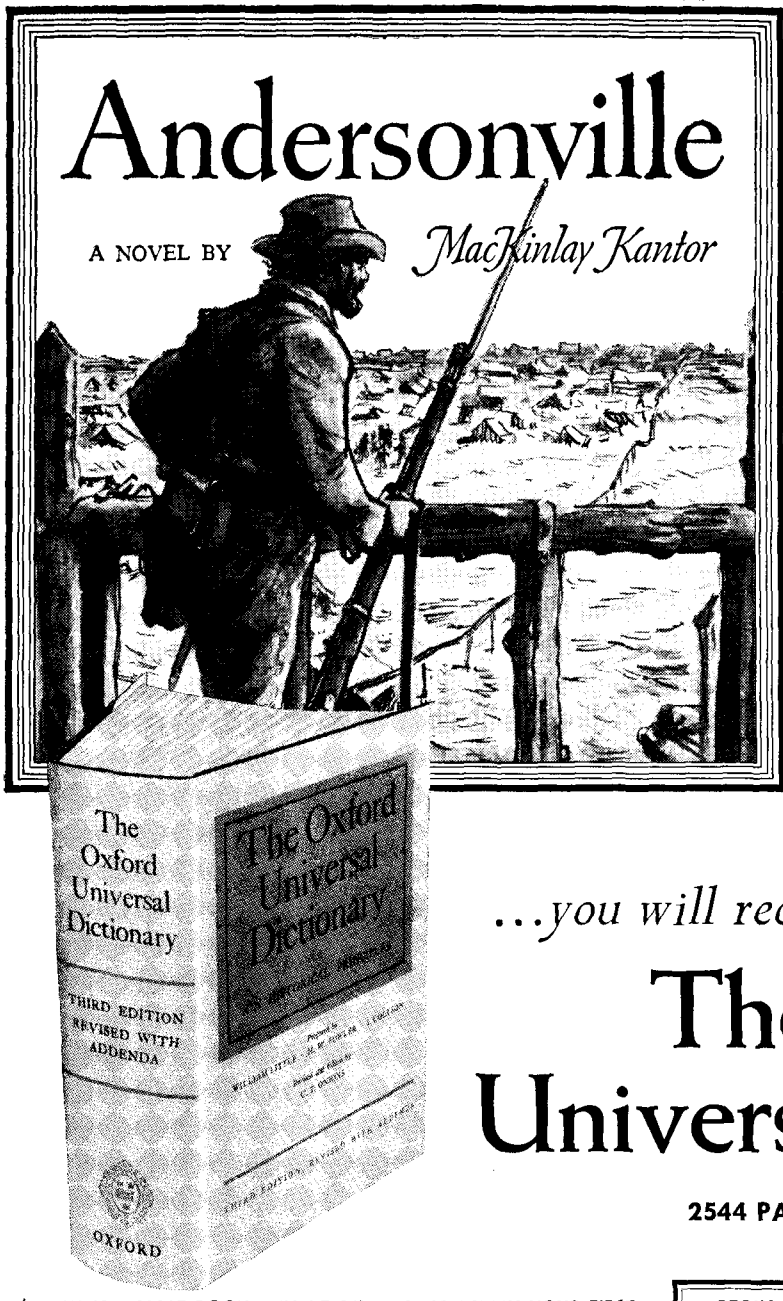

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Washington

BACK in the days when the railroads were stretching steel ribbons across the open continent with generous help from the federal government, Jay Gould offered one member of Congress $1000 cash down and $5000 when an important bill was passed, with $10,000 worth of bonds thrown in. In 1872 the Crédit Mobilier investigation revealed a letter from the head of a railroad construction firm saying he had sold or assigned company stock "where it will produce the most good for us" among members of Congress. That congressional investigation besmirched numerous political reputations, including that of Vice President Schuyler Colfax.

The 1935–36 investigation of lobbying against the Public Utility Holding Company Act disclosed that 14,000 telegrams sent to members of Congress had been signed with names taken from phone books — all but three of the telegrams paid for by utility companies with a financial interest in defeat of the measure.

Not since that investigation has there been such an uproar at the Capitol as the one caused by the mild little man from Custer, South Dakota, Republican Senator Francis Case, when he disclosed the $2500 campaign contribution from a lobbyist interested in the natural gas bill. "Case is as popular as a skunk" was the verdict of a fellow senator after the disclosure.

The simple fact was that the integrity of the Senate had been challenged and a good many senators were sure that that integrity would not stand the hot light of a major investigation of lobbying by gas and oil interests. Senators who favored the gas bill publicly pounced on Case and privately used every stratagem they could think of to make him the culprit and to keep the lid on any investigation. The stench was too great, however, and in the end they had to give way to a general investigation. And they lost the bill, to boot, by an inescapable Eisenhower veto — a veto not on the merit of the measure but solely on the grounds of the "lobbying" for it.

Beyond the issue of lobbying for the gas bill itself lies the special status of the oil industry because of its unique "depletion allowance" under the tax laws. This tax benefit is the holy of holies. Every effort to repeal or modify it in recent years has gotten nowhere. Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota said during the gas debate that the pro-gas-bill pressure outside the Senate to influence senators "has surely laid its whip across the backs" of those opposed. One of Humphrey's staff assistants went further: the pressure, he said, was nothing compared with what it was when Humphrey tried in 1949 to repeal the depletion allowance, for "then the oil industry really lowered the boom."

The integrity of government

The central issue of the uproar, however, is much broader than the efforts of business, or of one segment of one industry, to win its point in Congress. It goes beyond the efforts of labor, or agriculture, or veterans, or any other organized group to pressure Congress into voting something it wants. It goes to the nature of our system of representative government itself.

In 1954 Chief Justice Earl Warren, speaking for the majority of the Supreme Court in upholding the 1946 lobbying registration law, put the issue in these terms: "Present-day legislative complexities are such that individual members of Congress

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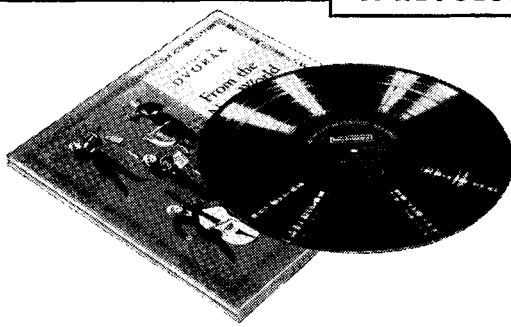

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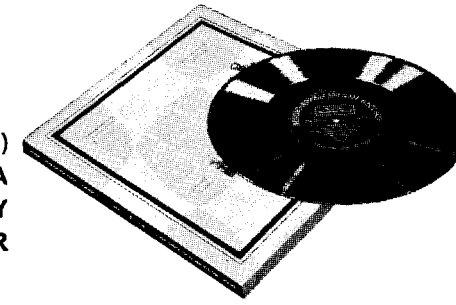

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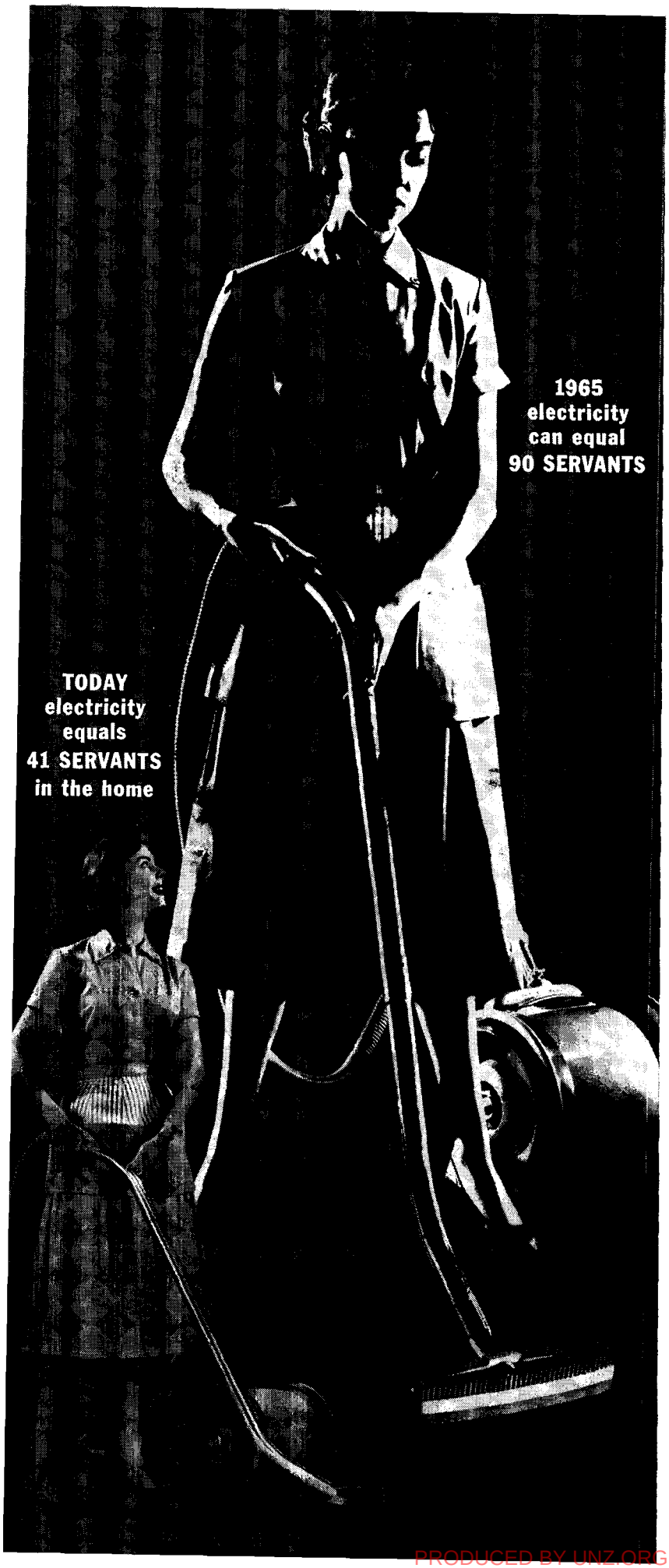


By that time, there will be 192 million people—and they'll need a trillion kilowatt-hours a year to serve them

In 1955, Americans used more electricity than ever before in history—a record high of 547 billion kilowatt-hours.

This is over 40% of the world's entire production of electric power.

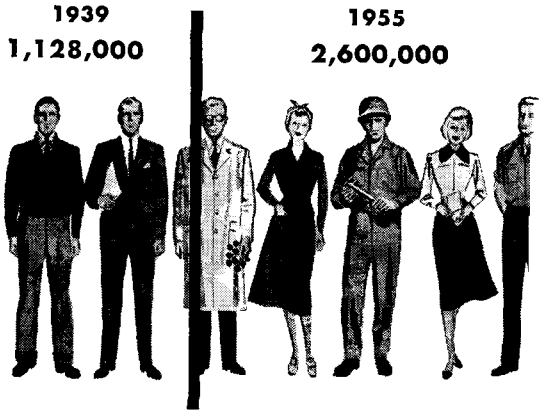
And yet, in eight to ten years, we believe the nation will be using twice as much electricity as it does today.

The electrical industry has planned ahead for this growth; more than 2,600,000 people are already at work—in producing electricity and in designing, manufacturing or selling the products which generate it and put it to use. And thousands of others help supply this industry with the materials and services necessary for growth. General Electric alone has over 40,000 suppliers.

On these pages are some of the reasons why we think the electrical industry will provide more jobs, better products, and a higher standard of living for everyone in the years ahead.

GROWTH OF ELECTRICAL EMPLOYMENT

(Includes estimated employment in utilities, electrical manufacturing, electrical contracting, in the electrical wholesale and retail trade, and in electrical service and repair.)



If you would like us to send a copy of our 1955 Annual Report, with an account of our preparation for the future, write to General Electric, Dept. 2K-119, Schenectady, N. Y. Your copy will be sent to you early in April.

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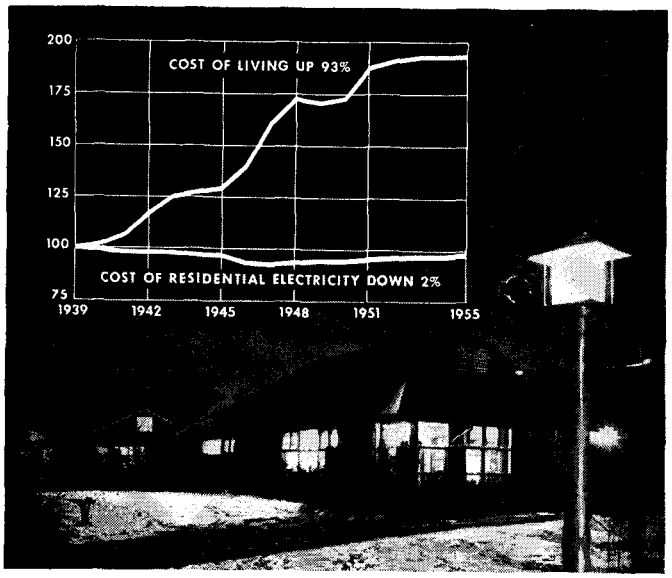
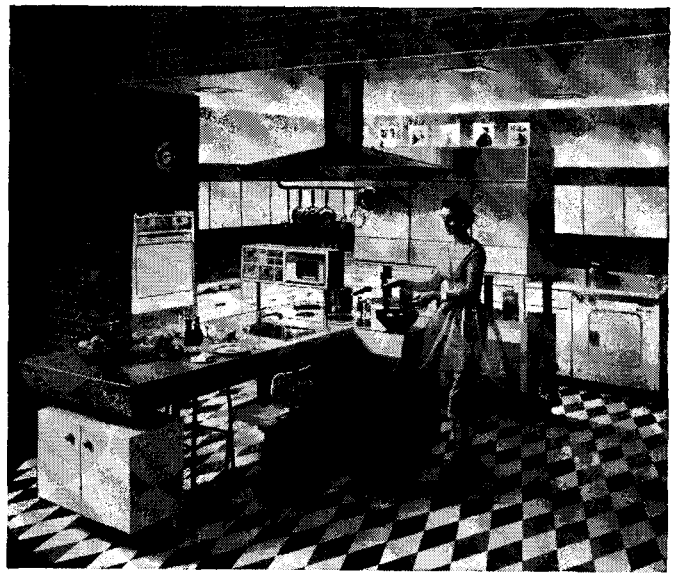
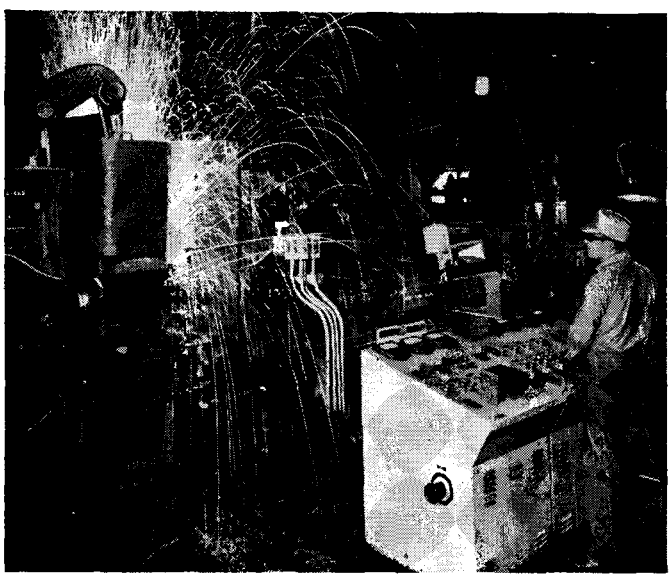
gets from electricity can double by 1965



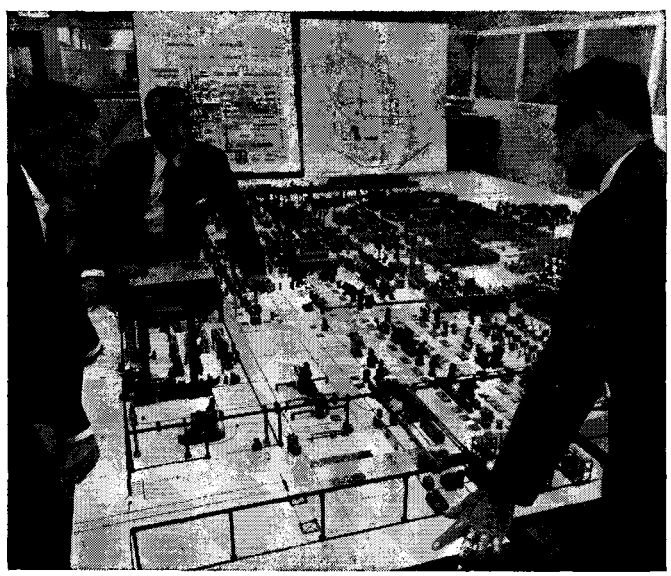
Electricity is "Today's Greatest Bargain." A dollar today buys even more electricity than it did in 1939. Is it any wonder that the average U. S. family now uses more than three times as much electric power as it did then? To help make this possible, General Electric's most efficient turbine-generators today produce twice as much electricity, per pound of fuel, as most power plants a few years ago.



Today's electrical products forecast tomorrow's. G. E.'s "Living Kitchen" above is an example. More than 70,000 General Electric people are already at work on new types of products we didn't make 15 years ago. And the company, along with the rest of the industry, will continue to make a substantial investment in research and engineering — seeking new ways to make electricity more useful.



Electricity will work harder in industry. By 1965, the average manufacturing worker can have at his command electricity equal to the human energy of 500 strong men — 34,000 kilowatt-hours a year. By extending the productive arm of working men and women, electric power makes possible jobs requiring skill and judgment — helps create new industries and greater employment opportunities.



The electrical industry is planning for the future. As a part of this industry, General Electric has invested more than a billion dollars in new plants and equipment since World War II. In the next three years, the company expects to spend another $500 million to prepare for continued electrical progress — progress that will be shared by customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the nation.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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cannot be expected to explore the myriad pressures to which they are regularly subjected. Yet full realization of the American ideal of government by elected representatives depends to no small extent on their ability to properly evaluate such pressures. Otherwise the voice of the people may all too easily be drowned out by the voice of special interest groups seeking favored treatment while masquerading as proponents of the public weal."

Every practical politician, whether he operates on a national, state, or local level, knows that questionable money is often readily accepted for campaign purposes. Senators will tell you privately they prefer not to know where all the money comes from; that they try to insulate themselves from tainted money by one or more campaign committees which collect funds — in cash as far as possible, to leave no incriminating checks for later exposure.

As campaign costs have mounted, especially since the advent of television, it has become inescapable for most candidates to accept big money from people they would prefer not to have as contributors. The smart contributor who has an axe to grind will be discreet and not press for a return on his investment except on a crucial issue. Even then he will act through an intermediary, usually the campaign manager or campaign committee chairman, who will casually tell the member of Congress that after all Bill or Jack, you know, came through with that important contribution last time and can be counted on again if . . .

This is a rotten system, corruptive of the democratic process, as Warren's opinion makes perfectly evident. The uproar over the $2500 contribution to Senator Case will avail nothing if it does not bring about a real corrective, whatever the headlines involved in tracking down other similar gifts.

The cost of campaigning

What can be done? There are two lines of approach and both are necessary, though either without the other would be a step forward.

1. Full accountability for campaign funds. This is the aim of Senator Thomas Hennings's efforts to require all persons who collect money for congressional campaigns to account for both gift and giver and to require all committees to be authorized by the candidate himself. Aside from the fact that many politicians feel that such a spotlight on contributions would dry up a lot of currently under-the-table gifts, the Southerners oppose the idea of extending such a law to primaries. The Southern opposition is publicly based on states' rights, but the fact is that it is compounded of fear both of exposure of leading contributors and of creating a wedge in establishing the two-party system in the one-party South.

2. A broader base of contributors. A Gallup poll has shown that some 15 million American families would be willing to contribute $5 each in a presidential campaign — nearly 40 per cent of the Republican families and some 30 per cent of Democratic, if the poll is correct. Here lies a campaign kitty of perhaps $75 million, a sizable — and untainted — treasury even in the day of multi-million-dollar nation-wide campaigns for President.

Some months ago Philip L. Graham, publisher of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* and a leader in the Advertising Council, publicly proposed that that group, which has ably aided the Community Chest and other philanthropic projects, take on the campaign contribution issue. The idea was to set up a bipartisan committee headed by the two living ex-Presidents to encourage millions of Americans to send $5 to the party of their choice. Harry Truman agreed, Herbert Hoover declined. However, the idea has great merit, and it may yet be revived in time for the 1956 election.

Campaign contributions tax-deductible?

A related proposal would allow campaign contributors to deduct their gifts from their federal income tax, just as they do for charitable gifts. On this front, Minnesota last year adopted a dual state tax deduction system, for both contributor and candidate, which could serve as a model for the new federal law.

Contributors fall into four categories: a national committeeman or committeewoman or state chairman can deduct up to $1000 for political contributions to a party, a candidate, or a "political cause." Congressional district committeemen are allowed up to $350 and county chairmen up to $100. All other persons may deduct up to $100. Candidates are allowed campaign expense deductions on a graduated scale: up to $5000 for governor or United States senator, $3500 for other state offices or United States House of Representatives, $500 for state senator, $500 for state representative, $500 for presidential elector at large, $100 for presidential elector from a congressional district, and, finally, up to one fourth of annual salary for a candidate for any other public office — a category covering mayors, councilmen, and so on. The law will get its first real test this year.

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But in the automotive industry we are very conscious of the oil industry's magnificent accomplishments. For example: Today's gasoline is at least 50% better than it was when I started out in the automobile business — 30-odd years ago. Yet, excluding increased taxes, it costs very little more than it did way back then.

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The nature of American democracy with its lack of party discipline and its parties composed of often-rival interests has made lobbying inevitable. The problem is to chart its ethical limits and to keep it within those limits. The legislator who accepts "oil money" or "labor money" or any other large contributions cannot, for the most part, be blamed. It costs more and more to run for office, and the candidate's problem is to broaden the base of his contributors so that he will not be dependent on big givers with a vested interest in giving, and then to expose to public view both the giver and the receiver of big contributions. It may be trite but it remains true that inner corruption is democracy's greatest enemy.

Mood of the Capital

Now that the President has announced he is a candidate for a second term, two points dominate this election campaign: 1. Is there any possibility of replacing Vice President Nixon as second man on the GOP ticket? 2. What is the extent of the disaffection among the 33 million Americans who voted for Eisenhower four years ago?

The President's position on Nixon, in the view of Washington politicians, boils down to this: he prefers Nixon as his running mate again because Nixon is, as he put it, "a loyal and dedicated associate" for whom he has "unbounded admiration and respect." However, he will not name Nixon or anyone else as his running mate until after his own renomination at the convention in San Francisco in August. He will at that time, however, insist on Nixon or someone else "acceptable" to him. Those who want to ditch Nixon must convince President Eisenhower that he should be ditched, and then provide an acceptable substitute.

In the judgment of Washington this is an almost insuperable task, short of some major Nixon blooper between now and August. Even the Vice President's political use of the Supreme Court decision against school segregation — his remark about a "great Republican Chief Justice" — drew only a mild rebuke from the President on the day of his announcement.

The President will be renominated without question, assuming that there is no change in his health. He has left an out as to Nixon, but it will be meaningless unless Nixon's opponents can change the President's mind.

What are the chances of the President's re-election? What is the extent of the disaffection since 1952? Here there are many imponderables, the chief of which are: How mad are the farmers at the GOP, and will they be assuaged before election day? How many people are angry at what may be lumped together as Republican "giveaway" policies? How many who used to vote Democratic will return now that there has been an end to twenty years of Democratic rule?

How many independent voters who felt it was "time for a change" four years ago believe it is time for another? How many Southern Democrats who deserted the party will return to the fold this time? And finally, how many voters who still like Ike will not be able to stomach Nixon because of the increased possibility that the President would not live out a second term?

Democrats are hopeful of gaining votes in each of these categories, despite the immensely popular President. But cast against any such gains is the prospect of major Republican inroads into the Negro vote, which has been overwhelmingly Democratic for two decades including the 1952 election. Nixon already has demonstrated that the Negro vote in the North will be a major GOP target, and the Democrats are painfully aware of it. The GOP can cross off the South if it can split the Negro vote in the big Northern industrial cities and states, and that is exactly what it is out to do.

This new bidding for the Negro vote — of which the Negro leaders are well aware and from which many of them hope to gain for their race — casts an ugly shadow over the coming campaign in this painful period when one section of the nation struggles to readjust itself to the inevitable.

The Eisenhower-Nixon margin over the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket four years ago was a massive 6.6 million votes. Washington's view is that the Democrats, despite their consistent gains in the three intervening elections at local, state, and national levels, are the underdogs.

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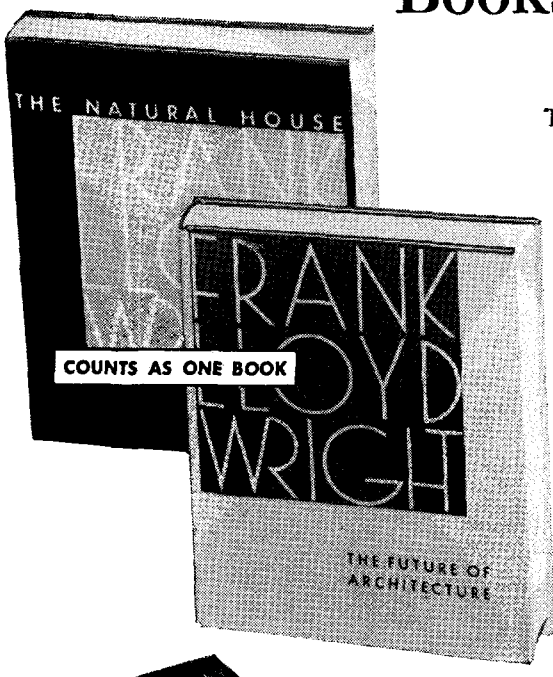

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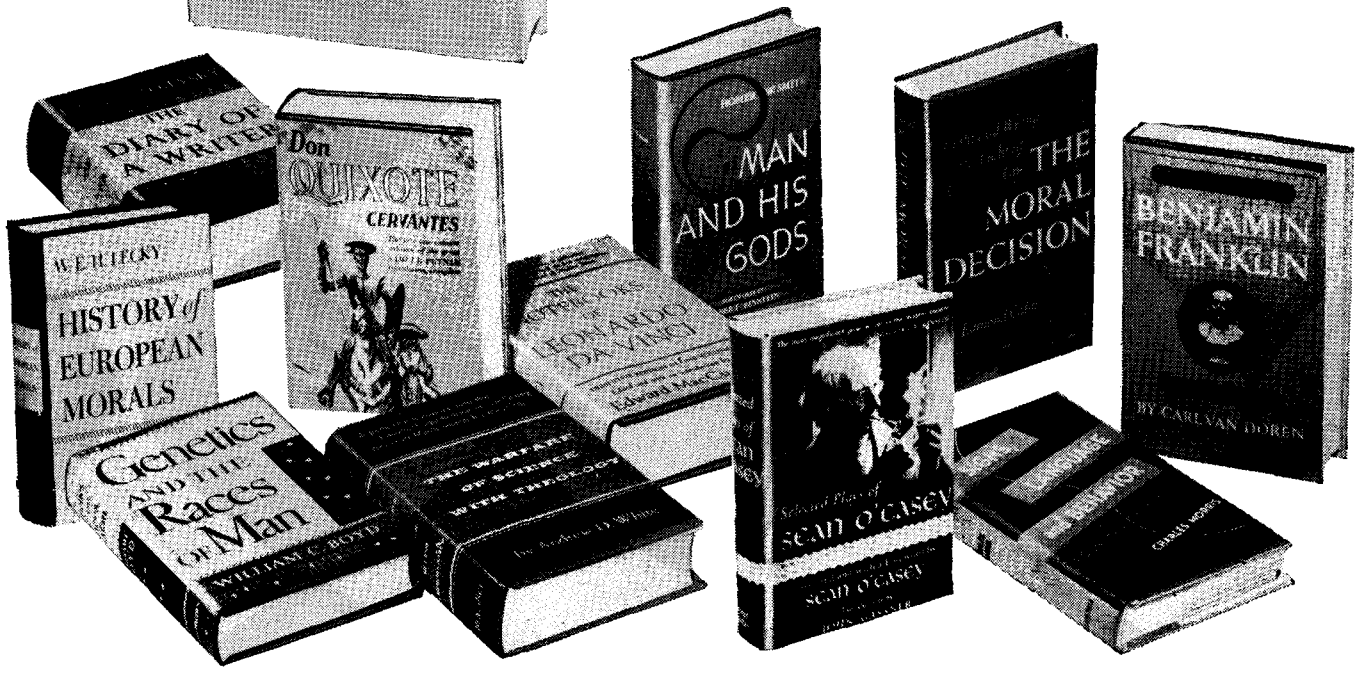

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India

In the lobby of New Delhi's luxurious Imperial Hotel is an almost life-sized picture of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru which in a way is a symbol of India today. There he sits, a serious, pale, lonely man dressed in the white leggings, black jacket, and white headgear of the Congress Party. Chin in fist, he seems to ponder his nation's fate. And in the background of the picture the ghost of Mohandas Gandhi smiles benevolently upon his disciple and successor.

Nehru's task is colossal. Neither India's own resources and raw materials nor Western dollars and ideas can make India a modern, prosperous nation. With a population of 380 million people, India produces in a year roughly as much steel as the United States, with 160 million people, produces in a little over a week. Half a dozen American corporations have greater revenues than the Indian treasury collects in taxes.

But statistics do not tell the story of India. What that vast subcontinent needs and what it is going through right now is a complete transformation of life, of social, economic, and political structure, plus a thoroughgoing physical reconstruction. To accomplish all this, Nehru must tap the magic powers which lie in the hearts and imagination of his people. He cannot use logic, reason, persuasion, or even coercion alone: he needs also the electrifying force of mysticism which plays such a part in Asia. He has been able to do what he has accomplished so far largely because he carries the mantle of Gandhi.

Nehru and his people have performed almost a miracle in their first five-year plan. And yet they have barely left the valley for a long, arduous ascent on a steep and dangerous trail. This month they are setting out on their second five-year plan, which is supposed to increase the national income by one fourth and create some 12 million new jobs.

Almost half the population of India is either unemployed or underemployed several months a year. Production methods are antiquated. Mechanization is not only restricted to a minimum but vehemently opposed by millions of religious and philosophical fanatics. Wages are so low that manpower is cheaper than the machine's horsepower. There are enormous losses to the national economy because of the reliance on poorly trained and even more poorly equipped people, and output is also reduced by the undernourishment or illness of the workers. Tuberculosis and respiratory diseases, for example, cost the nation one billion days of lost labor every year. The second five-year plan marks a new and decisive chapter. But the changes must come in stages if they are to bring progress, not chaos.

Starting from scratch

A few examples will illustrate the magnitude of the task ahead. Take the case of Dr. A. He is head of a department of a hospital and professor at the medical school connected with it. He earns the equivalent of $140 a month. He and two of his neighbors share a gardener who works for them a total of nine hours a day. For this the gardener receives the equivalent of $2.50 a month. His employers built him a one-room mud hut. He himself added another room and lives there with wife, son, and daughter-in-law.

The gardener's son is an orderly at the hospital; and since the institution is supported by an American Protestant mission, wages are much higher than they would be in an Indian institution. The son makes $7.50 a month, of which he regularly puts 50 cents into a postal savings account every month.

How does he do it? Breakfast consists of porridge, lunch of rice and pepper, dinner of rice and water. He, like millions of others in India, munches leaves or betel nuts all the time — they add a few calories to the total daily intake, which is between 1400 and 1600. Like the majority of his countrymen, he sleeps when he finishes work and sleeps again after dinner. Indians must have from twelve to fourteen hours of sleep or they could not work at all. Under normal conditions they can get by. But a study made by Dr. A. showed how vulnerable the Indians are to disease.

To this, one must add the utterly unbelievable lack of hygiene in the vast slum areas of cities

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First step in ancestor-hunting: a chat with the village's senior inhabitant.

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Or visit the Vicar. He can show you how to consult the Parish Register. There are nearly 5,000 such registers in England and Wales alone. Some contain four hundred years of news about marriages, baptisms, burials.

If the Parish Register doesn't help, don't give up. Rent rolls and hearth taxes, census returns, wills and deeds dating back to ancient times are all tenderly filed somewhere. The British adore old documents and never throw them out.

Whenever the trail grows cold, call on the curators of Britain's genealogical societies and great libraries (such as the British Museum).

If you consult the telephone book, you may discover a helpful great-aunt (or charming cousin). If you consult the College of Heralds in London, or the Lord Lyon in Edinburgh, you may come up with a Coat of Arms.

It will be a grand vacation project.* See your travel agent and write for free booklet, "Tracing your Ancestors," to the British Travel Assn., Box 160, 336 Madison Avenue, New York; in Canada to 90 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

*If you don't have a British ancestor, why not invent one?

Take this list of useful addresses with you on your hunt!

England and Wales

Somerset House, Strand, London
(birth, marriage, death certificates)

Society of Genealogists,
37 Harrington Gardens, London

Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London

National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth

Northern Ireland

Public Record Office, Law Courts,
Mary Street, Belfast

Scotland

New Registry House, Edinburgh

Scots Ancestry Research Society,
4 North St. David Street, Edinburgh

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and in villages, where sanitary installations are practically unknown. Only 6 per cent of the population have adequately piped water; dipping a cup into canals that also carry human wastes is nothing unusual. No wonder the disease rate is high: 80 million people have malaria every year and about one million die from it; 2.5 million people have tuberculosis and half a million die from it; 200,000 women die in childbirth, and 4 million more die from causes associated with childbearing.

Medical facilities are equally appalling. There is one doctor for every 6000 people, one nurse for every 43,000, one dentist for 300,000, one pharmacist for 4,000,000! Even if hospitals, medical schools, and sanitary installations could be provided and the needed personnel trained, it would not solve India's problem because there is one other tremendous obstacle in the way of progress: ancient traditions that are not easily changed. The hospital orderly who lives on the brink of starvation was offered a household job for his childless wife. He refused to let her take it; women are not supposed to work. You will see only a few of them, young ones as salesgirls or secretaries. Men wait on table in restaurants; men do the cleaning in hotels; they work as chambermaids and cooks.

The sacred cows

To overcome these ancient traditions and prejudices is a task no less formidable than the physical reconstruction of the country. Oftentimes the original causes of such customs have been forgotten or are no longer valid, but the emotional power still holds people tightly.

Take the case of the proverbial sacred cow. There are about 200 million cows in the country competing with men for living space and food. They roam through the main streets of the cities, lie on sidewalks, rest in the parks, block the highways. You can drive for miles and miles and see hundreds or thousands of them but scarcely one with a full udder. Most of them are old, scraggy-looking, and not worth their keep. They are a burden on the national economy, ruining the crops in the fields. But the government's attempts at reducing their numbers meet with strong resistance among the masses of the people. Why?

The answer given is that the cow is the great life-giving force. For many hundreds of years there has not been enough food to go around. The man, as the breadwinner, had to be fed first; the children, as the future of the nation, had second call on what was available. The wife came last. In fact even today a Hindu woman will rarely eat with the family. She receives the leftovers. She is expendable; her mission in life is fulfilled with the birth of the children. Severely undernourished, she rarely can nurse her children and depends on cows' milk.

So the cow became the dispenser of life in the family. No matter how deplorable the housing of the family may be, the barn is scraped and cleaned every Friday and the animal itself is washed. If there is no barn, the cow is brought into the house during a rainstorm. Even when old or ill-suited for breeding, the cows must not be disposed of; they go on and on, overgrazing the meadows, cutting down on the feed of those which could provide milk. As a result India has the lowest milk production per head of cattle in the world. The average Indian cow gives about 500 pounds, the average American cow 7000 pounds per year, with top liners providing up to 20,000 pounds.

Unfortunately the cow is not the only problem of Indian agriculture. The average hen in India lays 50 eggs a year, compared with 150 or more in the United States. Field crops are equally poor. The present yield provides on a per capita basis 1.5 ounces of fruit a day, 1.3 ounces of vegetables, under one ounce of fish and meat.

Overcoming tradition

Gigantic efforts will be required to bring production to a point where it can cover the minimum needs of the population. And it will take more than just the physical effort of production; it will also mean the overcoming of ancient traditions such as permitting cows, crows, and monkeys to devastate fields and orchards. It will mean persuading the people that cattle bred just for draft purposes are a burden on the national economy, and that it is expensive in the long run to burn cow dung instead of putting it back into the ground as fertilizer. Today dung is practically

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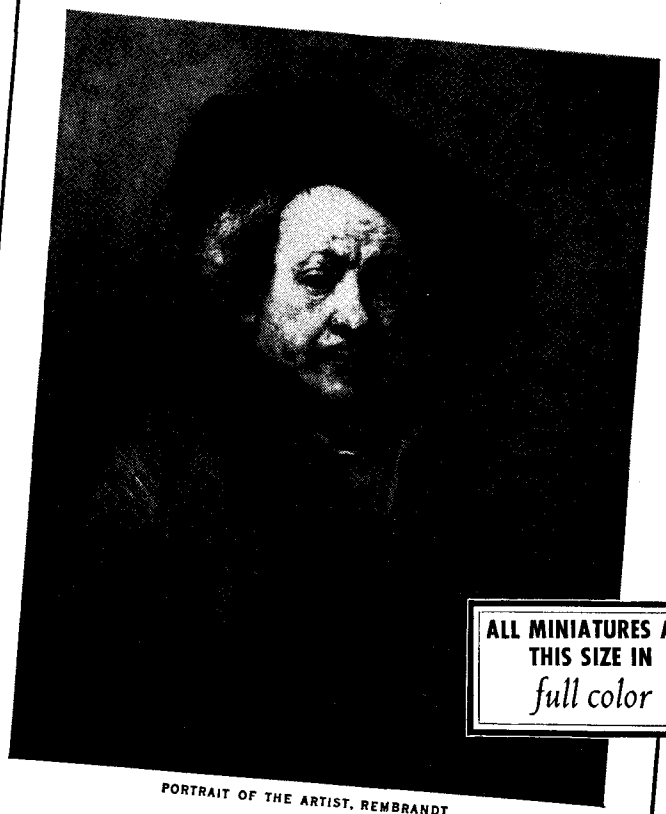

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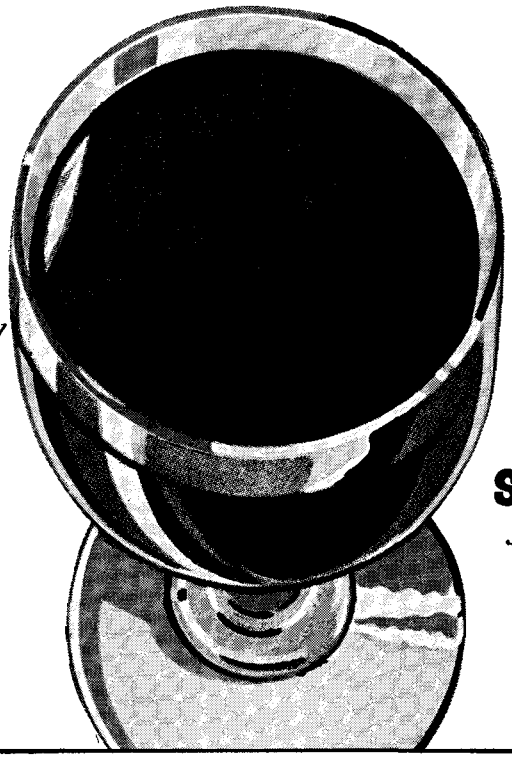

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the only fuel available for cooking and heating in millions of homes, while the soil is being depleted and starved — which in turn cuts down its yield and the nation's food supply. This calls for a revolution not only in production methods but also in the thinking and the emotions of hundreds of millions of people. It cannot be achieved overnight.

In the meantime a great deal has been accomplished in the five short years since Nehru set out to make India over into a modern, prosperous country and give her people health and happiness. During this period India has become practically self-supporting in cereals. In 1951, rice imports were about 800,000 tons; today they are *insignificantly* small. Wheat and flour imports were more than 3 million tons; today this has dwindled to less than 50 tons. The same is true for other cereals.

Production has improved in other food items, but not quite so strikingly. The new five-year plan expects to add another 15 per cent to agricultural production, and although this is far from being enough, it will be a step forward toward the eventual goal of normal, decent living.

Hundreds of millions of trees have been planted. True, two out of every three trees died, but more are being added every year. India must about double her timberland in order to cover her minimum needs. Today she has roughly 40 pounds of firewood per capita a year — not much more than a good armful.

Remodeling the villages

Perhaps the most dramatic changes are being brought about by the so-called community projects. They are really remodeling the country and its people, transforming villages, customs, and ways of working and living from an ancient primitive level into a pattern of our times. They are jumping from a civilization of Biblical days into the twentieth century, while still preserving the characteristics of Indian heritage.

When this crusade began on Gandhi's birthday in 1952, there were millions of Indians in the backwoods, so primitive that they still engaged in head-hunting. The number is still considerable but it is declining. There were even more millions of

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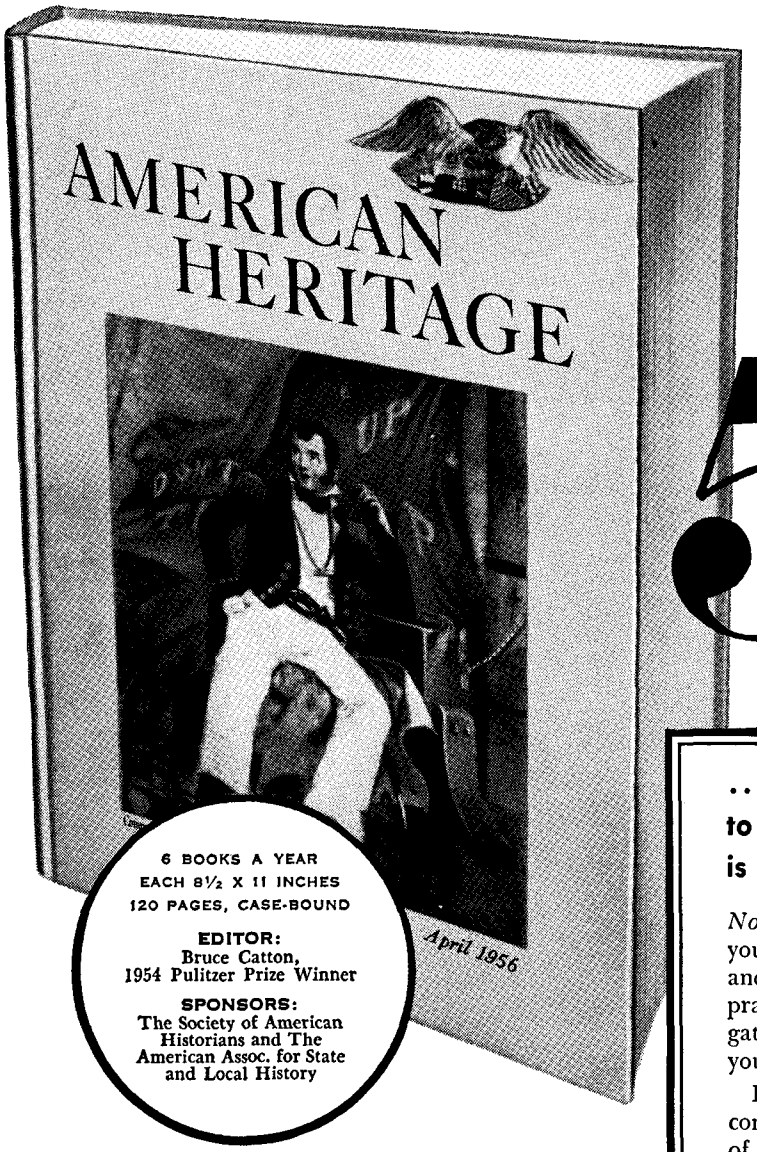

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people who had no contact with the government except through policeman or tax collector. And yet the 300 million men, women, and children in India's villages make up about 75 per cent of the nation.

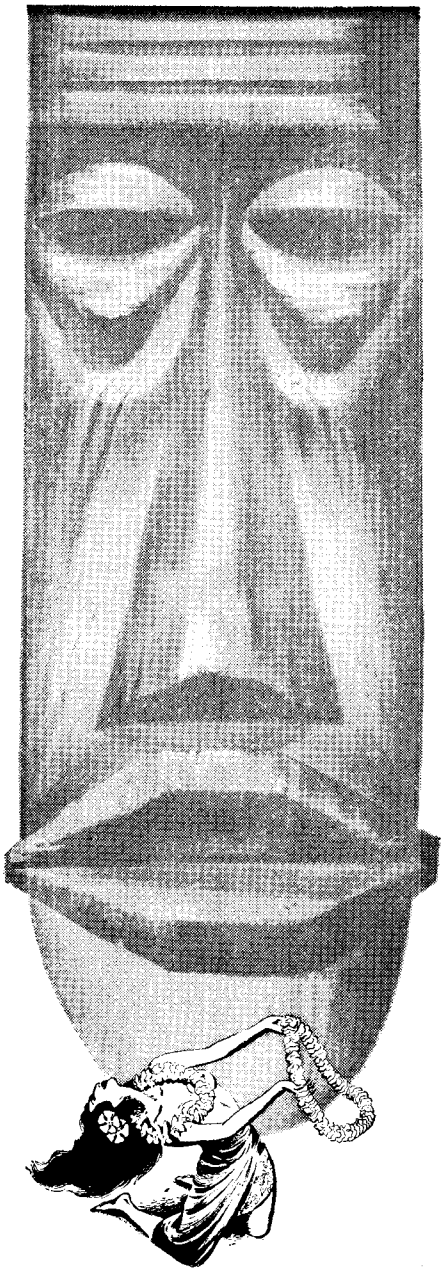
These villagers are the bulk and the hope of the country. It depends on them whether the revolutionary transformation from yesterday into tomorrow will become a reality. It depends on them whether India will be swamped by Communist Russia and China or whether she will save herself and the rest of Asia by proving that the undeveloped nations can enter the twentieth century as free men carrying out that gigantic task of their own will, in their own way.

The job ranges from teaching women how to cook a simple meal to building streamlined modern factories, from teaching grammar school to creating the governmental machinery for a nation the size of the United States. The way it is being done may seem almost trivial; one wonders whether the individual steps being taken are not just a drop in the bucket. But what counts in the long run is that the new India is growing organically, that the changes are coming from the grass roots; they are not imposed from the top.

With American help

It is a thrilling thing to witness, made more exciting to us because the United States has a hand in it, and a small band of enthusiastic American men and women are making a vital contribution. A dramatic Soviet promise to help India build a steel mill or the decision of the Kremlin to send some technical experts and propagandists to one place in India may make big headlines. But in the meantime the quiet work of Americans behind the scene is helping to remodel the entire subcontinent and its 380 million people.

Here is how it is being done. A young American agricultural extension worker went to a village far off in the backwoods. He gathered the men about him in order to lecture them on the importance of fertilizer. They listened politely but without response. Then a twelve-year-old boy — who, it turned out, was the patel, or hereditary leader of the village — got up and said that though the talk about fertilizers might all be true, he



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was not so much interested in it as he would be in getting a school. Couldn't the U.S. give them one? he asked. He had never been to a school, nor had any of the other children of the village. (There are schools for only four children out of ten between the ages of 6 and 11, and for only one child out of ten between the ages of 11 and 17.)

A few weeks later ground was broken for the school; today the building is finished. But it did not come with Uncle Sam's compliments The American extension worker made it clear that it was their school and the villagers would have to build it What would each of them contribute? he asked. One gave the land, another lumber; workers donated their labor at half price, and the Indian government chipped in some of the cost.

In another instance, an American extension worker persuaded the people in a forlorn village in the Khasi hills that they needed a bridge. For centuries they had walked through the river, and year after year some of them drowned as they made their way across. But they would have no bridge — because with it would come strange new ideas, customs, influences. Was it better to have friends and relatives perish every year? Was it better to let what little food they could take to the market spoil? the American asked them. (Twenty-five per cent of India's meager food supply is being wasted every year for lack of transportation, refrigeration, and conservation.) Eventually, the villagers saw the importance of the bridge and built it.

Thus it goes day after day. In one place it is fertilizer, in another a bridge, in a third the planting of trees, or improved methods of seeding or breeding. A number of American colleges and universities have sent their best men as teachers, and Indian instructors are being trained by the thousands. Well over 100,000 villages and almost 100 million villagers have been drawn into this new world of community projects.

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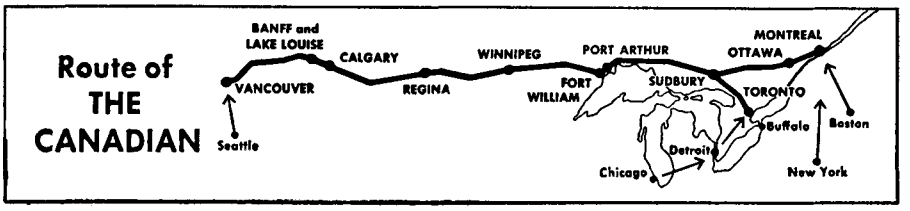

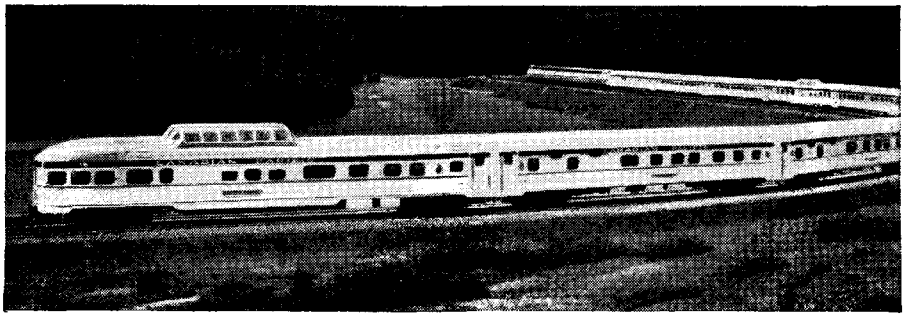

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Russia in the Middle East

No area of the world today is the theater of more intense Russian propaganda and diplomatic effort than the Middle East. There has been a steady growth in recent years in the importance and size of the Middle East research centers in Moscow and Leningrad, and in Tashkent, the capital of Russian Central Asia. A mounting number of Soviet articles and books are being written about Turkey, Iran, and the Arab countries. New courses in Middle Eastern languages and history have been started at the University of Moscow. More contacts with Middle Eastern intellectuals are being sought by Soviet scholars, who have been sending their publications to selected teachers, writers, and students in Teheran, Cairo, and other Middle Eastern cities.

All of this is part of a growing interest in an area which is vital to Russia because it lies adjacent to the "soft underbelly" of the Soviet Union. The catalyst that has excited it is, in part, the Baghdad Pact linking together Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, and Britain. Though it is still a disjointed and toothless creature, this pact presents Soviet Russia with a potential threat comparable to that which a Communist-sponsored bloc in the Caribbean or Central America would pose for us.

Just how sensitive Moscow is to events in the Middle East has notably been demonstrated in the case of Iran, which shares a frontier with Russia almost as long as that between Mexico and the United States. Ever since Russia extended its power into the Caucasus and Turkestan in the second half of the last century, it has considered northern Iran a Russian sphere of influence and has taken repeated steps to give itself a privileged diplomatic position there. This privileged position was formally recognized in 1921 and again in 1927 in two treaties signed between the new Bolshevik regime and Iran which constitute a kind of Russian Monroe Doctrine. They grant Russian troops the right to enter Iran if there is any danger of an attack on the Soviet Union from that quarter.

When Teheran announced last October 11 that Iran was joining the Baghdad Pact, the Kremlin's reaction was quick and sharp. In the short space of two months Moscow sent two notes to Premier Hussein Ala, asserting that Iran's adherence to the pact was an act hostile to the Soviet Union.

The Kremlin keeps the pot boiling

Combined with diplomatic pressure there has been a Communist-sponsored campaign of street demonstrations and riots aimed at blocking the ratification of the Baghdad Pact by the parliaments of Middle Eastern countries. The most successful of these were the recent bloody riots in Jordan, which resulted in the overthrow of the government that was considering Jordan's entry into the pact. These received considerable publicity in the Western press, but what happened at about the same time in Iran was no less significant.

When the Baghdad Pact came up for ratification before the Iranian Majlis last November, the Communist Tudeh Party made plans to stage massive demonstrations in Teheran and other cities throughout the country. But shortly before they were to take place, Dr. Morteza Yazdi, a member of the Tudeh Party's Politburo and the leading Communist in Iran, surrendered to the police. His subsequent revelations led to the arrest of more than one hundred Communists and to the total disorganization of the planned upheavals.

Since then several other prominent Iranian Communists have surrendered and recanted, and Dr. Yazdi has even gone as far as to make a recorded broadcast over Radio Teheran which revealed all the plans drawn up by the Communists for taking over Iran. This has dealt the Iranian Communist Party another heavy blow, for Yazdi is one of the most important Communist defectors since Stalin's death.

While Moscow has thus suffered a setback in Iran, it has fully made up for it with successes elsewhere. Jordan, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Egypt are ruled by governments that are now pledged to a determined anti-Baghdad Pact position, and there is considerable popular feeling against it in Iraq. Turkey is in the grip of a grave inflation and economic crisis, which Russian propaganda is trying to make out as due to the heavy arms burden

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imposed on the country by its subservience to American "warmongers." Moscow is also hoping to profit from the confused political situation which has arisen in Ankara, thanks to the creation last December of a new "Freedom Party," which is now challenging the omnipotence of the ruling Democratic Party.

Farther east, Moscow is playing the rewarding game of stirring up Afghanistan against pro-Western Pakistan by supporting Kabul's demands for the creation of a frontier Pushtoonistan state, which would emasculate Pakistan were it ever to be set up. She has also been harassing Pakistan on her other flank by egging on India over the thorny question of Kashmir.

Asiatic propaganda center

The Middle East is of prime importance to the Soviet Union for more than simple reasons of defense. This strategic region now offers it the most promising opportunity for profitable troublemaking on the globe. Upward of 60 per cent of the world's known petroleum resources lie beneath the burning sands of the countries near the Persian Gulf. The free world has been growing more and more dependent on the output of these fields, and today Western Europe gets more than 90 per cent of its oil from them.

If Russia could ever deprive the West of the possibility of peacefully exploiting these fields, it would be a crippling blow. To take advantage of this situation, Moscow has now launched a propaganda campaign of formidable proportions.

The central headquarters for this campaign is Tashkent, a city of half a million people, the capital of Russian Central Asia and the chief city of the autonomous Soviet republic of Uzbek. It boasts an ultramodern radio station, whose powerful beams cover the entire Orient, and which is second only to Moscow in the number of its foreign programs.

Every day Radio Tashkent broadcasts in Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Pashto (the language of Afghanistan), Urdu (the national tongue of Pakistan), and in other languages, like Kurdish and Armenian, which are spoken in the Middle East and Central Asia. The programs are prepared by a large staff of renegade Persians,

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There was, in fact, no determination until the fourth century as to which writings were to be accepted as inspired. This was done by the Catholic Church when Pope Damasus, in the year 382, caused the list of inspired Scriptures to be drawn up, and the Council of Carthage 15 years later proclaimed the canon of Sacred Scripture.

But even then there was no mass circulation of the Bible, for all copies had to be made by hand. A general distribution became possible only with the invention of printing in the fifteenth century.

If Christ had intended a book to be the sole authority for His teaching, would He have allowed centuries to pass . . . and hundreds of millions to die . . . before making it available? If the very souls of men depended upon this book, would He not have worked a miracle of multiplication as He did with the loaves and fishes?

Catholics, of course, share with other Christians a deep reverence for Holy Scripture. And it would be strange indeed if this were not so, for the Catholic Church is the custodian and preserver of the Bible and Christianity's official witness to its inspired authorship. But for Catholics, the rule of faith is as it was for St. Paul: ". . . the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (I Timothy, 3:15).

Jesus, as all Christians know, wrote nothing. Nor did He instruct the Apostles to do so. But He did command them to teach, and He gave them divine authority to do so . . . "As the Father has sent me, I also send you" (John 20:21); and "He who hears you, hears me; and he who rejects you, rejects me" (Luke 10:16). And we know from the New Testament itself, that the Apostles ordained successors to carry on their teaching.

Some say that Holy Scripture is clear, complete and the only infallible source of God's truth. But John the Apostle reminds us that if all the things Christ did were to be written, "not even the world itself could hold the books that would have to be written."

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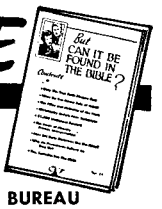

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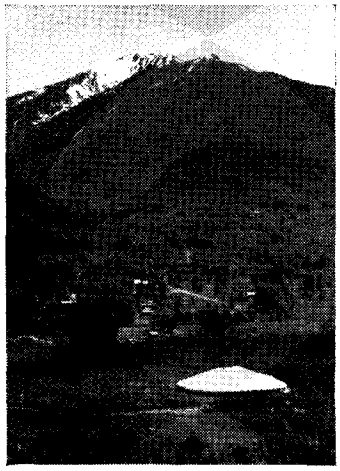

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Arabs, Turks, and others, most of whom are members of Communist movements in exile. They are backed up by research groups that methodically study the reception and influence of Soviet broadcasts throughout the Middle East and Asia.

There are also radio stations in Baku, the oil port on the Caspian, and Erevan, the capital of Armenia, and in other cities of southern Russia which broadcast to the Middle East, but Tashkent is far and away the most important.

All of these broadcasts stress two main points: the industrial and military might of Russia, and the advantages to be derived from friendship with the Soviet Union.

Soviet show place

Because Soviet Central Asia is mostly populated by peoples who ethnically are of Turkish and Iranian stock, who are Moslems by religion, and who have been subject to the influence of Iranian culture, every effort has been made to exhibit this region, and especially its capital, Tashkent, as Russia's show place for the neighboring countries of the Middle East and Asia. Delegations of Afghan agricultural experts, Indian textile manufacturers, Egyptian doctors, or Syrian professors are constantly being invited to Tashkent to admire Soviet achievements in the fields of education, public health, and heavy industry.

Usually they are flown in from Moscow and met at the Tashkent airport by Intourist guides who take great pains to impress upon them the fact that the Uzbeks and other nationalities of Soviet Central Asia enjoy full cultural autonomy.

They see Uzbeks in the streets and in the bazaars in native costumes; they talk to Uzbeks who enjoy positions of authority in the local government; they are shown books and newspapers written in the local languages (though in the Cyrillic script); they visit schools, where the native language is used for instruction, and they are taken to mosques, where Moslem services are still held.

For those who are not overcurious this cultural camouflage can be singularly convincing and hides the fact that in reality conditions of life have changed little in Central Asia since the Russian Revolution. For any visitor who leaves the broad, Soviet-built avenues, with their modern buildings, immediately stumbles on narrow dust-filled back streets overrun by barefooted children, where people still wear rough, homemade clothes and live in mud huts, as they have for centuries.

In order to divert attention from these vestiges of the past which the Bolshevik revolution is supposed to have abolished, the Intourist guides have a trump card — the achievements of heavy industry and modern medicine in the area. Visiting delegations from the Middle East are proudly shown the tractor and tank factories, the hydroelectric plants, the modern hospitals, and the model schools that have been built in Tashkent.

The fact that most of the products of these heavy-industry factories go to Moscow and European Russia is played down, and any question that the visitors may raise about the poverty of the local inhabitants in the back streets or in the plains is answered with the explanation that sacrifices in living standards are necessary in order to give Russia the sinews of industrial greatness. The present must give way to the future.

Wooing the Moslems

Particular stress is laid on impressing visiting Moslems from the Middle East. Selected pilgrims from Russian Turkestan now are allowed to make the annual hadj to Mecca in an effort to prove that freedom of religion exists in the Soviet Union. The few mosques that have remained open in Tashkent, Samarkand, and other places in Central Asia are sure to be on the visitors' itinerary, and a visit to the aged Grand Mufti (or chief of the Soviet Moslems) in Tashkent is a tourist must.

The fact that most other mosques have been closed is not mentioned by the guides. Nor do they dwell on the fact that most of the Moslem religious schools have been abolished, that the training of new priests is restricted, that the religion of Islam is now being taught less and less, and that the printing or importation of Korans is forbidden. But usually these are embarrassing questions which the visiting delegations never raise.

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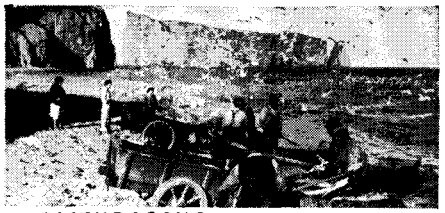

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The effect of these propaganda tours should not be underestimated. Tashkent is not a show place for Westerners, who are not particularly welcome there; but for visiting Orientals it offers a plausible model for the solution of their own difficulties. "Cultural autonomy" (the preservation, that is, of indigenous cultures and religions) together with heavy industry and the benefits of modern science and technique — these are the things that the Orientals want, and they are what Russia shows them.

Just how effective this propaganda has been may be judged by some of Russia's recent achievements. Afghanistan has now fallen so heavily under Russia's technical influence that the country is overrun by Soviet technicians, and an agreement for the mutual free transit of goods through both countries was signed last fall.

The Soviet Union has also finally succeeded in securing a diplomatic foothold on the vital Arabian peninsula. There has been serious talk of an exchange of diplomatic relations between Russia and Saudi Arabia, one of the few countries in the world which have steadily refused to have any diplomatic dealings with Moscow. Last October 31 the Soviet Union and Yemen signed a treaty of friendship in the Soviet Embassy in Cairo, and shortly thereafter the minister of Yemen to Egypt announced that his country would welcome an offer of Soviet arms.

The Arab-Israeli conflict

The gravest challenge to the West, however, comes from Moscow's new policy of exploiting the Arab-Israeli conflict for Soviet advantage. This conflict is, indeed, a godsend for the Kremlin, for it permits Moscow to play off one side against the other, while maintaining an air of impartial detachment. It has managed to maneuver the West into such a position that it can denounce Western intervention as imperialistic, while at the same time using its pawn, Czechoslovakia, to slip arms to both Arabs and Israelis.

Russian policy is clearly calculated to sow the seeds of dissension in this explosive area and, if possible, to lead to a renewal of the Arab-Israeli war of 1948–49. Such a war would create social upheaval throughout the Middle East.

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Soviet policy puts the West in an exceedingly ticklish position. If Britain and the United States now seek to decrease the prevailing tension between Israel and the Arab states by imposing an arms embargo on them, Russia and her satellites can offer their aid to the Arabs to protect them against "Israeli imperialism." If, on the other hand, Britain and the United States offer arms to the Arabs in response to their requests, they can be branded by Moscow as warmongers seeking to foment strife in order to tighten their grip on the oil-rich Middle East.

To get off the horns of this dilemma will not be easy. But it is already evident that Washington and London will have to do some serious thinking about the merits of the Baghdad Pact.

That pact was to have provided a measure of stability to the Middle East; in fact, it has done just the reverse. Soviet opposition to the pact could not alone have raised such a storm of protest among the Arabs if it had proved popular among the masses. Instead, it was suspected from the first of being a Machiavellian Western move aimed at diverting Arab attention away from Palestine. Here too it has clearly failed, for the pact has been used by at least one Arab country to obtain arms for eventual use against the Israelis.

The serious economic crisis in Turkey, the inherent military and social weaknesses of Iran, and the virulent discontent of the Arab masses all combine to make the pact more of a liability to the West than an asset. It is only to be hoped that the Western powers do not let the military thinking which engendered the pact go on dominating their conception of policy in the Middle East in the crucial months ahead. For the situation there confronts the West with a challenge that will have to be met with imagination, boldness, and statesmanship of a high order.

Above all, in this election year it is imperative that Washington and London agree on a joint policy that is clear-cut and determined, and designed to serve the long-term interests of the West rather than — as so often in the past — the immediate purposes of domestic politics.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Rat Trap"

SIR:

After reading Joseph Whitehill's "Rat Trap" in the January *Atlantic*, I wonder if the editor is aware of the moral implications of the story. Engineer Baker, a painfully good guy for whom the author solicits all the reader's sympathy, is guilty of cold-blooded murder.

If a criticism of Baker's action is implied, the story is even more poorly written than it seems to be. We are not invited to look over the Chief Engineer's shoulder and see him as an ignorant old codger, well-meaning but tragically deluded in his evil deed. No; this is a salt-of-the-earth philosopher who exemplifies a wonderful primitive uprightness and virtue. Presumably the same Able Baker is so sensitive to ethical standards that "even now, ten years later, he was still wondering" whether the other men had not been too severe with the Liar.

Baker is not forced into his murder. He could very easily have asked one of the exterminators to call the police while Otto was locked in the passageway. His action is a clear example of deliberately chosen lynch justice.

LEONARD M. TRAWICK
Chicago, Ill.

Edward Weeks, in his letter of acceptance of "Rat Trap," anticipated Mr. Trawick's objections by saying: "I am not sure that you ought to have Able branded as an accomplice to murder, which technically he would be when the body was found. . . . Able could accomplish his revenge just as satisfactorily by imprisoning Otto — at Otto's command — and by simply waiting for the crew to return." But Mr. Weeks ended by saying: "Yours will be the final choice." In defense of that final choice which I was so graciously allowed, I said, "No judge or other kindly man would condemn him for it. Nice guys *do* get involved in crime this way, and this is why the free law is so elastic."

No one has ever seriously suggested that a short story — a fantasy — be a guide to real action; but the *Atlantic* by its real action has granted a writer the freedom of expression which Mr. Trawick seemingly would deny. This is not to quarrel with Mr. Trawick's convictions, which are unanswerable. I deal with what has been and what might be; he deals with what ought to be. And he does it very well. — JOSEPH WHITEHILL

SIR:

I have just finished reading "Rat Trap." Having served in U.S. Navy and Coast Guard vessels from lighthouse tenders to battleships, and in Merchant Marine vessels from old-fashioned West Coast steam schooners to modern oil tankers, freighters, and passenger-type ships, and being licensed as chief engineer in both diesel and steam, I am puzzled as to just what sort of vessel Mr. Whitehill is describing in his story.

It seems at one time the vessel carried light farm equipment to Honolulu, and while there took on pumice and soda ash for Shanghai, China; so I would think she could have been classed as a freighter. But freighters don't usually have dogged watertight doors on the pilothouse or on *any* doors leading from the bridge to the chartroom; at least no freighter I ever served in had them. And scuttle butts — on naval vessels, yes; on merchant vessels, no! unless possibly on one as old as the ship Conrad's Lord Jim abandoned.

And just let *any* Merchant Marine master *try* sticking a chief engineer of a vessel for such duty as gangway watch. Not in my time, and I'm sixty-nine years old, having first served aboard a ship when I was nineteen. And holy cow! What a slipshod method of preparing a ship for fumigation! And on a voyage from the Canal Zone to Honolulu, the first landfall wouldn't be Diamond Head.

Could it be that Mr. Whitehill served aboard an LST or a Navy water barge during World War II?

DANIEL M. JOB
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

I have read with feelings of professional outrage Joseph Whitehill's so-called sea stories. In the editorial remarks at the head of "Rat Trap," mention is made of Mr. Whitehill's Navy memories and his respect for the work of Joseph Conrad. I do not doubt that Mr. Whitehill did serve some time in the Navy. However, in his stories he shows an abysmal ignorance of the organization, way of life, and manner of doing things aboard a merchant vessel. If a story is to have any validity, the author should at least show some rudimentary knowledge of his subject.

I served over two years in the U.S. Navy during the First World War and was honorably discharged as a coxswain. Since that time I have been actively engaged with merchant ship-

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ping. I rose through the ranks of able seaman, 4th, 3rd, 2nd, and chief officer to master of combination cargo and passenger liners in the old Panama Mail Service of the Grace Line. For the past twenty years I have been a Panama Canal pilot.

In "Rat Trap," Mr. Whitehill's description of the deck station in the way of the gangway with its log desk and its "five speaking tubes [which] snaked down from the overhead" is all right for a naval vessel but something I have never seen in a merchantman.

The Captain orders the Chief Engineer to stand the gangway watch. In a merchant ship, if any master were silly enough to give such an order it would be considered that he had gone completely off his rocker. The gangway watch is entirely the responsibility of the Deck Department.

"Among the missing items were four tax-free wrist watches the coxswain had intended to peddle in China." There is no such rating as coxswain in the Merchant Service.

I have on many occasions been the responsible ship's officer for a fumigation. In my day it was unheard of to fumigate a ship with hydrocyanic acid gas in the dark of night, and I doubt if it is done today. It was my responsibility, *together with the head of the fumigation crew*, to make a personal inspection of all compartments of the ship immediately before starting the fumigation, to make certain there were no living souls left on board. It was not sufficient to take one man's word and then sign the deck log.

Had I read these stories in one of the pulps, I would not have been disturbed. However, as a subscriber for the *Atlantic* for over twenty-five years, I have come to admire the quality and character of its stories and articles. I am therefore truly saddened and amazed that your story editors can have slipped so badly.

HARRY L. BACH
Balboa, Canal Zone

To your specified errors I can only say, No excuse, sir. I shall try to do better in the future. For the business of the writer is to achieve verisimilitude — the appearance and the feeling of the truth — not merely strict factual accuracy. You say I ought to show "some rudimentary knowledge" of my subject. My subject, sir, is not ships and the sea; my subject is a man. And I take some

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comfort that by omitting to cavil at the man, you appear to accept him. That, though negative, is high praise.

— JOSEPH WHITEHILL

Wildlife or Gas and Oil?

SIR:

It is with concern and apprehension that conservationists have learned of Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay's latest order regarding leasing of lands in our wildlife refuges for gas and oil exploration and development. Of the 272 refuges comprising some 17.5 million acres, only 10 are exempted from this proposed desecration. And why, in the name of fairness and common sense, was the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service not consulted before the order was signed?

This body of men is now placed on the defensive. It is they who must justify the withholding of areas within the refuges from the inroads of the gas and oil pirates. In addition to their other work, which is onerous enough in all conscience, they will be expected to winnow the wheat from the chaff of these applications that are already swamping their offices both in Washington and in the field.

The order itself is sufficiently naïve to break your heart. The regulations are purportedly designed to minimize the damage that will occur to wildlife. I presume that the Secretary and his co-policy group hope that the exploration and development can be done with mirrors rather than with dynamite, hordes of geophysical workers with their truckloads of equipment, and, in the event of a find, high derricks, clanking machinery, huge stores of drill pipe, and other tools of the trade, all to be hauled to the site over a network of interlacing roads.

I conceive the Department of the Interior to be in a position of trust with respect to wildlife lands. Each Secretary, as he succeeds to his job, is charged with the maintenance of these refuges as intact and inviolate as the exigencies of the times will permit. The recently released order is either the result of ignorance and folly on the part of those who are charged with this public trust, or — as is more likely — a crumpling of our political bastions in the face of extreme pressure from greedy financial minorities.

CLARK C. VAN FLEET
Lakeport, Calif.

(Clark C. Van Fleet is the author of "The Army Invades the Wichita Mountains" in the December *Atlantic.*)

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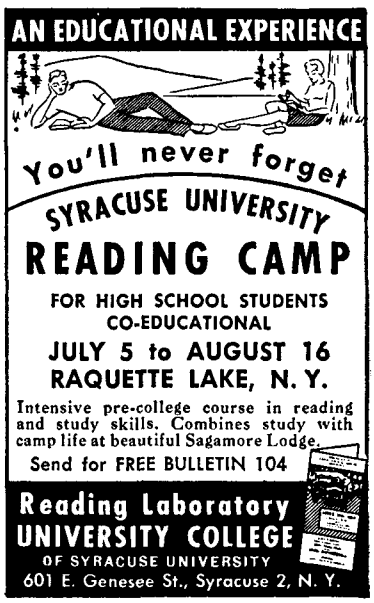

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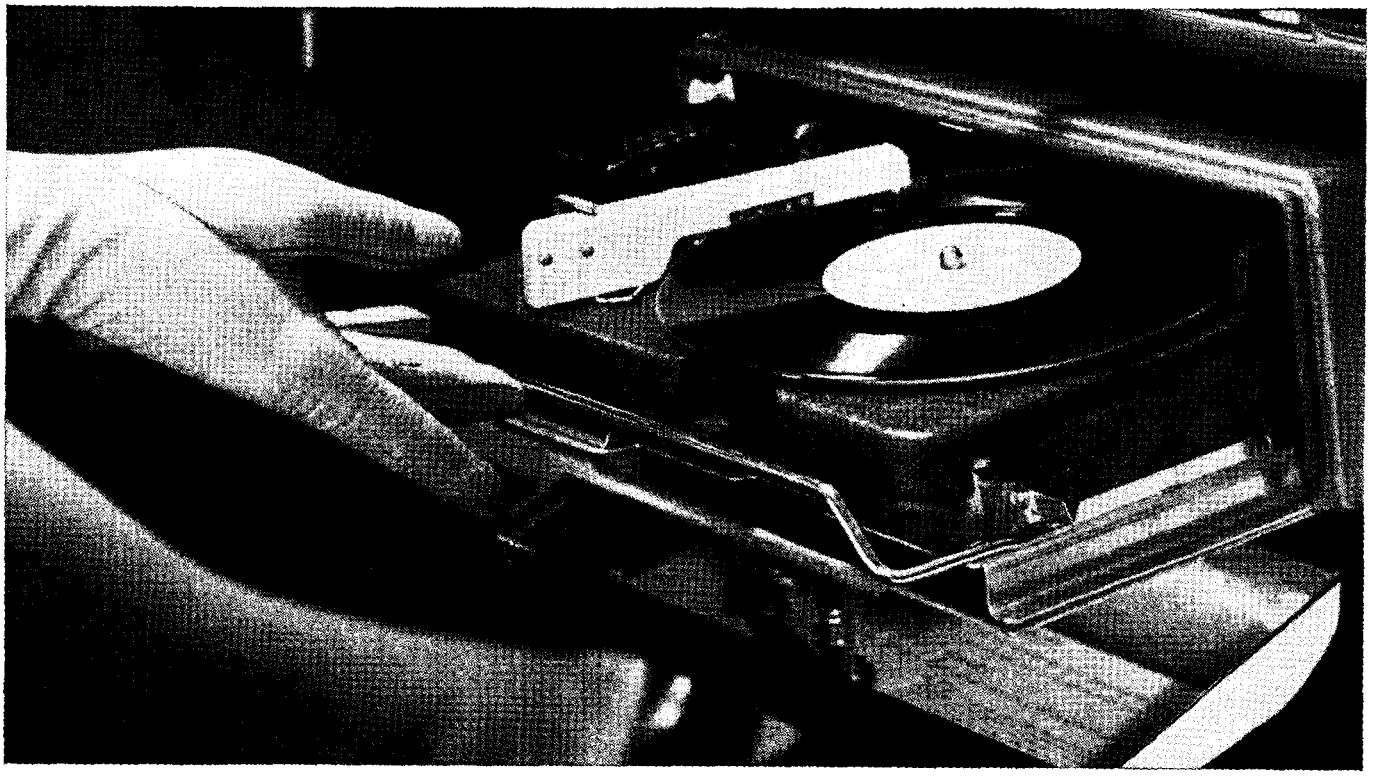

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THE ANGRY SOUTH

by RALPH McGILL

SOUTHERNERS trying to be fair are confronted daily with the many and frustrating complexities of the racial problem in its most aggressive form. The newspaper man or woman in the deep South who, as carefully and as objectively as his or her talents permit, produces critical opinion experiences an immediacy of thermal reaction. To some he has fouled his own nest, sold out to Yankee dollars, betrayed his people, and so on. A cross may be burned in his yard, or his windows broken by stones thrown in the night. He personally is pilloried, vigorously and libelously, by political demagogues. He encounters some support, and there is perhaps one constant satisfaction: he knows he is being read.

Now and then, he indulges in a Walter Mitty nostalgia for the old days as pictured in the literature of once-upon-a-time. There was a time when being a Southerner could be made into a pleasant, semi-official profession if one rehearsed it a bit.

But not now. In May, 1954, the trumpets of the nine black-robed justices in the Greek temple on the Potomac blew down the already weakened walls of political feudalism in the South. There long will be fighting in the ruins, but it will be guerrilla stuff and its denouement is sure. When the walls crumbled, the Humpty Dumpty of a convenient, oft-invoked regional concept of states' rights fell, too. Even if apostles of this doctrine, which was as malleable as sculptor's clay in the hands of its many interpreters, were to put Humpty Dumpty back together again, there is no wall on which to set him. He fell with the walls, not from them.

The South of myth, reality, and paradox was beginning noticeably to change its internal structure in the mid-thirties. The region had not at all recovered from the boll weevil plague when the world depression came. The disaster of the weevil had been even worse. It was not so recognized nationally save by insurance companies which ended up holding mortgages on as much as three fourths of the property in some of the major cotton counties. In these counties some 200 bales of cotton were produced in 1920 on plantations which a year or so before had produced 2000 bales. Banks failed, and there was no government policy to reopen them. Manor houses emptied. The ruins of many still stand, never again occupied. The tenant and sharecropper cabins began to be deserted. Their doors sagged with the passing years, and the winds blew a requiem through them for the lost dreams of men and their families, white and colored, who were gone to "Dee-troit" to the already burgeoning automobile plants, and to steel plants in "She-cargo" and Pittsburgh. On top of all this came the great depression.

Even the more insensitive should have known that something was amiss in the depression years. The cotton economy was wrecked and would never return. Ahead was the need for new crops. Machines were to replace the many hands and the slow-plodding mules. That would be change enough. But there came, too, the many government agencies for relief, for rehabilitation of soil, and for the construction of roads, schools, bridges, and

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public buildings. In the rush for aid and the almost greedy acceptance of it by a region long short of capital, the strength of states'-rights politics was dissipated. In a sense it was bartered away. In this period, too, the South abandoned the two-thirds rule which had given it a veto on the doings of the national Democratic convention. This was given away — a fact which later caused great regret in the smoke-filled rooms.

But the walls of states'-rights regionalism were undermined most energetically by those who now protest the most — the deep-South politicians at the state and local level who head up or support the Citizens' and States' Rights Councils, and other variations on the theme. It was they who most encouraged and accompanied the entrepreneurs who went north by plane and train in search of new industry. Some tempted this new industry with low taxes or no taxes, with free land or cheap land. Others offered intelligently prepared blueprints of the water supply, skilled labor, transportation, and pointed with pride to the stability of their local governments.

So it was that change came slowly, yet steadily, as did the new industry. It was accelerated by a desire to decentralize; it was quickened by war and by the further urge to disperse industrial concentrations once the A- and H-bombs came into being; most of all, it was hastened by the job hunger of a region long short of employment.

It was, and still is, a puzzling fact that most of those who headed, or were members of, delegations seeking new enterprises never saw themselves as carriers of the virus which was to destroy the status quo in their towns and communities — and also, therefore, the old "way of life in the South." They brought new payrolls to their towns. Businesses boomed and new ones came. The delegations basked in the sun of progress. But still they fretted. "Things are not the same," they said, shaking their puzzled heads. The organizers and unions came. The Negroes were encouraged to register and vote. The PTA and the community meetings began to hear new and protesting voices about the crowded schools, the town's municipal services. The political contests began to be less and less "sure" of result. All the while, though deploring the change and declaring to visitors that things were not as they had been, the delegations never saw themselves as makers of the revolution. They sought with a kind of desperation to maintain the status quo — all the while laboring to bring new industries and payrolls which could only accelerate the changes.

2

Because much of the South is still rural, and legislators from agricultural communities still dominate most legislatures, the effect of urbanization has come much more slowly to Southern politics than to politics in the industrial East. But its influences may be seen and felt.

Southern politics perhaps has been more consistently lacking in idealistic or progressive imagination, and therefore has been more pragmatic, than politics elsewhere. Its leaders have more often said no than yes. The South joined the Populist movement, but did not originate it. Woodrow Wilson, who was Southern-born, aroused some of Thomas Jefferson's liberalism and idealism. His own stern Calvinism matched the religious climate of most of the South, and his political morality became, in a sense, also religious morality. But it did not originate in the South. Southern politics chose to follow Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. It rejected, or was indifferent to, Harry Truman's Fair Deal and Adlai Stevenson's candidacy. Despite the competence, even brilliance, of some of its senators and congressmen, the South, since the days of the Virginia Dynasty and of Andrew Jackson, has not offered leadership which the nation has followed. It could not because it was committed to a hard-forged regionalism.

It was in the last of the Roosevelt years that regionalist politicians began to see that they would never be able to win national acceptance of their social and political theories. Some of what they believed was good and just. But they stubbornly and uncompromisingly offered a package. The nation would not buy it, either in the markets of the national conventions held by the two parties or in the Congress.

Out of this refusal came the Dixiecrat revolt of 1948 in which Strom Thurmond, now U.S. Senator from South Carolina, carried four states. Some commentators compared it to Herbert Hoover's cracking of the so-called Solid South in 1928. It was not at all related. Dwight D. Eisenhower carried five traditionally Democratic states. In part, he was able to do so because of a belief that he was, in considerable degree, a "states'-rights man" in the Southern meaning of that oft-employed phrase. Many Southerners believed he would, in particular, leave the issue of segregation in education to the states. When, through the office of the Attorney General of the United States, the Administration filed a brief before the Supreme Court asking an end to segregation, the disenchantment among the unyielding Southern political leaders was complete.

But even before the Court's decision in May, 1954, the diagnosticians of Southern political distemper could, with confidence, make one entry on their charts. It was that, for a long time to come, a very considerable portion of the South would be an "agin-the-White-House" political force. Since neither national party was willing, or indeed able, to give this Southern leadership what it wanted, it would not greatly matter which party was in the mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue. The deep South

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would, for the most part, be against the occupant.

The strength of these states will be used to bargain collectively at the national conventions with the threat of "an independent party" as alternative to rejection of their demands.

The Court's decision, which for the first time split the traditional solidarity of the South on the racial issue, assured this future aspect of deep-South politics. The anti-segregation issue was not, paradoxically enough, so much of a shock. In their secret hearts the most ardent advocates of the status quo knew that the Constitution of the United States could no longer be interpreted to mean one thing for one citizen and an opposite thing for another. Many had come to see, though they would admit it only privately, that if the Southern interpretation of states' rights meant such an inequality in citizenship, then that doctrine had no slight chance of winning national support. In 1954 any political device which could make one man less a citizen than another, or give one American child less opportunity than another, was not merely impotent, but was regarded by most Americans as politically immoral. States' rights remained firmly imbedded in the Constitution, but they no longer meant what some political leaders said they did — any more than they meant, in 1861, that there was a states' right of secession. All this would be granted in private by men who declared they would fight it to the death in public.

3

The more angry and defiant among deep-South politicians, being obsessed with politics of the past, had ignored what had been occurring in the South with the slow, steady change to an urbanized society. They also had missed the meaning of the fact that for years substantial numbers of Negroes had been attending the professional schools in Texas and Arkansas, and that in Tennessee and North Carolina there had been admission of one or two such students. They could not understand it when there was no immediate fusion of all the Southern states and a hedgehog regional opposition to the Court's edict. Tennessee's four-year plan for integration was denounced by the more angry as the sinister influence of politicians seeking the labor and Negro vote. And the more rabid elements from the town, not from the campus, have had their way at the University of Alabama.

But many school districts in Missouri, Oklahoma, and West Virginia moved to desegregate, as did isolated communities in Arkansas. The University of North Carolina became the first Southern state university to admit Negroes to the undergraduate school, although a similar decision by the University of Louisville had preceded it. And when great Texas herself announced a plan for gradual compliance with the Court's decree, the reaction was one of furious incredulity. Immediately there was a quick hardening of opposition in the deep South and in Virginia. Some of these states legislatively and emotionally are prepared to abolish their public school systems. They can count on support from a majority of unhappy but agreeable people.

Nor was this unexpected. Back of the cotton states in the deep South is a history of generations of political exploitation of the racial issues and the closely associated fact of larger percentages of Negro population. Inflammatory and violent agitation of racial politics in the cotton South dates back to Pitchfork Ben Tillman of South Carolina and Tom Watson of Georgia, both of whom had really profound regional influence down to our present day. They have never lacked heirs and imitators. They and the cumulative effect of their successors are factors in the quick hardening of deep-South opposition. A region, like a nation or a man, is a product of its history and traditional environment. Deep in the instincts of many Southerners is a fear of what might happen "when the children all drink out of the same bucket." Many of these people are entirely sincere when they say that nonsegregation means a "mongrelized" race. They will die before they will agree, they say. And they mean it.

It must not be assumed that this position is an evasive device. It is honestly held. It does no good for a minister, a newsman, or an editor, seeking to discuss the problem objectively, to suggest that the North has had no segregation, save the considerable degree obtained by the geographic facts of residence and by some judicious gerrymandering of school districts, and that there has been no mongrelization. If it further be suggested that this is, in a sense, an affront to the Southern people in that it suggests that only separation maintains their racial integrity, the result is unreasoning anger. The sociologists say that while the number of interracial marriages is up because the population is, percentagewise the number is down. That there is much less miscegenation than there was twenty or thirty years ago is not denied. With increased education and opportunity the Negro has, like anyone else, developed more and more racial pride. But it is this one issue of the possibility of intermarriage which most concerns the deep South. That the reasoning is not always sound does not at all detract from the strength of its belief or fear. When emotions dominate, reason plays little part. He who dismisses this attitude as a mere prejudice does neither himself nor the great American problem any good.

Northern editorialists may thunder at it and reason it away. But the Southern newspaper editor or writer of any sensitivity, who knows his people, will not, though he disagree with them, mock or denounce them. It is a part of his duty personally and professionally, since he knows the path his

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region has taken, to seek in every way to ameliorate the problem, knowing it cannot be "solved." Few great problems are solved. Persons of good will keep on ameliorating them until finally they cease to be major problems.

Yet another force in the present situation is that of religion. The South, long ago labeled the Bible Belt, has always been a strongly churchgoing region, with heavy Calvinist overtones. It has prided itself on being Christian. To some that Christianity, like states' rights, occasionally took on strange interpretations. "Before the war," for example, many honestly persuaded themselves that Christianity endorsed and made slavery obligatory. Their spiritual descendants today declare that segregation is justified by Christian principles. The religious attitude of the average Citizens' Council member is perhaps well expressed by an apocryphal story. At a meeting of one of the newly formed Citizens' Council groups, to discuss the school segregation issue, a member proposed asking a well-known minister to advise them. "There ain't a bit of use sending for him," said the chairman. "All he will do is give you the Christian solution."

Nonetheless, the Episcopal, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Lutheran churches have proclaimed a Christian policy in support of desegregation. So have many Baptist congregations and ministers (this church has no central authority).

The Southerner, looking objectively at his region, would be happy if he knew how many persons there are who are willing to give the Supreme Court's decision an honest try. He suspects, on the basis of his knowledge of his people and their Christian faith, that the number is considerable. He knows also that many of these would not willingly undergo a public display and testing of their feelings.

Another development which the Southern newspaper writer honestly seeking to portray his region must face is the demand that "our side" be vigorously presented. Many people insist that it is not. Some argue that the fact of determined and unmoved deep-South opposition is not known to the nation. "Tell them we will die rather than yield" is a somewhat common statement. "Don't they know there will be violence?" is another question which must be dealt with and not considered as the cry of a crackpot. There may be some violence, but there are no signs it will be as bad as the more fearful or angry declare.

It is often asserted today that the former "excellent relations" between the races have deteriorated and will worsen. This is, in a general sense, true, but it is more applicable to the smaller cities and towns and the rural areas. And what the average Southerner honestly does not know is that even the average Negro thought there was much lacking and much that was unfair in the excellent relationships that did, and do, exist. Many a sincere, average deep-South Southerner does not know, or refuses to admit, that world forces are at work in the American race problem as they are in Asia and Africa. Somehow, to him, his present harassments are all a sinister business brought on by an organization called the NAACP. He feels that a proper government would put it in jail or order it to go away, and then everything would again be as it was. One of the more unrewarding tasks of a responsible Southern journalist is to interpret local events, when he can, in terms of the world picture.

The plain and really sad truth is that it is difficult to put together "our side" as the more disturbed and angry Southerner means the phrase. The various forms of Citizens' Councils, which are largely secret, are at present committed to "every legal method" of blocking desegregation. This is the most concrete form of opposition. But as a matter of fact these deeply disturbed persons represent a great accumulation of resentments, of seeming injustices. They want an interpretation of the constitutional phrase about reserving to the states those rights not reserved to the federal government. They have a passionate conviction that Southern traditions are sound and right, and that the North is wrong. The average Southerner really believes that everyone at least privately thinks that separation of the races by law is best for both. His political leaders so often have assured him they would prevent all this from happening. Worse, they were positive it would never happen. Now that it has, they can do nothing to justify their failure except denounce the White House, the Court, and the "radicals." The Southerner wishes someone would put all this into compelling form as "our side." This average Southerner with a deep sense of injustice is not a "bad" man. He wants to be liked. He wants it understood he loves his country — and he does, as he has proved in war and peace. But at present he feels that his country does not love him. And he is sad, angry, resentful, and defiant.

Much of the reporting on the segregation issue and the variety of reaction in the South has contained elements of joylessness and the sense of guilt which occupies so many pages of Southern novelists. It is difficult to see the gleam of the other side of the metal, but it is there. Despite the deep anger, the ranting, the violence, and the pious circumvention, the Southerner who looks in love and hope at his region senses somehow that the great loyalties and deep friendships which the two races have known, will bring his region through. There is evil, but there also is much good. And he does not feel Pollyannish in believing that there is more good than evil in the people of the South, colored and white, just as there is more good than evil in all peoples everywhere.

He will continue in this hope, even though the sound of guerrilla fighting in the tumbled-down walls of the way of life and politics that was, all but drowns out his words.

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An American playwright, Manhattan-born, ARTHUR MILLER *began winning awards when he was at the University of Michigan. While at Ann Arbor he wrote two plays a year; on his return to New York he continued this pace, did radio stuff for a living, published a novel, and then came* All My Sons, Death of a Salesman, The Crucible, *and* A View from the Bridge. *An extraordinary record for a man just turned forty. "I have traveled," he says, "whenever possible, to Europe mostly, but my subject is here and my heart as well." The essay which follows contains the gist of the address he delivered in memory of Theodore Spencer at Harvard University.*

THE FAMILY IN MODERN DRAMA

by ARTHUR MILLER

1

MOST people, including the daily theater reviewers, have come to assume that the forms in which plays are written spring either from nowhere or from the temperamental choice of the playwrights. I am not maintaining that the selection of a form is as objective a matter as the choice of let us say a raincoat instead of a linen suit for a walk on a rainy day; on the contrary, most playwrights, including myself, reach rather instinctively for that form, that way of telling a play, which seems inevitably right for the subject at hand. Yet I wonder whether it is all as accidental, as "free" a choice, as it appears to be at a superficial glance. I wonder whether there may not be within the ideas of family on the one hand, and society on the other, primary pressures which govern our notions of the right form for a particular kind of subject matter.

It has gradually come to appear to me over the years that the spectrum of dramatic forms, from Realism over to the Verse Drama, the Expressionistic techniques, and what we call vaguely the Poetic Play, consists of forms which express human relationships of a particular kind, each of them suited to express either a primarily familial relation at one extreme, or a primarily social relation at the other.

When we think of Realism we think of Ibsen — and if we don't we ought to, because in his social plays he not only used the form but pressed it very close to its ultimate limits. What are the main characteristics of this form? We know it by heart, of course, since most of the plays we see are realistic plays. It is written in prose; it makes believe it is taking place independently of an audience which views it through a "fourth wall," the grand objective being to make everything seem true to life in life's most evident and apparent sense. In contrast, think of any play by Aeschylus. You are never under an illusion in his plays that you are watching "life"; you are watching a play, an art work.

Now at the risk of being obvious I must remind you that Realism is a style, an artful convention, and not a piece of reportage. What, after all, is real about having all the furniture in a living room facing the footlights? What is real about people sticking to the same subject for three consecutive hours? Realism is a style, an invention quite as consciously created as Expressionism, Symbolism, or any of the other less familiar forms. In fact, it has held the stage for a shorter period of time than the more poetic forms and styles which dominate the great bulk of the world repertoire, and when it first came into being it was obvious to all as a style, a poet's invention. I say this in order to make clear that Realism is neither more nor less "artistic" than any other form. The only trouble is that it more easily lends itself in our age to hack work, for one thing because more people can write passable prose than verse. In other ages, however, as for instance in the lesser Elizabethan playwrights, hack work could also make of the verse play a pedestrian and uninspired form.

As with any artist, Ibsen was writing not simply to photograph scenes from life. After all, at the time he wrote *A Doll's House* how many Norwegian or European women had slammed the door upon their hypocritical relations with their husbands? Very few. So there was nothing, really, for him to photograph. What he was doing, however, was projecting through his personal interpretation of common events what he saw as their concealed significance for society. In other words, in a perfectly "realistic" way he did not report so much as project or even prophesy a meaning. Put in playwriting terms, he created a symbol on the stage.

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We are not ordinarily accustomed to juxtaposing the idea of a symbol with the idea of Realism. The symbolic action, symbolic speech, have come to be reserved in our minds for the more poetic forms. Yet Realism shares equally with all other ways of telling a play this single mission. It must finally arrive at a meaning symbolic of the underlying action it has set forth. The difference lies in its method of creating its symbol as opposed to the way the poetic forms create theirs.

Now, then, the question arises: Why, if Ibsen and several other playwrights could use Realism so well to make plays about modern life, and if in addition the modern American audience is so quickly at home with the form — why should playwrights over the past thirty years be so impatient with it? Why has it been assaulted from every side? Why do so many people turn their backs on it and revere instead any kind of play which is fanciful or poetic? At the same time, why does Realism always seem to be drawing us all back to its arms? We have not yet created in this country a succinct form to take its place. Yet it seems that Realism has become a familiar bore; and by means of cutout sets, revolving stages, musical backgrounds, new and more imaginative lighting schemes, our stage is striving to break up the old living room. However, the perceiving eye knows that many of these allegedly poetic plays are Realism underneath, tricked up to look otherwise. I am criticizing nobody, only stating that the question of form is a deeper one, perhaps, than we have been willing to admit.

As I have indicated, I have come to wonder whether the force or pressure that makes for Realism, that even requires it, is the magnetic force of the family relationship within the play, and the pressure which evokes in a genuine, unforced way the un-realistic modes is the social relationship within the play. In a generalized way we commonly recognize that forms do have some extratheatrical, common-sense criteria; for instance, one of the prime difficulties in writing modern opera, which after all is lyric drama, is that you cannot rightly sing so many of the common thoughts of common life. A line like "Be sure to take your bath, Gloria," is difficult to musicalize, and impossible to take seriously as a sung concept. But we normally stop short at recognition of the ridiculous in this problem. Clearly, a poetic drama must be built upon a poetic idea, but I wonder if that is the whole problem. It is striking to me, for instance, that Ibsen, the master of Realism, while writing his realistic plays in quite as serious a frame of mind as in his social plays, suddenly burst out of the realistic frame, out of the living room, when he wrote *Peer Gynt*. I think that it is not primarily the living room he left behind, in the sense that this factor had made a poetic play impossible for him, but rather the family context. For Peer Gynt is first of all a man seen alone; equally, he is a man confronting non-familial, openly social relationships and forces.

I warn you not to try to apply this rule too mechanically. A play, like any human relationship, has a predominant quality, but it also contains powerful elements which although secondary may not be overlooked, and may in fact be crucial in the development of that relationship. I offer this concept, therefore, as a possible tool and not as a magic key to the writing or understanding of plays and their forms.

I have used Ibsen as an example because he wrote in several forms; another equally experimental dramatist was O'Neill. It ought to be noted that O'Neill himself described his preoccupation as being not with the relations between man and man, but with those between man and God. What has this remark to do with dramatic form? Everything, I think. It is obvious, to begin with, that Ibsen's mission was to create not merely characters, but a context in which they were formed and functioned as people. That context, heavily and often profoundly delineated, was his society. His very idea of fate, for instance, was the inevitability residing in the conflict between the life force of his characters struggling with the hypocrisies, the strangling and abortive effects of society upon them. Thus, if only to create a climax, Ibsen had to draw society in his plays as a realistic force embodied in money, in social mores, in taboos, and so on, as well as an internal, subjective force within his characters.

O'Neill, however, seems to have been seeking for some fate-making power behind the social force itself. He went to ancient Greece for some definition of that force; he reached toward modern religion and toward many other possible sources of the poetic modes. My point here, however, is that so long as the family and family relations are at the center of his plays his form remains — indeed, it is held prisoner by — Realism. When, however, as for instance in *The Hairy Ape* and *Emperor Jones*, he deals with men out in society, away from the family context, his forms become alien to Realism, more openly and self-consciously symbolic, poetic, and finally heroic.

2

Up to this point I have been avoiding any question of content except that of the family relation as opposed to relations out in the world — social relations. Now I should like to make the bald statement that all plays we call great, let alone those we call serious, are ultimately involved with some aspect of a single problem. It is this: How may a man make of the outside world a home? How and in what ways must he struggle, what must he strive to change and overcome within himself and outside himself if he is to find the safety, the surroundings

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of love, the ease of soul, the sense of identity and honor which, evidently, all men have connected in their memories with the idea of family?

One ought to be suspicious of any attempt to boil down all the great themes to a single sentence, but this one — "How may a man make of the outside world a home?" — does bear watching as a clue to the inner life of the great plays. Its aptness is most evident in the modern repertoire; in fact, where it is not the very principle of the play at hand we do not take the play quite seriously. If, for instance, the struggle in *Death of a Salesman* were simply between father and son for recognition and forgiveness it would diminish in importance. But when it extends itself out of the family circle and into society, it broaches those questions of social status, social honor and recognition, which expand its vision and lift it out of the merely particular toward the fate of the generality of men.

The same is true — although achieved in different ways — of a play like *A Streetcar Named Desire*, which could quite easily have been limited to a study of psychopathology were it not that it is placed clearly within the wider bounds of the question I am discussing. Here Blanche Dubois and the sensitivity she represents has been crushed by her moving out of the shelter of the home and the family into the uncaring, anti-human world outside it. In a word, we begin to partake of the guilt for her destruction, and for Willy's, because the blow struck against them was struck outside the home rather than within it — which is to say that it affects us more because it is a social fact we are witnessing.

The crucial question has an obverse side. If we look at the great plays — at *Hamlet*, *Oedipus*, *Lear* — we must be impressed with one fact perhaps above all others. These plays are all examining the concept of loss, of man's deprivation of a once-extant state of bliss unjustly shattered — a bliss, a state of equilibrium, which the hero (and his audience) is attempting to reconstruct or to re-create with new, latter-day life materials. It has been said often that the central theme of the modern repertoire is the alienation of man, but the idea usually halts at the social alienation — he cannot find a satisfying role in society. What I am suggesting here is that while this is true of our plays, the more or less hidden impulse antedating social alienation, the unsaid premise of the very idea of "satisfaction," is the memory of both playwright and audience of an enfolding family and of childhood. It is as though both playwright and audience believed that they had once had an identity, a *being*, somewhere in the past which in the present has lost its completeness, its definitiveness, so that the central force making for pathos in these large and thrusting plays is the paradox which Time bequeaths to us all: we cannot go home again, and the world we live in is an alien place.

One of the forms most clearly in contrast to Realism is Expressionism. I should like now to have a look at its relevancy to the family-social complex.

3

The technical arsenal of Expressionism goes back to Aeschylus. It is a form of play which manifestly seeks to dramatize the conflict of either social, religious, ethical, or moral forces *per se*, and in their own naked roles, rather than to present psychologically realistic human characters in a more or less realistic environment. There is, for instance, no attempt by Aeschylus to create the psychology of a violent "character" in *Prometheus Bound*, or of a powerful one; rather he brings on two figures whose names are Power and Violence, and they behave as the *idea* of Power and the *idea* of Violence ought to behave, according to the laws of Power and Violence. In Germany after the First World War, playwrights sought to dramatize and unveil the social condition of man with similar means. For instance, in *Gas I* and *Gas II* Georg Kaiser placed the figure of man against an image of industrial society but without the slightest attempt to characterize the man except as a representative of one or the other of the social classes vying for control of the machine. There are, of course, numerous other examples of the same kind of elimination of psychological characterization in favor of what one might call the presentation of forces. In *The Great God Brown*, for instance, as well as in *The Hairy Ape*, O'Neill reached toward this very ancient means of dramatization without psychology — without, one might say, behavior as we normally know it. *Everyman* is another work in that long line.

In passing, I must ask you to note that expressionist plays — which is to say plays preoccupied with the open confrontation of moral, ethical, or social forces — seem inevitably to cast a particular kind of shadow. The moment realistic behavior and psychology disappear from the play all the other appurtenances of Realism vanish too. The stage is stripped of knickknacks; instead it reveals symbolic *designs* which function as overt pointers toward the moral to be drawn from the action. We are no longer under quite the illusion of watching through a transparent fourth wall. Instead we are constantly reminded, in effect, that we are watching a theater piece. In short, we are not bidden to lose our consciousness of time and place, the consciousness of ourselves, but are appealed to through our intelligence, our faculties of knowing rather than of feeling.

This difference in the area of appeal is the difference between our familial emotions and our social emotions. The two forms not only spring from different sectors of human experience but end up by appealing to different areas of receptivity within

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the audience. Nor is this phenomenon confined to the play.

When one is speaking to one's family, for example, one uses a certain level of speech, a certain plain diction perhaps, a tone of voice, an inflection, suited to the intimacy of the occasion. But when one faces an audience of strangers, as a politician does, for instance — and he is the most social of men — it seems right and proper for him to reach for the well-turned phrase, even the poetic word, the aphorism, the metaphor. And his gestures, his stance, his tone of voice, all become larger than life; moreover, his character is not what gives him these prerogatives, but his role. In other words, a confrontation with society permits us, or even enforces upon us, a certain reliance upon ritual. Similarly with the play.

The implications of this natural wedding of form with inner relationships are many, and some of them are complex. It is true to say, I think, that the language of the family is the language of the private life — prose. The language of society, the language of the public life, is verse. According to the degree to which the play partakes of either relationship, it achieves the right to move closer or further away from either pole. I repeat that this "right" is given by some common consent which in turn is based upon our common experience in life.

It is interesting to look at a couple of modern plays from this viewpoint and to see whether critical sense can be made of them. T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, for instance, drew from most intelligent auditors a puzzled admiration. In general, one was aware of a struggle going on between the appearencies of the behavior of the people and what evidently was the preoccupation of the playwright. There were a Husband and a Wife whom we were evidently expected to accept in that commonly known relationship, especially since the setting and the mode of speech and much of its diction were perfectly real if inordinately cultivated for a plebeian American audience. Even the theme of the play was, or should have been, of importance to most of us. Here we were faced with the alternative ways of giving meaning to domestic existence, one of them being through the cultivation of self, partly by means of the psychoanalytic ritual; the other and victorious method being the martyrization of the self, not for the sake of another, or as a rebuke to another, as martyrdom is usually indulged in in family life, but for the sake of martyrdom, of the disinterested action whose ultimate model was, according to the author, Jesus Christ. The heroine is celebrated for having been eaten alive by ants while on a missionary work among savages, and the very point is that there was no point — she converted nobody at all. Thus she gained her self by losing self or giving it away. Beyond the Meaningless she found Meaning at last.

To say the least, Eliot is manifestly an apt writer of verse. The inability of this play to achieve a genuine poetic level cannot therefore be laid to the usual cause — the unpoetic nature of the playwright's talent. Indeed, *Murder in the Cathedral* is a genuine poetic play, so he had already proved that he could achieve a wholeness of poetic form. I believe that the puzzlement created by *The Cocktail Party*, the sense of its being drawn in two opposite directions, is the result of the natural unwillingness of our minds to give to the Husband-Wife relation — a family relation — the prerogatives of the poetic mode, especially when the relationship is originally broached, as it is in this play, through any means approaching Realism.

Whether consciously or not, Eliot himself was aware of this dichotomy and wrote, and has said that he wrote, a kind of line which would not seem obtrusively formal and poetic to the listening ear. The injunction to keep it somehow unpoetic was issued by the central family situation, in my opinion. There was no need to mask his poetry at all in *Murder in the Cathedral*, because the situation is social, the conflict of a human being with the world. That earlier play had the unquestioned right to the poetic because it dealt with man as a public figure and could use the public man's style and diction.

4

We recognize now that a play can be poetic without verse, and it is in this middle area that the complexities of tracing the influence of the family and social elements upon the form become more troublesome. *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder is such a play, and it is important not only for itself but because it is the progenitor of many other works.

This is a family play which deals with the traditional family figures, the father, mother, brother, sister. At the same time it uses this particular family as a prism through which is reflected the author's basic idea, his informing principle — which can be stated as the indestructibility, the everlastingness, of the family and the community, its rhythm of life, its rootedness in the essentially safe cosmos despite troubles, wracks, and seemingly disastrous, but essentially temporary, dislocations.

Technically it is not arbitrary in any detail. Instead of a family living room or a house, we are shown a bare stage on which actors set chairs, a table, a ladder to represent a staircase or an upper floor, and so on. A narrator is kept in the foreground as though to remind us that this is not so much "real life" as an abstraction of it — in other words, a stage. It is clearly a poetic rather than a realistic play. What makes it that? Well, let us first imagine what would make it more realistic.

Would a real set make it realistic? Not likely. A real set would only discomfit us by drawing attention to what would then appear to be a slightly unearthly quality about the characterizations. We

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should probably say, "People don't really act like that." In addition, the characterization of the whole town could not be accomplished with anything like its present vividness if the narrator were removed, as he would have to be from a realistic set, and if the entrances and exits of the environmental people, the townspeople, had to be justified with the usual motives and machinery of Realism.

The preoccupation of the entire play is quite what the title implies — the town, the society, and not primarily this particular family — and every stylistic means used is to the end that the family foreground be kept in its place, merely as a foreground for the larger context behind and around it. In my opinion, it is this larger context, the town and its enlarging, widening significance, that is the bridge to the poetic for this play. Cut out the town and you will cut out the poetry.

The play is worth examining further against the Ibsen form of Realism to which it is inevitably related if only in contrast. Unlike Ibsen, Wilder sees his characters in this play not primarily as personalities, as individuals, but as forces, and he individualizes them only enough to carry the freight, so to speak, of their roles as forces. I do not believe, for instance, that we can think of the brother in this play, or the sister or the mother, as having names other than Brother, Sister, Mother. They are not given that kind of particularity or interior life. They are characterized rather as social factors, in their roles of Brother, Sister, Mother, in Our Town. They are drawn, in other words, as forces to enliven and illuminate the author's symbolic vision and his theme, which is that of the family as a timeless, stable quantity which has not only survived all the turmoil of time but is, in addition, beyond the possibility of genuine destruction.

The play is important to any discussion of form because it has achieved a largeness of meaning and an abstraction of style that created that meaning, while at the same time it has moved its audiences subjectively — it has made them laugh and weep as abstract plays rarely if ever do. But it would seem to contradict my contention here. If it is true that the presentation of the family on the stage inevitably forces Realism upon the play, how did this family play manage to transcend Realism to achieve its symbolistic style?

Every form, every style, pays its price for its special advantages. The price paid by *Our Town* is psychological characterization forfeited in the cause of the symbol. I do not believe, as I have said, that the characters are identifiable in a psychological way, but only as figures in the family and social constellation, and this is not meant in criticism, but as a statement of the limits of this form. I would go further and say that it is not *necessary* for every kind of play to do every kind of thing. But if we are after ultimate reality we must make ultimate demands.

I think that had Wilder drawn his characters with a deeper configuration of detail and with a more remorseless quest for private motive and self-interest, for instance, the story as it stands now would have appeared oversentimental and even sweet. I think that if the play tested its own theme more remorselessly, the world it creates of a timeless family and a rhythm of existence beyond the disturbance of social wracks would not remain unshaken. The fact is that the juvenile delinquent is quite directly traced to the breakup of family life and, indeed, to the break in that ongoing, steady rhythm of community life which the play celebrates as indestructible.

I think, further, that the close contact which the play established with its audience was the result of its coincidence with the deep longing of the audience for such stability, a stability which in daylight out on the street does not truly exist. The great plays pursue the idea of loss and deprivation of an earlier state of bliss which the characters feel compelled to return to or to re-create. I think this play forgoes the loss and suffers thereby in its quest for reality, but that the audience supplies the sense of deprivation in its own life experience as it faces what in effect is an idyl of the past. To me, therefore, the play falls short of a form that will press into reality to the limits of reality, if only because it could not plumb the psychological interior lives of its characters and still keep its present form. It is a triumph in that it does open a way toward the dramatization of the larger truths of existence while using the common materials of life. It is a truly poetic play.

5

Were there space, I should like to go into certain contemporary works with a view to the application in them of the forces of society and family — works by Clifford Odets, Tennessee Williams, Lillian Hellman, William Saroyan, and others. But I will jump to the final question I have in mind. If there is any truth in the idea of a natural union of the family and Realism as opposed to society and the poetic, what are the reasons for it?

First, let us remind ourselves of an obvious situation, but one which is often overlooked. The man or woman who sits down to write a play, or who enters a theater to watch one, brings with him in each case a common life experience which is not suspended merely because he has turned writer or become part of an audience. We — all of us — have a role anteceding all others: we are first sons, daughters, sisters, brothers. No play can possibly alter this given role.

The concepts of Father, Mother, and so on were received by us unawares before the time we were conscious of ourselves as selves. In contrast, the concepts of Friend, Teacher, Employee, Boss, Col-

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league, Supervisor, and the many other social relations came to us long after we gained consciousness of ourselves, and are therefore outside ourselves. They are thus in an objective rather than a subjective category. In any case, what we feel is always more "real" to us than what we know, and we feel the family relation while we only know the social one. Thus the former is the very apotheosis of the real and has an inevitability and a foundation indisputably actual, while the social relation is always relatively mutable, accidental, and consequently of a profoundly arbitrary nature to us.

Today the difficulty in creating a form that will unite both elements in a full rather than partial onslaught on reality is the reflection of the deep split between the private life of man and his social life. Nor is this the first time in history that such a separation has occurred. Many critics have remarked upon it, for instance, as a probable reason for the onset of Realism in the later Greek plays, for it is like a rule of society that, as its time of troubles arrives, its citizens revert to a kind of privacy of life that excludes society, as though man at such times would like to banish society from his mind. When this happens, man excludes poetry too.

All of which, while it may provide a solution, or at least indicate the mansion where the solution lives, only serves to point to the ultimate problem more succinctly. Obviously, the playwright cannot create a society, let alone one so unified as to allow him to portray man in art as a monolithic creature. The playwright is not a reporter, but in a serious work of art he cannot set up an image of man's condition so distant from reality as to violate the common sense of what reality is. But a serious work, to say nothing of a tragic one, cannot hope to achieve truly high excellence short of an investigation into the whole gamut of causation of which society is a manifest and crucial part. Thus it is that the common Realism of the past forty or fifty years has been assaulted — because it could not, with ease and beauty, bridge the widening gap between the private life and the social life. Thus it is that the problem was left unsolved by Expressionism, which evaded it by forgoing psychological realism altogether and leaping over to a portrayal of social forces alone. Thus it is that there is now a certain decadence about many of our plays; in the past ten years they have come more and more to dwell solely upon psychology, with little or no attempt to locate and dramatize the social roles and conflicts of their characters. For it is proper to ascribe decay to that which turns its back upon society when, as is obvious to any intelligence, the fate of mankind is social.

6

Finally, I should say that the current quest after the poetic as poetic is fruitless. It is the attempt to make apples without growing trees. It is seeking poetry precisely where poetry is not: in the private life viewed entirely within the bounds of the subjective, the area of sensation, or the bizarre and the erotic. From these areas of the private life have sprung the mood plays, the plotless plays for which there is much admiration as there is much relief when one turns from a problem to a ramble in the woods. I do not ask you to disdain such plays, for they are within the realm of art; I say only that the high work, the tragic work, cannot be forged waywardly, while playing by ear. There is a charm in improvisation, in letting one chord suggest the other and ending when the moment wanes. But the high order of art to which drama is fated will come only when it seeks to account for the total condition of man, and this cannot be improvised.

Whatever is said to describe a mood play, one point must be made: such plays all have in common an air of self-effacement — which is to say that they wish to seem as though they had not only no plot but no writer. They would convince us that they "just happen," that no directing hand has arranged matters — contrary to the Ibsen plays, for instance, or, for that matter, the Shakespearean play or the Greek.

Furthermore, the entire operation is most moody when the characters involved have the least consciousness of their own existence. The mood play is a play in hiding. A true plot is an assertion of meaning. The mood play is not, as it has been mistaken for, a rebellion of any kind against the so-called well-made play, especially when Ibsen is widely held to be a writer of well-made plays. For there is as much subjectivity and inner poetry in *Hedda Gabler* — I daresay a lot more — as in any of these mood plays. What is really repulsive in Ibsen to one kind of contemporary mind is not openly mentioned: it is his persistent search for an organizing principle behind the "moods" of existence and not the absence of mood in his work.

An art form, like a person, can achieve greatness only as it accepts great challenges. Over the past few decades the American theater, in its best moments, has moved courageously and often beautifully into the interior life of man, an area that had most often been neglected in the past. But now, I think, we are in danger of settling for tears, as it were — for any play that "moves" us, quite as though the ultimate criterion of the art were lachrymosity. For myself, I find that there is an increasing reliance upon what pass for realistic, even tough, analytical picturizations of existence, which are really quite sentimental underneath; and the sentiment is getting thicker, I think, and an end in itself. Sentimentalism is perfectly all right, but it is nowhere near a great challenge, and to pursue it, even under the guide of the exotic atmosphere and the celebration of the sensuous, is not going to

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bring us closer to the fated mission of the drama.

What, after all, is that mission? I may as well end with such a question because it underlies and informs every word I have written. I think of it so: Man has created so many specialized means of unveiling the truth of the world around him and the world within him — the physical sciences, the psychological sciences, the disciplines of economic and historical research and theory. In effect, each of these attacks on the truth is partial. It is within the rightful sphere of the drama — it is, so to speak, its truly just employment and its ultimate design — to embrace the many-sidedness of man. It is as close to being a total art as the race has invented. It can tell, like science, what is — but more, it can tell what ought to be. It can depict, like painting, in designs and portraits, in the colors of the day or night; like the novel it can spread out its arms and tell the story of a life, or a city, in a few hours — but more, it is dynamic, it is always on the move as life is, and it is perceived like life through the motions, the gestures, the tones of voice, and the gait and nuance of living people. It is the singer's art and the painter's art and the dancer's art, yet it may hew to fact no less tenaciously than does the economist or the physician. In a word, there lies within the dramatic form the ultimate possibility of raising the truth-consciousness of mankind to a level of such intensity as to transform those who observe it.

The problem, therefore, is not simply an aesthetic one. As people, as a society, we thirst for clues to the past and the future; least of all, perhaps, do we know about the present, about what *is*. It is the present that is always most evasive and slippery, for the present always threatens most directly our defenses against seeing what we are, and it is the present, always the present, to which the dramatic form must apply or it is without interest and a dead thing, and forms do die when they lose their capacity to open up the present. So it is its very nature to bring us closer to ourselves if only it can grow and change with the changing world.

In the deepest sense, I think, to sophisticated and unsophisticated alike, nothing is quite so real to us, so extant, as that which has been made real by art. Nor is this ironical and comic. For the fact is that art is a function of the civilizing act quite as much as is the building of the water supply. American civilization is only recently coming to a conscious awareness of art not as a luxury but as a necessity of life. Without the right dramatic form a genuine onslaught upon the veils that cloak the present is not possible. In the profoundest sense I cannot create that form unless, somewhere in you, there is a wish to know the present and a demand upon me that I give it to you.

For at bottom what is that form? It is the everlastingly sought balance between order and the need of our souls for freedom; the relatedness between our vaguest longings, our inner questions, and private lives and the life of the generality of men which is our society and our world. How may man make for himself a home in that vastness of strangers and how may he transform that vastness into a home? This, as I have repeated, is the question a form must solve anew in every age. This, I may say, is the problem before you too.

MEMORY

by THEODORE ROETHKE

1

In the slow world of dream,
We breathe in unison.
The outside dies within,
And she knows all I am.

2

She turns, as if to go,
Half-bird, half-animal.
The wind dies on the hill.
Love's all. Love's all I know.

3

A doe drinks by a stream,
A doe and its fawn.
When I follow after them,
The grass changes to stone.

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Danger Unrecognized

A trusted aide to Franklin D. Roosevelt, AVERELL HARRIMAN *was sent to the U.S.S.R. as chairman of a mission in 1941, as the President's representative in the first strategic talks with Stalin and Churchill in 1942, and as our Ambassador from 1943 to 1946. His analysis of Russian motives and policy, as the Yalta papers reveal, marks him as the first to warn Washington of the Soviet threat. In the article which follows he discusses the new Kremlin line and the inadequacy of U.S. action to meet it.*

THE SOVIET CHALLENGE AND AMERICAN POLICY

by AVERELL HARRIMAN

1

IT IS not certain whether on the day this article appears in print Bulganin and Khrushchev will be smiling or frowning: whether on that day they will be flattering President Eisenhower for his truthfulness and peaceful intentions or excoriating Secretary Dulles for belligerence; whether on that day they will offer to us a new peace pact or some new affront, or to some other country trade and aid, or arms, or threats. But regardless of the tactic of the day, they are pursuing a consistent strategy.

This strategy was expounded and adopted by the Kremlin in October, 1952, and it has been operative since that time. Its aim is destruction of all we believe in and eventual world domination by Soviet Communism. This is "peaceful coexistence," Russian style.

The coincidence of new teams in the Kremlin and the White House three years ago and the significance of the changes in policy and method which occurred at that time have received far too little attention in the United States. Stalin, undisputed master of the Soviet Union for a quarter of a century, died on March 5, 1953. Five months earlier he had delivered what turned out to be his last will and testament in the form of a justification for a major shift in strategy. Six weeks before his death the Democratic Party, twenty years in power, had yielded to a Republican Administration. These momentous changes in the direction of the world's two greatest powers have had profound consequences which are today only beginning to be widely recognized.

Stalin's death undoubtedly weakened the Kremlin behind the Iron Curtain. No new regime could equal Stalin's single-minded and ruthless efficiency. Yet his death opened the way for a more effective execution, by his successors, of the foreign policy of "peaceful coexistence" which he had had the sagacity and cunning to proclaim shortly before. Stalin had too often in his long career smiled destruction upon too many men and nations for the world to believe in his benignity and peaceful intentions. With his death there came into power a multiple leadership less known for cruelty and deceit (except for Beria, whose subsequent execution by his peers redounded to their credit). This gave rise to the hope that their hearts might not be so hard or that mutual distrust among them might weaken their capacity to do harm. This hope the men in the Kremlin have nurtured by discreet and well-timed concessions. Thus, they have carried forward the policy of "peaceful coexistence" with more adroitness and effectiveness than Stalin could have done.

The rationale of this policy was spelled out in letters written by Stalin and published in *Bolshevik* on October 2, 1952, three days before the opening of the 19th Communist Party Congress. These letters were praised by all the Congress speakers, and their theory was expounded at great length by Malenkov, then Secretary of the Central Committee of the Party.

Stalin's letters are especially meaningful in the light of the world setting at that time. The Kremlin's drive after World War II — by means of aggression, pressures, threats, and subversion — to extend its control and influence in Europe and the Middle East beyond where its armies were found at the war's end had clearly failed. The West had become so strong and united that further advance by these crude methods was stopped in that area. Soviet Communist control had been averted in Iran, Greece, Turkey, Berlin, and Trieste, as well as in South Korea; and subversion had failed in Western Europe. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, the North Atlantic Alliance and the building of a NATO army in Europe, and United Nations action (vigorously led by the United States) in the case of Iran and South Korea — these had helped build effective situa-

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tions of economic, military, and political strength and free world unity. In 1952 the rising strength of NATO armies began to develop confidence that they would be able to prevent a sudden overrunning of Western Europe. In Korea, Stalin's expectations for an easy victory had been thwarted, and Communist aggression had been thrown back.

Stalin shifts the offensive

It was in these circumstances that Stalin shifted the offensive to economic, political, and psychological grounds and transferred the center of attention to Asia and other underdeveloped countries. Here in a nutshell was his reasoning, repeated and elaborated upon by Malenkov: —

The disintegration of the single world market is the most important economic consequence of the Second World War. There are now two parallel and competing world markets — the Soviet Communist bloc extending from East Germany and the Balkans to North Korea, and that of the other [free world] "camp." The Soviet bloc is large, strong, and self-sufficient; its members are mutually "coöperative," and they maintain a rate of economic growth far higher than that of the West, so that the West's margin of industrial and economic superiority will inevitably narrow and disappear.

The Soviet system can over a period of years out-compete the free in economic growth, political stability, and military strength. The economic progress of the Soviet bloc will have a superior attraction to formerly colonial and underdeveloped countries which are progressively throwing off the yoke of "capitalist imperialism." War between Communist and capitalist countries is not necessary, but war among the capitalist countries is probable. In the scramble for progressively declining markets they will compete destructively, weaken each other, quarrel, fall out, and eventually war against each other.

Implicit in this Stalin-Malenkov analysis was this intention: the Soviet Union will use its diplomacy, propaganda, and economic power to the fullest to attract new subjects, to weaken and divide the free world, and to isolate the United States. Eventually, as a consequence of an intra-capitalist war, the Soviet Union can take over without too much trouble. Meanwhile, it is basic to the success of Soviet policy that there be a relaxation of tensions and a growth of confidence in the peacefulness of Soviet intentions.

In concluding his address at the Communist Party Congress, Malenkov turned on "peace" full blast. Among other things, he said: —

> The Soviet policy of peace and security for all nations is based on [the premise] that the peaceful coexistence of capitalism and Communism and coöperation are quite possible. . . .
>
> The Soviet Union has always stood for and now stands for the development of trade and coöperation with other countries irrespective of differences in social system. . . .
>
> We are confident that in peaceful competition with capitalism the Socialist economic system will prove its superiority over the capitalistic economic system more and more strikingly with each passing year. . . .

Five months later Stalin was dead, but his successors have in foreign policy hewed to the "peaceful coexistence" line. This line has been compounded of protestations of peaceful Soviet intent; a persistent effort to portray the West as warlike and imperialistic; a campaign in underdeveloped countries of blandishment, attraction, and trade and aid; and efforts to divide, weaken, and make trouble for the West.

Khrushchev's timetable

It was clear in 1953 and 1954 that this was increasingly happening; for example, enormous capital was made out of the Soviet offer to build a steel mill for India, and even the sale of wheat to India. But in 1955 the Kremlin broadened its campaign to a full-scale offensive, as these events will show: —

April–May, 1955 — Agreement, after ten years of obstruction, to a peace settlement for Austria (to show a change of heart and to hold out bait to West Germany).

April — The attempt, through Red China, to turn the Bandung Conference into a demonstration of Asian and African solidarity against the West.

July — The Summit Conference at Geneva (a week of bogus joviality in which agreement was reached on not a single issue of substance but during which a "relaxation of tensions" — and a letting down of the free world's guard — was accomplished).

September — The Communist arms deal with Egypt, and Soviet offers of aid to Egypt in building the Aswan Dam (opening guns of a general drive to extend Soviet influence and make trouble for the West in the Middle East).

November — Second Geneva Conference (arrogant rejection by the Russians of Western proposals for settling basic issues in Europe, while blaming the West for the failure of the conference).

November–December — Triumphal tour of Bulganin and Khrushchev through India, Burma, and Afghanistan, spreading promises of Soviet trade and aid and talking peace while stirring up hatred and distrust of the West.

January, 1956 — Open adoption by Soviet representatives in the United Nations of a pro-Arab and anti-Israel line.

January — Bulganin offer of trade and aid to Latin America.

January–February — Bulganin offer of a "peace pact" to President Eisenhower.

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February — Bulganin offer of trade and aid to Pakistan, conditioned on withdrawal from military alignment with the West.

February — Soviet overtures to Turkey.

Since 1953 the Soviet Union has steadily attempted to gain political advantage through negotiations for surplus commodities, such as Burma's rice and Pakistan's jute.

The 1952 "peaceful coexistence" strategy of the Soviet Union was confirmed and brought up to date in the speeches by Khrushchev and the other Soviet leaders at the 20th Communist Party Congress in February of this year. The 20th Congress was essentially one of continuity, as the 19th Congress was one of change.

The Congress speeches were a continuous play upon the theme that the Soviet Union and its allies are the nations of "peace." In addition to stressing the idea of "peaceful coexistence" between the Communist and the "imperialist" nations, they minimized other kinds of conflict. Wars between the "imperialist" countries themselves are no longer to be considered inevitable, since imperialism itself can be eliminated by the peoples still in colonial status — with the aid of the Soviet Union of course. Civil wars are no longer necessary for Communists to attain power; they can come to power through parliamentary means — suggesting a revival of the "popular front" strategy of the 1930s and the early postwar years. In both these instances, Khrushchev and his associates completed the revision of Marxist-Leninist dogma that Stalin had begun.

Companion themes of the conference were "friendship" and "trade." A large part of Khrushchev's speech was devoted to offers of friendship and trade to virtually all countries. We in America know the hidden traps contained in these proffers of friendship and trade, just as we know that professions of peace are tactical maneuvers. They reflect no basic change in the Communist objectives of world domination. But it would be the utmost folly to think that these bland appeals do not have a strong attraction for people who are weary of war, tensions, and the burden of armaments and who are hungry for the higher living standards that increased trade and economic development promise.

It is ironic that the same 20th Congress which re-emphasized the very points of dogma and tactics that Stalin himself had offered three years earlier was also used to continue the destruction of Stalin himself — a process that his successors had begun with surprising promptness shortly after his death. Among the errors charged to him were those which he had himself repudiated at the 19th Congress, and the new leaders gave him not a particle of credit for the change in course.

But throwing off Stalin makes the new line more plausible everywhere abroad. It enables the new leaders to maneuver much more freely, as they are doing — and more dangerously.

2

The Eisenhower Administration took office in January, 1953, just as this shift in Soviet strategy was initiated. Attention has been called publicly and repeatedly to the shift during the last three years; its nature has been analyzed and the government urged to take action to cope with it. Yet for three years the Administration in Washington took no important action to head off the Soviet offensive, or to alert Congress or the public to its nature and its dangers. It was only on January 12, 1956, with the consequences of the unopposed Soviet drive swirling about our ears, that Secretary Dulles publicly recognized that we are in a "bitterly competitive contest" in the field of economic development of underdeveloped countries. He said that defeat in this contest would be disastrous, and that "we could lose this economic contest unless this country, as a whole, wakes up to all its implications."

Since this contest had, in fact, been initiated three years before, one can only wonder who had been asleep. Even now, weeks after the belated reveille blown by Mr. Dulles, there is little evidence of adequate action on his part to cope with the danger. This might have been predicted. The fundamental split in the leadership of the Republican Party and the inability of one of its wings to recognize the realities of the twentieth century make it difficult for that party to launch or sustain foreign economic policies that are adequate to protect vital American interests in the world.

Clearly, our country has great potential advantages in the economic field. And clearly it is the responsibility of the Administration to marshal and apply our unique abilities and our resources to speed up free world economic growth and development. Unhappily, the Administration failed to act and the Kremlin was permitted to gain the initiative. The President has on occasion uttered solemn words about our economic responsibilities in the world, but the blank pages in the record of his government are more significant.

Dulles's policy slogans

It would be less distressing if the Administration's performance in the face of the Soviet challenge had been confined to inaction. Unhappily, we have to take account of a host of Administration words and actions on non-economic matters over the last three years, of which the kindest thing that can be said is that they have unwittingly but powerfully facilitated the new Soviet offensive. It is tiresome to rake up for collective exhibit Mr. Dulles's policy slogans and other unfortunate remarks. I would not do so here except

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that they are directly pertinent to my subject.

It is essential to the success of the Soviet offensive that the peoples of Asia and elsewhere be convinced that, on the one hand, Soviet intentions are peaceful and that, on the other, the United States is militaristic, reckless, colonial-minded, and helps other countries only because it wants their support in a new war, a war in which we would loose nuclear destruction upon the world.

Consider, then, the psychological effects of such slogans as "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," "agonizing reappraisal," "massive retaliation," and "brink of war." According to reports of competent observers in Asia, they have been disastrous. In a public opinion poll in India's West Bengal, 31 per cent of the people questioned said they thought the United States was preparing for aggressive war. Only 2 per cent feared the Soviet Union. Whether or not the poll exaggerates the situation, there is no question that even our best friends in Asia have become doubtful of our intentions and are repelled by the image of us which they see.

For three years, while the Soviet Union has been cultivating the themes of peaceful coexistence, trade, and economic development, Mr. Dulles has been flying about the world in the glare of publicity, negotiating military alliances and demonstrating remarkably little interest in helping promote that economic and social progress essential to the political stability on which the alliances depend. Two thirds of our economic aid to underdeveloped countries has been in direct support of military programs in South Korea, Indochina, and Formosa, leaving little for all other countries. Early this year our Ambassador to Pakistan made a public speech in that country in which he implied that the United States has little interest in aiding those countries that do not sign up with us in military alliances. He was not recalled or even rebuked by the State Department.

Another thing. Even while Bulganin and Khrushchev were touring India, charging our country with being colonial-minded and imperialistic, Mr. Dulles gratuitously issued a statement associating our country with Portuguese colonialism in Goa, a tiny enclave on the west coast of India. This deliberate and unnecessary affront to Indian sensibilities will long be remembered. The New York *Times* correspondent in India says without qualification that Mr. Dulles's statement "did the United States as much word for word harm as any declaration ever made."

It has often seemed, in the last three years, that Mr. Dulles has been determined to prove to the Asians precisely the points the Russians have been trying to make about us.

Geneva smoke screen

It remained, however, for President Eisenhower himself to give unwitting but powerful support to the point which the Russians had for three years been trying to make about *themselves:* namely, that their intentions are peaceful. The President, with his enormous prestige, went to the famous Summit Conference in Geneva last July with the eyes of the world focused upon his every word and gesture. It was without question right and proper that he should have gone there to negotiate with the Russians. But it was of the greatest importance that he make no mistake.

The Russians went to Geneva saying that what they wanted was "a relaxation of tensions." During a single momentous week there, although no agreement was reached on any of the vital issues at stake, the impression was conveyed to the world that the cold war was over and that a new era of peace was at hand. The President gave every evidence of personal trust in the Kremlin leaders, and even went so far as to credit the Russians with a desire for peace no less earnest than that of the West. The headlines flew around the world. Upon his return home the President spoke, with some reservations, about "the spark ignited at Geneva" and "the most shining opportunity that lay ahead."

Tensions relaxed immediately all over the world, and along with them efforts to build strength and unity against the Communist threat, which is what the Russians were after. Throughout Europe and Asia, neutralists and pro-Communists were confirmed and strengthened in their positions. The free world was psychologically disarmed. It is clear now that the "spirit of Geneva" was a smoke screen behind which the Russians have made a major breakthrough. Within three weeks Chancellor Adenauer had been induced to accept a Soviet Ambassador in Bonn without getting any commitment on German reunification. Within six weeks, the Russians had intruded into the Middle East. Within four months Bulganin and Khrushchev were being hailed in India, Burma, and Afghanistan as apostles of peace and economic development. Today the Kremlin is pressing its advantage with propaganda offers of peace pacts to President Eisenhower, the entirely justified refusal of which the Russians are using as another propaganda stick to beat us with.

The extension of Communist control

I have long stated my belief that the Kremlin does not want a major war in which it would be involved. But to say that what it does want is "peace" is to make a travesty of the word. The men in the Kremlin have made it clear that their aims are to stir up animosity, strife, and even war among other nations, to break up the North Atlantic Alliance, and to extend Communist control over the entire world through economic and political maneuvering, propaganda, and deliberate troublemaking. This is not peace.

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Yet, in his State of the Union Message last January, the President, while outlining things that need to be done, gave the reassurance that "our country is at peace." Looking about the world and considering the current Soviet political, economic, and psychological offensive, we are forced to take issue with him.

The conclusion is inescapable that our leaders have not understood the dangerous nature of the Soviet challenge. Until they do, hardly a start can be made toward meeting it. It is of equal importance that they explain it fully and carefully to the American people in order to arouse the necessary response and support. The President, by virtue of his office, is the one person in the country who has the prestige and moral authority to do this. Mr. Eisenhower did very little of this before his unfortunate illness, and has done less since.

3

THE Soviet challenge is far more than the bitter economic contest that Mr. Dulles has belatedly recognized. It is a challenge to our basic attitudes in dealing with the underprivileged peoples of this world. It is primarily a political challenge; it uses psychological and economic weapons. It is one of the most subtle problems our country has ever been called upon to deal with, as it involves at its core our own political morality.

It is necessary to face unflinchingly the fact that the great tradition of our people, their generosity, their sensitivity and concern for the feelings and needs of others, their devotion to the principle of self-determination, their profound dedication to peace, are simply not being reflected outward to the world. On the contrary, notwithstanding the esteem and affection with which the President may be held personally, to judge by the evidence what is being reflected to a large part of the world by his government is egotism, arrogance, unconcern for others, support of colonialism, and reckless militarism.

That this is true is one of the saddest things that could be said. And not only sad but profoundly disturbing. No one thing has brought it about, but an accumulation of those day-to-day decisions, actions, statements, and conversations that add up to the conduct of our foreign affairs. It is no longer possible to dismiss all this as Russian propaganda. The baffling thing about it is that it cannot be corrected by those responsible for it, for it is a reflection of them.

The irony of this situation is that President Eisenhower so often, and I believe genuinely, speaks of the importance of moral strength. But moral strength is of no avail in foreign affairs unless it is communicated to the people we want as friends and allies through actions and attitudes, policies and programs. We are not today in effective communication with the newly independent and aspiring peoples of the world.

And we will not be, until we succeed once again in identifying ourselves with anti-colonialism rather than with colonialism; with peace rather than with reckless use of our great power; with genuine respect for the national dignity of all peoples rather than with arrogance; with consistency in word and action rather than with impulsiveness; and with a steadfast program dedicated to world economic growth and applied with a conscious effort to help each country achieve independence from economic colonialism and to assure its people greater opportunity.

Russia's economic offensive

Today, in regard to the economic development of underdeveloped countries, we are in the undignified and profitless business of running around behind the Russians trying to trump their aces. This is bad economics and fruitless diplomacy, and it tempts a continuous courting of new Russian offers. No amount of money spent on foreign aid will in itself win for us the loyalty of those we seek as friends and allies, or check the current Soviet offensive. We must cease thinking of economic aid as a short-run political tool which calls for a military *quid pro quo*. The progress of underdeveloped areas, and the loans, grants-in-aid, and technical assistance which help make that progress possible, are good and profitable in themselves and are, in fact, essential to the growth of our own economy.

We must realize that Soviet state control over both its internal economy and its foreign trade gives it extraordinary freedom of maneuver. It can buy and dispose of Burma's rice surplus for political reasons; it can buy Egyptian cotton and if need be reduce its own production and divert the land to other purposes. There is nevertheless no reason to be defeatist about the economic offensive — providing we face squarely up to it and take effective measures.

The need for public capital

We are in urgent need of a new American — in fact, a free world — approach to the problem of economic growth. The basic obstacle to free world economic growth today is the shortage of long-term, low-interest loan and investment capital available to underdeveloped countries. The capital requirements of the underdeveloped countries are estimated in a statement by the Committee for Economic Development at $500 million to $1.5 billion a year beyond what is now available to them. This capital is needed for building the irrigation, power, transport, and other facilities essential to agricultural, mineral, and industrial development. It is also needed for building industrial plants. There is reason to believe that as basic

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facilities and services are created with public capital, and as progress gets under way in industrial development, private capital with proper encouragement will increasingly participate. But under the conditions which prevail today private enterprise cannot do the initial job or the whole job.

There is another and important reason why the solution must be found in terms of the whole free world. The capital-equipment-producing industrial countries of Western Europe and Japan are in a perpetual state of deficit in their normal trade and balance of payments with the United States. They buy from us more than they sell us — a gap that has been filled since the war by Marshall Plan aid and by military aid and military expenditures of the United States abroad. At present, the extraordinary American dollar supply to Europe is a one-way street economically (although necessary for military reasons) because it does not carry with it a method of correcting the basic difficulties in the world economy.

At the same time, trade between Western Europe and Japan, on the one hand, and the underdeveloped countries, on the other, is not increasing as it should to meet the common need. A natural basis exists for its healthy development but it is dependent upon the investment in less-developed areas of far more capital than Western Europe and Japan are in a position to make available.

Our objective must be to harness more effectively for mutual benefit the productive capacity and capital of the United States, Western Europe, and Japan with the resources and efforts of the less-developed countries.

Here is an opportunity for the United States to initiate another bold, new program. This program can be one that will electrify world opinion and mobilize the energies of the participating countries as did the Marshall Plan in 1947. It can help to make good the dramatic promise of Point Four.

A new international lending agency

Establishment of a new form of international lending authority is one step that needs to be taken — an authority with some of the organizational features of the World Bank but with greater flexibility to help underdeveloped countries carry forward development plans and programs that have been agreed upon. Such an authority might well assist regional efforts such as the Colombo Plan. There should be provision for making possible the servicing of loans in local currencies or other currencies available to the particular country. Conscious efforts to encourage private investment should be made by our government as well as by the countries needing the investment. In general, there should be a transition from bilateral to multilateral arrangements.

We would have everything to gain and nothing to lose by inviting the Soviet Union to participate in such an international lending authority, to the extent that it is willing to coöperate and contribute. If the Soviet Union should come in, it would not be able to gain special political advantage. If it did not come in, the ulterior motives of Soviet promises and offers would be effectively exposed.

American leadership and action in a world economic development program would have a powerful, built-in psychological impact. It would automatically impress on peoples around the world the American sense of responsibility and our concern for the well-being of all peoples. It would be tangible evidence that we are able to think not just in terms of our own narrow interests, but also in terms of the needs, desires, and aspirations of others. Supported by information programs adequate to explain our point of view and by a sensitive, understanding diplomacy, it should bring about a marked change in the psychological situation which allows the Soviet Union such easy victories today.

The free world, with its tremendous moral and material resources, must not remain on the defensive in the face of the Soviet challenge. The economic and psychological spearheads of the Soviet drive can be countered and rolled back by creative thinking and imaginative effort on our part. This thinking and effort must be world-wide in scope and commensurate with what is at stake — our very survival in freedom.

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An Atlantic Story

English novelist and short-story writer, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD *came to the* Atlantic *with his first and often reprinted story, "The Salvation of Pisco Gabar," and on the strength of it the* Atlantic *bought every new story he wrote in the next twelve months. A born linguist who graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, he sold toys in Rumania, was a bank clerk in Spain, and finally built up enough savings in American radio to become a free lance.* Atlantic *readers will remember his well-liked novels,* Rogue Male, Arabesque, *and* Fellow Passenger.

DRUG FOR THE MAJOR

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

He was a severe creature, the Major, seldom smiling, always aloof. How he amused himself — if he ever did — when there was no war, one couldn't imagine. He was a most unlikely person to be a successful leader of partisans in enemy country, for he lacked all the lighter human interests. His men did not love him, but they had to respect him. His patience was as coldly Napoleonic as his manner. Every operation he undertook had been a deliberate, foolproof success.

Brigadier Callender could only hope that this brilliant managing of luck would continue. He wished he were anywhere else in the world but on that naked Greek hillside. At the same time there was no denying that this was the very glory and height of boy's book soldiering. His own job was purely administration, but what he administered were all the little British forces operating behind the enemy lines in Greece, Italy, and Yugoslavia; and, since he was not the sort of soldier who preferred his facts on paper, he did at times appear in person to those of his charges who could be reached at all. He could do a lot to comfort such individualists, each of them forced by isolation to exaggerate his own private and military problems. He was double the age of most of them.

Sixteen men were waiting in a very slight fold of a hillside so open that anyone could see its emptiness at a glance. They were more or less dressed in British uniform; if captured, they could only hope that the Germans would consider it more, not less. Their presence — since they had taken up their position before dawn — could not possibly be imagined by the enemy post guarding the bridge three hundred feet below, where the rock-cut road leaped from one bank of the gorge to the other. They had waited all day. They were waiting now for the road patrol to pass. They would then blow the bridge and wait again till nightfall to get away.

The Major seemed to have a genius for waiting. There he sat, apart as usual, his back against a rock, drafting what looked like a particularly difficult letter, with his leather briefcase open on his knees. Ever since Callender had dropped into this little command — descending god-like upon Mount Olympus — and found himself helplessly committed to an operation for which it was already on the move, he had never seen the Major without his briefcase. It was slung on his hip together with his maps, inseparable from his person as if it contained the most secret documents in the whole Middle East. Tactful questioning had not produced the slightest evidence of what it did contain.

Callender looked over his companions in the hollow. All but the Major were on edge, some fidgety, some unnaturally tense. Three were silently playing cards, with olive stones for chips. The second-in-command was trying to write home and making a poor job of it. The simpler and more blessed were asleep, but twitching. One or two were trying to read what they already knew by heart. The Sergeant-Major was carving a recognizable donkey out of a mandrake root.

The silence of autumn afternoon sang through the mountains and resolved itself into the rattle of a tracked vehicle and the whine of trucks in bottom gear. That, presumably, was the road patrol. No one moved. Only the Major rolled over

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to the skyline and had a look at the enemy. The patrol halted, then rumbled on over the bridge and up the pass. The Major returned impassively to his correspondence.

After half an hour he put his papers back in the briefcase and locked it. This simple action, methodical as that of any businessman arriving at his suburban station, seemed to be a recognized signal. Books were pocketed. The sleepers awoke. Cards were returned to a haversack, olive stones swept into a cigarette tin.

In single file the commando crawled down the sheltering fold until they were within seventy yards of the enemy post, and cover was no more than the foot-high brush of the hillside. The operation was astonishingly swift and efficient — almost, Callender thought, humane. Not one of the eight Germans guarding the bridge was wounded. Their post was scientifically planned. Their defense was tactically correct and predictable. Consequently they were all dead.

The charges took eighteen and a half minutes to lay. Then there was no bridge, and the road itself was only safe for foot passengers. Before the dust wholly settled, the commando had vanished into that inadequate hollow and resumed its former occupations. Callender found the second period of waiting intolerable. The road below, on both sides of the gorge, began to hum with enemy activity; and what was happening in the valleys across which they had to withdraw he could, as a soldier, imagine. Only the Major knew if the chance of the sixteen to return to the mountain cave which they called headquarters was really as good as he insisted it was.

The Brigadier reminded himself that patience had been the essence of soldiering since the Siege of Troy. Looking back through his memories of an infantry subaltern in 1916, he found them dominated by the periods of waiting. Action was a mere flash of blinding light dividing the endless mists of doing nothing. But at least, in those days, they had known what was in front of them and what behind. These chaps didn't. Yet they waited till their plan was perfected; waited, at the mercy of a cough, for the moment of action; waited again for the chance to escape. And all this behind the enemy lines.

He longed as never in his life for a cigarette, which of course was forbidden. The readers of books could not keep their attention fixed. The card-players went through the motions of enthusiasm, but the deals grew slower until they were finally abandoned. Only the Major was imperturbable. Out came the briefcase, now white with stone dust from the bridge, and to work he went. He tore up what he had written before the action and started again. Surely the man, unapproachable as he was, would permit the congratulations of a senior officer? Callender crawled over to him, stopped tactfully, and was beckoned on.

"If only," said the Major in a savage whisper, "I could do that to GHQ!" He jerked a thumb in the direction of the bridgeless gorge.

"Your wish is shared by quite half the Army," the Brigadier answered mildly; "generally for the wrong reasons."

"*You* people could be a lot worse."

"We try. I know how dense we must seem to you sometimes. But we do try."

The Major's whispered wrath boiled up again. "By God, you do! Look at the trouble you go to just to get us mail! How's that for administration? And what's the good of it, sir? What's the good of it?" The exasperated exclamation was odd and revealing. The Major might well have asked what was the good of writing home when you were not allowed to say a word of what you were doing, what you were seeing, or how you lived. But to complain that he could still receive letters! Trouble at home, probably.

Callender made an opening move. "What did you do in peacetime?"

"Me? Cotton."

The Major's brusque reply called up a picture of some hardheaded north-countryman for whom bales of cotton had taken the place of human faces. He offered no details of what he did with his cotton.

"Is there anything I can do for you if I — when I get back?" the Brigadier asked, trying again.

"Yes. Find out who writes letters marked OOA/117/42/K and have him dropped in the drink."

Callender recognized OOA as originating from the Pay Department. That the Major should be annoyed at some obtuseness in dealing with his pay and allowances was not surprising.

"I'll do that, of course," he smiled. "But I meant — well, more private troubles. For example, if there's anything which can only be handled by a —" the Major's cold eyes were embarrassing — "by a personal friend, would it be any help if I were to ask him to lunch?"

"I'm not married," said the Major bluntly.

At blessed last it was night. The Major led his party over the ridge and down into the broad, cultivated valley beyond — very slowly, of course, but without any marked hesitation. The unseen pattern of fords and field paths ahead of them did not seem to share the mountain silence, but it was impossible to pinpoint a definite sound.

The second-in-command felt his way from the rear up the single file of unhurried, carefully stepping men. "I imagine they'll be holding the Ktipito track in force, sir."

"I have no use for imagination," the Major snapped. "I like to know."

The boy was only a shadow on the night, but

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Callender could see from his cheerful bearing that he did not resent the snub. All of them were accustomed to the Teutonic lack of frivolity in their leader's mind. In a way it was a guarantee for his understanding of the enemy.

"I'm going on until I bump into them," the Major added.

Callender's staff training leaped to his lips in protest. But on second thought the Major was right. Reconnoitering was impossible. He couldn't separate his command or he'd never see half of them again.

At the crossing of the main road they did bump into the enemy — if you could call it a bump when you saw him first and merely waited interminably for him to go away. The Major did not even pay him the compliment of lying down. He sat primly with his back against a fig tree. His whole familiar attitude suggested that if there had been light for writing he would have opened his briefcase. That his mind worked on the correspondence was certain.

When movement was safe and the road crossed, the ground began to rise and again there was stone underfoot. The enemy was not so silent, not so sure as they that darkness was an ally. The Major, leading, bumped in person. His commando knife — which Callender so disliked for its air of flamboyant self-consciousness — was effective. So was the drill, even to the catching of the lieutenant's body as he fell. He was elderly. He should not have been turned out for this kind of duty. He should not have visited his posts alone.

The Brigadier never knew what else they passed on the Ktipito track. He doubted if any of them did. But the point which mattered was that whatever existed outside the twenty-yard range of their exceptional night sight *had* been passed — and the Major, on any less familiar route, could never have been sure of that.

At dawn they were among the high rocks where even Greeks did not try to scratch the pockets of soil and even the angriest of German commanders could perceive that search for them would be fruitless. A Greek guide and a mule were there already. The guide had laid out the rations and wine as if for a picnic. He had astonishingly provided a white tablecloth. It was his personal gesture of hospitality.

"I'll send you back with him after breakfast," the Major said to Callender. "We shall wait."

Waiting again? How could he endure it? And it wasn't just for rest. The night march, though it included some tough climbing, had been welcome even to the middle-aged Callender after the interminable motionless hours. No, that Napoleonic major had decided to wait a day or two just to find out what steps the enemy had in fact taken, just to avoid guesswork and impatience if ever they undertook a second operation in those valleys.

After breakfast some slept, some smoked. The Major took out his briefcase, scrubbed off a dark stain on the leather, and set to work.

"I can take the mail," Callender offered.

"It's all ready for you at our headquarters."

"Nothing urgent — here?"

"Urgent?" the Major barked, the harshness of strain in his exasperated voice. "No, nothing urgent!" He hauled a pile of official correspondence from that precious briefcase and slammed it on the baked ground in front of Callender.

The Brigadier noticed that the case was left empty. "That's all?" he asked.

"All? Good God, the bloody file's an inch thick!"

It was. Neatly pinned together and indexed were carbon copies of the Major's penciled letters to the Pay Department and their formal replies.

"They owe me twenty-nine pounds, seventeen shillings," said the Major, "and I am *going* to get it."

The gist of the correspondence was clear at once to Callender's practiced eye. Twenty-nine pounds, seventeen shillings had been knocked off the Major's pay for the simple bureaucratic reason that he had spent the money and not accounted for it. Nobody, however, expected the details of expenditure from secret funds to be precisely entered. The Major had merely to write out a voucher, sign it, and get it countersigned by his commanding officer.

But that was not the Major's style. He derided the Pay Department. He parodied their formalities and their references. His bitter incoherence was such that OOA/117/42/K had himself become affected, and caught the ungraciousness of his correspondent.

"You see, sir! All my spare time taken up writing to those . . ."

The Major let loose upon the Pay a string of oaths so sincere that they had the sting of ecclesiastical curses. Callender vaguely perceived that they were directed to the wrong address. The Pay was eminently cursable. It wasn't much good to curse the enemy or the brutality of killing or the never-ending responsibility for the lives of sixteen men and a host of civilian helpers.

OOA/117/42/K did partly deserve the fury which he had invoked. Callender, when he returned to his office, could straighten out the Major's problem in three minutes on the telephone.

He was about to say so, opened his mouth — and shut it. It would be cruelly unintelligent to deprive the Major of his grievance. If the drafting, the filing, the absurd indexing of this correspondence were ended, what recreation would be left, to support the tormented hours of waiting, for a man who took no pleasure in his fellows or himself, wouldn't talk and didn't read?

"There is no way for me to interfere in a financial matter of this sort," he said gently. "But they'll see sense in the end if you go on trying to settle it yourself by letter."

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Atlantic Portrait

Charles J. Bullock, Professor of Economics at Harvard, was the first man to hold the George F. Baker Chair, which was established in 1920. The economist and his forthright wife, HELENA BULLOCK, *became close friends of the great financier, and were the people he knew best in the Harvard community. It was to them that he turned with mischievous candor at the time he was donating his millions to the Harvard School of Business Administration.*

GEORGE F. BAKER

Too Rich for Comfort

by HELENA BULLOCK

1

WHEN Harvard College asked Mr. Baker for some money, he said he would give them $150,000 if they would name one of their professorships the George F. Baker Chair of Economics. At that time there was only one professor of economics who wasn't already on some "chair," and that was my husband, who was proud of the fact that he was paid by the College itself. He said that if they wanted him they had to pay him themselves. However, he was notified of his appointment to the George F. Baker Chair of Economics.

At first we were pleased, thinking it would mean that his salary would be the income of the $150,000, but we soon found it made no difference in his salary at all.

One day I got to thinking and wondered if Mr. Baker would be interested to know a little about his professor of economics, and I wrote him a short letter enclosing a snapshot of our little girl and her collie puppy. He was pleased and answered at once, sending us a picture of himself and his dog, and after that I wrote him occasionally as the years went on.

When our daughter went to Vassar she wasn't far from Mr. Baker's summer place at Tuxedo, and he used to ask us there once in a while. We loved these glimpses of wealth and comfort, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

On our first visit he took us through his greenhouses and especially the orchid house. G.H. was crazy about the orchids, and Mr. Baker told the superintendent to cut her everything she admired so that she could go back to Vassar with an armful of orchids. Just as we were leaving the greenhouse she spied a lovely one running along a trellis up near the roof. It was like a flight of white birds. "Oh, that is the loveliest of all," she said.

"Cut them all for her," said Mr. Baker, just as they went out the door. I stayed behind to watch the gardener get his ladder and shears, and was struck with the expression on his face.

"Wait a minute," I said, "is that anything special?"

"I've tried for fifteen years to get that orchid to bloom, and this is the first time it has ever blossomed. I thought I'd put it in the orchid show, but it is all right, I'll cut it."

"No, of course not. She wouldn't want it if she knew that. Orchids are just orchids for her; anything else is just as good."

"But I must, now that Mr. Baker has ordered it," he said.

"No, I forbid you to, and I forbid you to say anything about it. Get something else now." This was the beginning of my giving orders in Mr. Baker's household.

One time, I got into trouble by ordering something done without his permission. I was there alone for a weekend and did not like the room I was put in. It was a lovely big blue room overlooking the lake, but there was a deep balcony outside the windows with heavy stonework, which made the room dark. There was only an hour before dinner and Mr. Baker was resting, so I rang for the housekeeper and asked her to have Marie, the French maid, move my things into the next room, the Pink Room. When I came down to dinner Mr. Baker said, "I understand you didn't like the room I put you in."

"No. It was too dark."

"But if you don't mind, I would like the privilege of giving the orders to my servants myself."

"Now, Mr. Baker, what do you care what room I'm in? I didn't like the Blue Room, you were resting and I didn't want to disturb you, so I moved myself. I'm in the Pink Room now and I love it."

"But I want you to understand you are in my very best guest room."

"That's what I thought. It's lovely. The sheets are all embroidered and trimmed with lace, and there are bows tied on all the legs. I love it."

He never forgot this incident, and every time

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I visited there after that he would say, "I hope you like your room this time," and I always replied that if I did not I would change it.

We got a glimpse of what it means to have so much money one Saturday when G.H. and I were there for the weekend.

"What are you two planning to do this afternoon?"

"We thought we might go out rowing on the lake, or go in swimming."

"No. It is against the rules to do either of those things in Tuxedo Park. I thought you might like to go to the Horse Show in New York with me."

"We'd love to, but we don't know how to go to a horse show. We've never been to one."

"Well. Get yourselves up in white sports clothes, and be ready at two o'clock."

So we started off in the new Rolls, chauffeur and big police dog Queenie in front of the glass partition and we three in the back.

His was the front center box. It had three chairs, and in the back there were two openings into the tiers. We sat in the three chairs, and all the afternoon a file of people passed in front of us, coming in at one gate and going out the other, and all of them asking for something. He was obdurate to everyone, even to one beautiful old lady who said, "Don't forget you promised to take three tickets for my charity ball." "I don't remember, I don't remember," he grumbled. It was very tiring and very boring, this constant begging line.

One morning when I went into his room the mail had just come. Such a pile of it.

"And not one real letter in the pile, probably all begging letters. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will read them to me I'll do whatever you say about every one."

"Really and truly?"

"Cross my heart."

"All right. I have $300,000,000 and I'm going to grant every request."

"Very well. Go to it."

I remember the first one. It was from a young man who was studying to be a doctor. He had invented a machine that could be put on the back of a patient's neck where it would automatically register what ailed him and also what the cure should be. His uncle owned a piece of land on top of the Palisades and he wanted Mr. Baker to buy the land for $150,000 and build him a hospital there so that he could use this machine for the great benefit of mankind.

Regretfully I put this letter into the wastebasket. Even with three hundred million at my disposal I couldn't do that.

A great many of the letters were second or third attempts and merely threatening. "This is my third letter, and if this isn't answered in one week I shall shoot your son" or "kidnap your five-year-old granddaughter." Some of these appalled me but the old gentleman was unmoved and only beckoned them all toward the wastebasket.

I remember one from a young girl in Spokane. She said she was eighteen and her husband had recently died. He was eighty-four and his children had managed to keep all his property from her by saying that she wasn't really married to him, but she had the specifications for a patent the old man had once thought of taking out. Now her boy friend, who was a lawyer, said that if Mr. Baker would send him $50,000 at once he would start working on getting the patent.

By this time I was getting discouraged and I considered this briefly, but I couldn't quite make it, and this letter followed the others into the wastebasket.

I had saved till the last a letter whose sender was plainly a poor woman — cheap envelope, green ink — and I promised myself I would grant this request no matter how silly it was. The writer was the widow of a streetcar conductor in Chicago who was killed in an accident. The streetcar company was paying her a pension, comfortable enough, but she had five children and she wanted Mr. Baker to adopt them all and bring them up as his own. So my morning as a great philanthropist ended in a no score.

2

MR. BAKER had diabetes and had to be careful of his diet. Whenever he was at our house for a meal, I had only the things he could eat. But one luncheon he came unexpectedly when I was making pickled peaches and the house was full of the rich aroma. He insisted on having some for lunch, saying *sotto voce* as he helped himself generously, "I can resist everything but temptation."

In the fall, when I made mince meat I made up a batch just for him, leaving in the things he could have and substituting for the others — saccharin for sugar, and so on. I made a pie for ourselves to see how it tasted, and my family didn't know the difference. I sent him a stone crock of it, but as nothing was ever said about it I never knew if he had any.

One day when my husband came home to lunch he was very depressed. Harvard had asked Mr. Baker to give a million dollars toward the five million they were trying to raise for the Business School, and his answer was that if G.H. would ask him for it he would give it through her; so they were all enthusiastic for us to tell her to ask him right off. She was still at Vassar. We sat speechless looking at each other across the table. We couldn't bear to tell her to beg for money, especially from Mr. Baker, for the secret of all our good times with him was that he never gave us anything and we did not want him to. Probably we were the only people he knew who were free to quarrel with him if we wanted to, and quite frequently he and my husband

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had violent arguments and shouted at each other to their hearts' content.

So we refused to have G.H. do the begging. Mr. Baker was just as obstinate, and the whole project hung fire. One day when the committee went to see him he said he didn't care to be one of five but he would give the whole five million if the Bullocks wanted it. More pressure was brought to bear on us and requests that were really commands that my husband should ask for it. He squirmed at begging for money from a friend, but by this time Mr. Baker was interested in the plan and only wanted an excuse for giving in, and he said that it would be sufficient if my husband would write him a letter and say he thought it would be "a good thing to do." So C.J. did write him just that — that if he *wanted* to give the money for the Business School it would be a good thing — and Mr. Baker gave the five million.

Every time Mr. Baker came to Boston he was much interested in the progress of the work, and could never understand why we were not more closely tied up with it. He thought that because C.J. was George F. Baker professor of economics at Harvard he must be head of the Business School, and could not understand how sharp the lines are drawn at Harvard between schools. The Medical School, the Law School, the Theological School, the Business School, and so on, are separate from Harvard College. They and Harvard College are all in Harvard University, but a professor in the Business School does not sit on the faculty of the College, and neither does a professor in the College sit on the faculty of the Business School. Once he said to me when we drove out to see the progress of the buildings, "It is queer how little you seem to know about the progress of your Business School."

"It's my Business School, is it?"

"Yes, I gave it to you."

"It's my Business School," I said, "and nobody knows it but me."

When the buildings were pretty well along, there seemed to be a halt in the proceedings and I found out by chance that for want of money they were not going to be able to carry out the original plans. As usual, everything cost more than expected. I thought they should tell Mr. Baker, but they couldn't bear to ask him for more money. So the next time we were having dinner with him at the Somerset I told him about it, and said that I thought he should be the one to decide whether he would prefer to have them keep within their original estimates and leave out the towers and some of the more ornamental parts, or to give them another million so that they could stick to the original plans.

He said, "Why doesn't someone ask me?"

And I said, "I'm asking you now."

He gave them another million.

When the day came for the dedication, Mr. Baker had a bad case of stage fright. He made my husband promise he would sit next to him on the platform and prompt him when he needed it, and asked me to sit right in the middle of the front row where he could catch my eye. We arrived at the exercises together, and Mr. Baker clung to my husband and he was carried along in spite of himself. But when I got in the hall there naturally was no place reserved for me as I had stayed with them till the last minute. In fact there was no place anywhere. I edged up the far side aisle, and there in the center of the front row was one vacant seat, between the wife of the President of the University and the wife of the Dean of the Business School. I walked over and sat in it. Those two ladies were surprised but they showed only the best of good manners.

3

I said he never gave us anything. I forgot Crown Prince, our beautiful Belgian shepherd dog. Mr. Baker's Queenie came from the Queen of Belgium's kennels, and just once she had puppies by the champion police dog of America. When Mr. Baker told us about them, and that there were nine of them, I said, "I want one."

"I wouldn't think of giving you one. They are worth a great deal of money, maybe five thousand dollars apiece."

"That's all right. That's the kind I want."

"Would you take the runt?"

"No, I want a good one."

"Would you take a female? There are only three males in the litter."

"No, I want a good one."

"Well, I am not going to give you one. I am going to give these to my wealthy friends who have kennels and know how to bring up dogs."

"I want one."

After he went back to New York I kept after him about the puppy. "The puppy hasn't come yet. . . . When are you going to send the puppy? . . . Don't forget that puppy you are going to send me."

He never paid any attention to my remarks, so we were completely surprised one day to receive a telegram from him saying that he was sending the puppy by express and to be sure and return the crate, prepaid, the next day. So he did, and we did, and had the beautiful thoroughbred dog. We named him Crown Prince because his mother was Queen. He lived to a good old age, and whenever Mr. Baker came to Boston he wanted to see him, as all the other puppies died in the beautiful kennels of their wealthy masters, and Prince was the only one left.

Mr. Baker loved pets but could not have them in a house without a mistress, no matter how many servants there might be. The fact that his house needed a mistress was impressed on me one weekend visit. When we arrived Miss R., the nurse, asked when she could see me. I told her not to come to the

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library, where Mr. Baker and the Professor would be talking after dinner, but to be out in the hall at nine o'clock and I would come out there.

At nine I found her there and asked her what the matter was. She wanted to know if she might have three extra days on her vacation in order to go to Bermuda. I asked her who was going to take her place while she was away, and when she told me it was Mr. Baker's former nurse, to whom he was devoted, I told her it would be all right. She said there was something else. All the servants were paid by John, the butler. Mr. Baker's secretary brought the money the first of the month, and John paid them. She did not like to be paid with the rest of the servants, as she was a trained nurse and not a servant. I told her she might tell Mr. Baker's secretary that thereafter he was to give her her money separately and then give John the money for the rest of the household.

"I suppose you have noticed that Mr. Baker does not use his new shower bath."

"Well, I thought not. It seems to be full of things, from carpet sweeper to aprons."

"It was just as I thought it would be. The first time I tried it for him, when I turned the water on it knocked him down and I got all wet getting him out."

"If Mr. Baker wants a shower bath, then he is going to have it. Get a bathing cap for your hair and expect to get wet every time."

"I suppose you have noticed how spotted his suit is."

"Yes. It should be sent to the cleaner's."

"But he won't let me have it. He will not wear anything else, even for a day or two."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do. Have the tailor make him two more suits exactly like it, but don't tell him. Then keep one at the cleaner's, one hanging in the closet, all clean, and one on him."

"I don't know what to do about the masseur. He doesn't want to pay a masseur when he has a trained nurse here all the time, and I'm not good at it. It's too hard for me. I'm a trained nurse and not a masseuse."

"That is true, and Mr. Baker needs a good massage every night to put him to sleep, a better one than you can give him. Get that young Swede back, have John pay him without telling Mr. Baker, and tell Mr. Baker that the young man comes for the advertising he gets as masseur for Mr. Baker."

"Now John wants to see you."

Lastly there was Adah, the second-floor maid. She said she was never allowed to go downstairs, and that often a guest would ask her to get her coat, left on the piazza, or her book, left in the library, and Adah had to find another servant to do the errand and bring the thing to her. She wanted to know if, in such a case, she might go down herself. I did not know they marooned them like that, but I thought maybe I had done enough mischief; so I said she could not leave the second floor. I have always been sorry I left her like that, marooned on the second floor.

Mr. Baker was most generous in every way, but he did not like waste. One night at dinner he complained that the salad dressing was not tart enough, and I persuaded him to have half a lemon brought in. He said that if he could have just what he wanted he would have half of a fresh-cut lemon every night on his salad plate. "But they would throw away the other half."

"All right, come and live with me. I can have half a lemon every night if I want it."

One beautiful Sunday morning when we were both there for the weekend, G.H. and I were up and outdoors long before Mr. Baker was ready for breakfast.

"Now what have you two been doing?"

"Oh, you will be pleased. We have used every marble bench on the lawn. We'd sit on one and then get up and run and sit on another, and finally sat on them all." He really was pleased, said no one had sat on them for years. We said they had all been used now, and would last a long time.

One May when Mr. Baker was at our house I had President Emeritus Eliot, Dean Donham, and President Lowell for lunch; and upon entering the living room after being gone on a domestic crisis, I found them in the midst of a rather acrimonious discussion on age. Mr. Baker and Mr. Eliot were boasting of their ages, and they were getting older by the minute; Mr. Baker was going farther and farther on into the nineties but Mr. Eliot was always a little ahead of him. As a matter of fact Mr. Baker was just eighty-two that month, and Mr. Eliot a few years older.

During all the interminable discussions that delighted Mr. Baker and C.J., I sat and knitted and never made a remark but once. I had saved up nearly $1500, and I thought it would be fun to own one share in Mr. Baker's First National Bank that I heard them talk about so much. So, at dinner, when there seemed to be a slight pause, I said, "How much is one share of the First National Bank worth?" There was a dead silence while the two men looked at each other in dismay, and after a long discussion they told me they did not know.

"What! The professor of banks and banking at Harvard and the president of the First National Bank do not know how much it would cost to buy one share of stock?"

"That isn't what you asked. You asked how much it was worth."

A very good illustration of what a professor's wife was up against. (I never did get that share.)

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SECOND COMING

by JOHN MOFFITT

WERE you there,
Were you there,
When they crucified
My Lord?
When they struck
His holihood,
When they nailed him
To the rood,
When they drew
His burning blood?
(I was there,
I was there,
And I saw him
Hanging there,
Felt the thunder
In my soul
Smite the thunder
In the air.)

Were you there,
Were you there,
When he stood
Beside the tomb,
In the garden
In the morn,
Risen from
Gehenna's womb?
(I was there,
I was there,
And I saw him
Standing there,
Saw his patient
Lonely smile,
Fairer far
Than all things fair,
And I heard
His plighted word
To return
Among us here.)

Were you there,
Were you there,
When he kept
His pledge to men,
When he came
To earth again?
When they cast him
In the dust,
When they broke
His fervid trust,
When they sealed
A nation's doom
In the name
Of kingdom come,
When they dropped
The cobalt bomb?
(I was there,
I was there,
And I saw him
Weeping there,
Saw the pitiless
Sharp crown
Pressing close
About his hair,
And I saw
The seraphim
As they swung
Their swords of flame,
And I saw
The victims' feet
All around
The Judgment Seat,
And I felt
The wrath of God
Like a vast
Devouring cloud,
And I watched
The world go down
In a cloud
Of dust and doom,
To the bottom
Of the pit.
And I wondered
As my Lord
Rose and followed
After it.)

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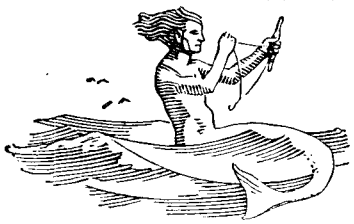

An Atlantic Story

This is the second of two episodes drawn from KATHERINE ANNE PORTER'S *forthcoming novel,* No Safe Harbor, *which will appear under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint.* No Safe Harbor, *Miss Porter writes us, "began as a diary kept on board ship on my first trip to Europe in 1931. Little by little it began to turn itself into a story, by that mysterious process which I cannot explain, but which I recognize when it begins, and I go along with it out of a kind of curiosity, as if my mind which knows the facts is watching to see what my story-telling mind will finally make of them." Miss Porter is regarded as one of the masters of the short story, and her collections* Flowering Judas *and* Pale Horse, Pale Rider *have become classics in our time.*

SHIP OF FOOLS

An Episode from a Novel in Progress

by KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

VERA CRUZ–BREMERHAVEN, *August,* 1931. — Jenny had coffee early, on deck, in the cool morning light blue-tinctured between sea and sky, and began making sketches with a fountain pen: the canvas wind-funnel like a conventional ghost with outspread arms over the grated pit of the steerage eating place; Bébé, the white bulldog, apparently recovering from his seasickness, spread weightily on his belly; Elsa, her cabin mate, from memory, big arms raised, doing her hair; a passing sailor; furtively, after a quick glance around, a hasty outline of Herr Glocken's harmonious and interesting deformity. Jenny, sitting at ease in her own neatly pretty small body which gave her very little trouble except for its long starvation for love, rather idly wondered what it might be like to live in such a hideous shape as Herr Glocken's. The idea frightened her so much she started sharply and dropped her pen, in a flash of blind terror and suffocation, a child again locked in her grandmother's closet narrow as a coffin. She shut her eyes so tightly that when she opened them she saw Wilhelm Freytag through a rainbow dazzle of light taking a long, rather graceful stride toward her, holding out her pen. He stopped before her then, receiving her thanks, looking very sunny and amiable, waiting to be invited to sit with her. She moved her legs aside and made room for him on the footrest of her chair.

"But if you are doing something — ?" he said.

"This is just idleness," Jenny told him. "A form of solitaire. I'd much rather gossip a little." She leaned toward him, feeling again how the habitual resentments of her private mood, the growing bitterness of her thoughts when left alone, were dispersed in the sound of voices and the nearness of others. Women spoil him, she thought; his charm is perhaps slightly overconfident — and then reflected that the society of someone with no troubles of his own would be a rest after her thorny progress with David.

Freytag was cheerfully ready for gossip, and happy to tell her there was a mysterious passenger aboard. A real political prisoner, being deported from Cuba, it was said, in connection with the student riots that led to the closing of the University — to be confined in cabin for the whole voyage.

"In chains, I suppose," said Jenny. "Just what did he do?"

"It's a woman."

"Would that make any difference?"

"I hope so," said Freytag. "But then, besides that, she is a Spanish countess, and to the Captain, let me tell you, that alone makes all the difference possible. He has given orders all around that she is to be treated with the utmost consideration, and sends messages to her himself asking her what she

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would like. No, our prisoner isn't going to suffer. She has a whole stateroom on Deck A to herself — more than I was able to get!"

"I would be a prisoner myself for that," said Jenny.

"Yes, indeed. I like space above everything, but I have that seven-foot Swede Hansen for cabin mate, and he sleeps in the upper bunk with his feet stuck out so that I bump my head on them every morning."

"My cabin mate is on the ample side, too," said Jenny, "but a very nice sort and we don't elbow each other much."

"Why, I thought you were with your husband," said Freytag, and there danced in his eyes a curiosity so instant and candid it was almost appealing.

"We are not married," said Jenny. She scratched a few lines on the drawing of the wind-funnel and stopped herself sternly from adding, "We are just friends who happened to take the same boat." Could she fall so low? No, there *were* limits, and she believed she still knew where some of them were. And that was not altogether an innocent question on Herr Freytag's part, either. She took a good considered look at him. Perhaps not innocent; certainly a blunder and he knew it. Did his face contract for an instant in strain and embarrassment or was she giving him more credit for sensibility than he deserved? He picked up her drawings and turned them about and she saw by his look that he cared very little about them. He lingered over the sketch of Herr Glocken, and said finally, "It's terribly like. I wonder what he would think of it."

"He'll never see it," said Jenny, taking the drawings back and putting them in the folder. He said, "I didn't know you were an artist," and Jenny gave her usual answer to that: "I am not, but maybe I shall be someday."

2

The evil little moment blew over, but there would be an endless series of them from now on out, no matter where. She was beginning to see too clearly what she had let herself in for when she took up with David. At this point she was losing confidence in her whole life, as if every step had been one error leading to another, back to the day she was born, no doubt — no, that would be too much! That poor Elsa thinks there is something wrong with her — she would feel better if she could know about me. Yet I wanted to live in a clean house and say yes, and no, and mean what I said and have it understood and no nonsense. I hate half-things, half-heartedness, invented feelings, stupid false situations, pumped-up loves and hand-decorated hates. I hate people who stare at themselves in mirrors and smile. I want things straight and clear, or at least I want to be able to see when they're crooked and confused. Anything else is just nasty and so my life is nasty and I am ashamed of it. And I have an albatross around my neck that I didn't even shoot. I simply don't know how he got there.

Freytag offered her a cigarette. "Would you like to walk a little?"

"Yes, I suppose it's time to start tramping around the deck saying *Grüss Gott* to everybody."

"I like the way the country Indians say *Adios*," said Freytag, "but I'm afraid it won't do for the Spanish company on this boat."

"They're really tough, aren't they? An *Adios* would bounce off them like a rubber ball on a sidewalk."

"They're attractive-looking, though," said Freytag, "and perhaps a little dangerous."

"They are only as dangerous as we allow them to be," said Jenny; "why flatter them? Really all we need to do is to watch our pocketbooks. Otherwise they are bores, I think. Such weather," she said; "isn't it merry?" and stared upward with a melancholy face.

They strolled along, nodding occasionally to passing figures, exchanging glances when they saw that Arne Hansen was walking with big Elsa, her small parents following half-a-dozen steps behind with tactful feet and discreet faces. Elsa wore an absurd white beret much too small, and she was stiff with shyness. Hansen was silent.

Jenny and Freytag fell into a kind of half-confidential talk about themselves with the ease of travelers who hardly expected to know each other better. German as he was, he told her, he had a great deal of English and Scottish in him, also Hungarian on his Austrian grandmother's side. After that, God knows what — it seemed wiser not to inquire. Jenny recited her mixed ancestry of which she was rather proud — "typically American" she called it: Dutch, Scotch-Irish-English-Welsh, French, and a dash of Spanish. No Hungarian, she told him, and no German. No German at all. He wanted to know how, among so many nations, she could be so certain — did she dislike Germans? Perhaps because of that beastly war? No, not even that. She had no prejudices of any kind. She had been partly brought up by her grandfather and grandmother, her father's parents, who were old-fashioned eighteenth-century rationalists — just simple descendants of d'Alembert and Diderot, her grandfather loved to say — and to them nothing could have been more vulgar and unenlightened than even the faintest shade of disapproval of anything or anybody on grounds of nationality or religion. All this seemed to have something to do with manners as related to morals. "Negroes came to the back door, of course," said Jenny, "and I never saw a Red Indian at our dinner table, but that was mere observance of local custom, they told me — an important part of good breeding. Lord, what a museum of an upbringing it was! I've never caught up with my generation. I

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can't do a thing with it among my radical friends."

"Don't have radical friends, then," he advised. "I never do. I am bitterly prejudiced against radicals."

"But I am a radical," said Jenny, "Encyclopedist radical!"

Freytag laughed a little, said nothing. After a moment, he spoke of his wife, as he always did at some moment in almost any conversation. He described her beauty: wheat blonde, a real Rhine Maiden sort of girl. It also came out that she selected his clothes, and did rather better at it than he could, he believed; and his smile invited Jenny to be as pleased with him as he was with himself. In another sort of man, Jenny decided, this could give an effect of revolting complacency; and with the thought, she smiled at him with approval. She told him she thought a woman must have a special kind of self-confidence to dare to choose a man's neckties for him. She had never dared! He thought it depended entirely on the man. "I have a fantastic respect for my wife's taste and judgment in everything," he said. There was another short silence while Jenny brooded on David's dull black knitted strings.

"My wife is visiting her mother in Mannheim," said Freytag. "I am going to take them both back with me to Mexico. We have decided to live there."

His air of satisfaction and repose in happiness deepened until it was a positive radiation, like the rays of fine health or the mysterious enchantment of beauty. Jenny felt that his pleasure in himself was not vanity, after all, but came of something in his state of being: something he possessed, something he had found or that had been given to him. He is lucky in some way, she thought; lucky and he knows it. As they rounded the bow, she leaned toward him slightly, gaunt and empty and famished, to breathe the air of good fortune.

3

The bride and groom were sitting stretched at ease in their chairs. She was a beautiful creature, with the grace and silence and naturalness of a fine shy wild animal. The other passengers glanced at them quickly whenever they appeared, glanced away again. Dazed and smiling, the bride would sit or walk all day with her husband, her narrow curved hand lying loosely in his. He was, Jenny thought, a quietly merry person; she liked his witty, irregular features, thin and quick: he would be the intelligent one of the two, and with the undisputed moral upper hand from the beginning.

"Aren't they lovely together, really?" said Jenny, and hoped there was no forlorn edge of envy in her voice. "Something to look at, aren't they?"

"All brides should look like that," said Freytag. "She has just the right look, somehow. I don't know exactly what it is, but I know it when I see it. Eden just after the fall. That little interval between the fall and the driving out," he said. "Anyone who doesn't know that, once in a lifetime, once anyway — and maybe it doesn't happen oftener — is unlucky, no matter what else may happen to him."

"I suppose so," said Jenny, dryly.

"You will just call that German sentimentality," he said, and smiled as if he were smiling to himself about something he knew that pleased him, something he need not tell anyone.

"I haven't the faintest notion what it is," said Jenny, "but it sounds very attractive." But her tone did not match her words, and her answer struck him unpleasantly as having a flinty little edge on it. He felt again that odd twinge of dislike for her he had felt when he first saw her, before they had even spoken to each other. He put the width of a step more between them, and said nothing.

Jenny thought in a curiously chilled way, You are perhaps purposely making yourself very attractive with this light conversation about the fall, as if you knew something you could teach me that I need badly to learn. Maybe I shall fall in love with you; maybe I am in love with you already, the way I fall in love: always with utter strangers and as if I were going under water — and I'll fall out again as if I were falling off a cliff. I like not knowing anything about you. Except that you have the kind of looks I like — one kind, anyway — and that you are married and anxious for me to be sure that you love your wife. And if I knew you better I might not like you at all. I certainly don't like you now. And I can tell you now that you would hate me. There would be something about the whole thing I shouldn't be able to put up with at all — it doesn't matter what it might be — and I'm glad I can't even imagine what it is. . . . If we could sleep together and lose ourselves for a little while, I'd be easy again, I'd be able to see better. It's only — how did it happen? I'm just starved and frozen out; my man won't share with me, he wants everything to himself. What is that Spanish saying — "Is this bread good or is it my hunger?" And what's the other — "What dog will refuse meat that is thrown to him?" But that one, of course, will be for you.

They had come round to her chair again. "I'll stop here," she told him, and no longer troubled herself to pretend any interest in his company. He could not consent to be dismissed so offhandedly.

"Maybe you would like your morning beer," he offered. "I'm quite ready for mine." She shook her head with a little grimace of distaste, without looking at him. He turned away at once, and joined up within three steps with the Huttens and Bébé, who seemed all three delighted to see him. Jenny knew they would sit comfortably over their steins together like old friends, with nothing to explain or to conceal; each well-nourished and self-sufficing on his own peculiar food. Cool and at ease they

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would loll, with no starved animal feeding on the wind of a daydream, sitting by silent with a sorry monologue gnawing away in the brain, or talking nonsense aloud at a tangent — a stranger, a real death's-head, peering out at them through natural enough looking flesh.

She took up her drawing and went on with it. Her attention flickered away and back from what her fingers attempted on the page, but her mind worried along monotonously in its confusion, its indecision, about Europe, about David — what a rotten sense of proportion! A man and a continent simply can't have the same importance, or not the same kind, or they shouldn't have, she reminded herself, enslaved as she was to her notions of what life *should* be, her wish to shape, to direct, to make it into what she wished it to be; and if she let David spoil Europe for her, she must be even a greater fool than she had feared. Leaning back in her chair and dropping her papers in her lap, dry-eyed and staring up into the pure blue light of a day fit for the joy of angels, she gave way and despaired, quietly and awfully. It was very hard to admit to herself that she was a fool, but everything in reason pointed to that fact. Time to put on the hair shirt, her guardian demon prompted her. Time to say your prayers. Don't be a lost soul, it's so stupid! Such a dull occupation. Jenny's mind answered itself: I'm not lost, I never have been, I never will be, unless this is being lost, here and now. No, I'm not lost. It's only I don't know just how I came here or how I'm going to get out again, but I know where I am, all right! It's the wrong place altogether, and I never meant to be here, and I believed I was on my way somewhere else altogether different — there never was any such place, I know it now; never mind, my girl, I don't mean to stay here! Pull yourself together.

She examined the drawings she had made — bad, unfinished, half-made, half-seen, not felt at all. Dull hard line, enclosing perfect emptiness. What nonsense! Her dishonest remark to Freytag about her drawing being a form of solitaire rounded on her and became true with crushing suddenness.

In self-defense she abandoned herself to fury and hatred against David. She crumpled her drawings in both fists cruelly as if they were live things and she could hear them scream, went swiftly to the rail and tossed them overboard and turned away without another glance at them. Black and white. No more of that for her. She would draw directly on the canvas with brush and colors as she had done before, and damn David's advice. I sold out, she thought, for a mess of pottage and I didn't even get that. Well, good God, can you imagine? I was letting that fellow tell me how to paint. But not for long, remember. She stretched out in her chair and pulled her silk scarf over her eyes to shut out the hateful day, but for a good while a part of her uneasy, guilty mind went on in its perpetual colloquy with another part; she explained and justified her mistakes, her hopeless errors, as well as she could to her indwelling enemy, who answered her always with the same cold unbelief, the same finality, saying still, No, that won't quite do, either. You know what is really going on, come out with it — why did you choose this particular kind of sordid mess? Speak up — let's have the truth for once, if you think you can find out what it is. And the nagging voice went on, oafish and devilish at once, until at last, wearied out with her self-torture, Jenny turned her face aside and fell asleep, heavily, with sick eyelids twitching under the scarf when it moved lightly in the wind; her terror followed her in her sleep and gave her bad dreams and would not let her rest.

4

On the second evening out from Havana, with twenty-four days to go, the ship's commissary began doling out the modest pastimes and amusements of the voyage in the attempt to make life on shipboard resemble a perpetual children's party on land. Dinner was "gala" — so the dinner card read — and fresh flowers appeared on every table. Beside every plate were small gilded paper snappers, with noise-making machines inside, and comic paper hats for everybody. Several of the women wore dinner gowns; beer foamed in great steins; waiters twirled bottles of wine in ice pails with a flourish.

Herr Glocken and William Denny, sitting together, put on their hats first, and grinned around vaguely and received vague grins in return. Hats then bloomed on many heads; small colored balloons floated about between tables, tossed from hand to hand, now and again exploding to the noise of rattles and tin whistles. The band struck up "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and continued with Strauss waltzes to the end. It was going to be a social event, so the passengers seemed to agree, even if on the most provisional terms. There was a great deal of laughter and calling out of toasts between tables, and the Spanish company leaned over and lifted their glasses to the Captain, who responded with a stony face but an elegant bow, raising his own in acknowledgment.

Herr Baumgartner had got a false beard with his hat, and he almost sent two small children at the next table into fits of joy with his trick of making it waggle up and down. The children, a boy of five and a girl of three, were peaceably waiting for food with their parents, Cubans who had embarked at Havana. Hans, the Baumgartners' timid little boy, was enchanted with these children, such a change from Ric and Rac, the Spanish company twins, who terrorized him with just a glance. He had been hanging shyly around these new passengers without daring to speak, but now, by means of his amusing father, he saw his chance to make friends with them. Herr Baumgartner quite outdid himself with fascinating devices, and the children squealed

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and giggled and peeped through their fingers most encouragingly.

Hans made himself laugh louder and more than he wanted, to bring himself to their attention. "Eat your dinner, though, Hans," said his mother after a while, "and we shall play some more afterwards."

Her husband disregarded the hint. He pushed the beard up to the middle of his forehead, parted it like a curtain, and said, "Boo!" The children screeched with joy and the parents smiled indulgently. Herr Baumgartner pulled the beard down under his chin and pushed his paper hat far back on his head. The children still laughed. Frau Baumgartner took a morsel of food and set about cutting up the roast duck on Hans's plate. She did not altogether trust his table manners in public for such things. Nearly eight years old and yet so awkward with his knife and fork. It made her feel that she was not a good mother. "Eat while it's hot," she told him.

Herr Baumgartner pushed the beard up under his eyes, dragged his hat forward, agitated his face, and glared fiercely, making a growling sound. Hans, his mouth half-open to receive food, stopped and smiled uneasily; the other little boy laughed in an uncertain, artificial tone; but the baby girl gazed in growing terror, then burst into tears. Lamentably she wept, "Ay, ay, ay," her flooded eyes fixed unbelievingly on the sight that had been so merry so suddenly turned dreadful without warning. The young mother, with a quick, sharp glance at Herr Baumgartner, took the child on her lap and pressed the crumpled face against her breast; the young father leaned forward to lay a tender hand upon his frightened baby.

Frau Baumgartner said, "Oh, I am so sorry," and her tone, her manner, shut out her husband. Her eyes signaled to the other woman, You see how it is, please do not blame me . . . as woman to woman, as a mother who knows all that can happen, I beg of you. . . . The young mother gave her back the guarded look of an indifferent stranger, refused confidences, rejected implied kinship of feeling, and managed a deprecating small smile and nod as if to say courteously, This is nothing except perhaps a little stupid; saying all too clearly, What trouble you are making for us!

Herr Baumgartner swept the hat and beard from him, cast it utterly away to the floor like a man in a play, his face tormented with remorse. "Oh," he addressed the father in German, "I meant only to amuse the dear little ones." The young father nodded, made a light gesture of waving away all misunderstandings, then exchanged a troubled glance with his wife, for they knew no German. Herr Baumgartner would have persisted, in Spanish, but his wife halted him. "Don't," she said, "don't. You have said and done enough. They understand perfectly."

"Ah, good God," said her husband in despair, "has it come to this with me, that I cannot even play with a little child without frightening it? Hans, you were not frightened, were you? Your poor father hoped only to hear you laugh!"

"I laughed," said Hans, with a manly air, comforting his father. His mother said, "Of course you laughed, because it was very funny. Little babies always cry for everything. You cried when you were a little baby."

His father ate in silence as if his food were bitter medicine, and the three of them fell silent. His mother was particularly gentle and smiled at him too tenderly, too often. It worried Hans to have to smile back every time, for he felt he was taking her side against his father, that she meant him to, and he did not want to take sides. Then his father looked at him so kindly, with his familiar sad look, that Hans looked away, feeling unhappy and lost. The children at the next table had forgotten the whole thing and were playing with their balloons and rattles and hats while their father and mother fed them from spoons and forks and buttered their bread for them, and none of them gave him another look or thought. The little crybaby of a girl was having the best time of all.

5

The festival spirit seemed to go on thriving more or less. The diners followed the band on deck, where the Strauss waltzes sang to the stars above the sound of the waves. The ship rolled gently, the heavy cooling winds whipped skirts and scarfs about, hair became ruffled but faces were smoother, and the slow great waves rolling back from the ship's side were alive with lazy green fox-fire. A gauzy new moon sailed downward swiftly.

"It's so *heavenly*, David," said Jenny. "How I wish you would dance."

But David did not dance, and he had a not-heavenly name for dancing, a byword of contempt which offended Jenny, who had perhaps danced her way twice around the globe. "And my mind was never purer than then," she told him; "I wish I had worn one of those measuring things on my ankle — then I could tell you exactly how many miles I have traveled when I was happiest!"

They looked at the sky and the seaweed-colored deck, and enjoyed the fine weather, but Jenny was restless, wanting to dance; so David, with a tight, obstinate face, left her and went in the bar. A few minutes later, he looked out and it was as he had expected: she was dancing with Freytag.

The whole scene was filled with spinning figures, whirling like cheerful dervishes in the Viennese style. Mrs. Treadwell, dressed in some kind of gauzy yellow stuff, was dancing with a young officer; Arne Hansen with the Spanish dancer they called Amparo. The absurd Herr Rieber clung as usual to the tall, awkward, ugly Lizzi. The little fat man was

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light as a rubber ball on his feet; he whirled and spun with the equilibrium of a top, dancing rings around the others — married pairs many of them, though the Lutzes and the Baumgartners sat. Two Cuban students danced with Pastora and Lola, of the Spanish company. Their young men sat in the bar and kept out of their way.

David, watching, saw also those who were not dancing, the born outsiders, the perpetual intruders, the unwanted, those who refused to join in. He ranged himself with them; they were his sort, he knew them by heart at sight. That big Elsa for one, sitting with her parents, drooping, unable to conceal her yearning, her disappointment, her fear of being left. "I would dance with you," he told her, but she would never hear him say it. Herr Glocken, huddled on the foot of a deck chair near the band, his face in his hands, his paper hat over one eyebrow, was motionless, listening but not seeing. The dying man in his chair was drawn near the rail, wrapped to the throat, asleep perhaps. The boy Johann, his nephew who attended him, leaned his arms on the chair handle, with the look of an outcast dog for longing and hopelessness. David felt he was well acquainted with all of them. For himself, he refused to join in, to take part, because he knew well there was no place for him and nothing he wanted anywhere — not at that price, he said, loathing the milling herd whirling past the window.

The Mexican bride and groom, he noticed, were not dancing. They were strolling together, came upon the scene and paused there, amiable, distant, like charmed visitors from another planet. They did not dance, or put on paper hats, or drink, or play cards, or grin at other people. They did not even talk much to each other; but they were paired, that was plain. This silence, this isolation, this ceremonial exclusion from their attention of all but their love and their first lessons in each other, seemed natural, right, and superb to David. He surmised in them gravity and severity of character; under their beauty there lay the promise of dryness and formality in time; but the marriage would last, they were joined together for good. As he imagined their characters and the nature of their marriage, which was of the kind he believed he would want for himself, Jenny went by with Freytag. They were spinning gaily as one body, but their faces meant nothing — they were only two smiling wax-colored masks.

David returned to the bar and took a whiskey neat, then another. Denny was there, and David had seen him hanging around uneasily on the edge of things too, but he could not take Denny into his sympathies. No, Denny was outside for the wrong reasons. He would follow and leer at the Spanish dancing girls — or, rather, one of them — but none of them would have him. They had found him out. He would not buy them drinks, he would not come to any kind of conventional terms with any of them; he wanted his pleasures for nothing. He honed and hankered, that was plain, but not to the extent of a five-dollar bar bill, which might lead to nothing or to more expense in the long run and still nothing might have been gained for it. The girls had got in the way of snapping their eyes at him with contempt as they passed; they seemed ready to flip their petticoats at him, they had so low an opinion of him. But they intended that one of them, no matter which one, should certainly pick his pockets before the voyage ended.

Denny was drinking steadily with a plain purpose. "I aim to be stinkin' before this here night is done," he promised solemnly. "Come on and get in the game."

"It's as good as any," said David; and for a fact, Denny was just the one to get drunk with. No pretensions, no fooling around, no chatter; just a slow, deliberate, steady wallow to the finish. Fine, that would be just fine. David downed his third whiskey, and the small constant dig of uneasiness, almost pain, in that blank hungry spot just between his forward ribs began to ease up a little. He intended to drink until, no matter what happened, he wouldn't be able to remember one thing tomorrow morning.

Arne Hansen and Amparo ended their dance within arm's reach of Elsa, and Elsa gazed from under puzzled brows at Amparo, trying to find the secret. There was none that Elsa could see or admit. Amparo made no slightest attempt to be agreeable; she had a sulky unsmiling face, she hardly spoke, she seemed even a little bored and out of temper. Yet Hansen kept his attention fixed upon her as if she might disappear if he looked away for a moment. Amparo carried a black lace fan with a red cotton rose pinned over a torn place. Anybody with eyes in his head could see why the rose was there. *Anybody* could see — Amparo, her hips rocking, walked over and said something to Pastora. Then she walked away slowly without looking back, and Hansen took off after her with long steps. Frau Rittersdorf, who had just danced with the purser, a hugely fat, fatherly-looking man with a dumpling face and walrus mustaches, found herself standing near Mrs. Treadwell. She nodded, her mouth prim, toward the retreating figures. Hansen had overtaken Amparo, had seized her arm; they were hurrying away together. "I don't think that is a very pretty sight," she observed. Mrs. Treadwell turned a too-innocent face upon her, asking, "Why not? I think they look rather well together!"

Pepe sat late alone, over a half bottle of wine. Ric and Rac, Tito, Pancho, and Manolo, Pastora, Concha, and Lola, had left him finally. The band stopped playing, the dancers dispersed, lights were dimmed in the salon and on deck; sailors came out with their buckets and brushes; the man at the bar was obviously closing up for the night. Cigarette ends were stacked high in the tray before him

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though the waiter had emptied it twice. Swallowing his last drop of wine, Pepe lighted another cigarette and strolled outside once around, and, cautiously as a cat, descended into the depths of the ship. Lingering there, he saw Arne Hansen enter the passage almost at a run and disappear around the corner at the farther end as if the police were after him. Pepe advanced then softly, opened the door without a sound, and found Amparo as he expected, in her black lace nightgown, counting her money, in substantial-looking American notes. He put out his right hand palm up, rubbing thumb and forefinger together. Instead of giving them to him as she usually did, she tossed them into the washstand across the cabin, where he had to pick them up himself.

6

Wilhelm Freytag woke feeling a cooler, fresher wind blowing upon his face. The round bit of horizon shone through the porthole, not clear but a thick, cloudy blue. He reflected that they were six days out, yes; the ship had settled to her speed, such as it was, in a beeline across the waters already, he observed, putting out his head, a little troubled. It was real sea air — thick, yet sweet and mild — and long sooty streamers of cloud trailed from deep blue thunderbanks to the east. It seemed late — perhaps he had missed breakfast; by his watch he saw it was eight o'clock. Time enough if he speeded up a little. Hansen would miss it though; the breathing of deepest slumber stirred behind the curtain, and Hansen's huge feet, with smooth glossy soles and assertive great toes standing apart from the others, stuck out of the bunk as usual. Freytag wondered how he managed in cold weather, and remembered being half-wakened by the noise of Hansen scrambling into the upper bed at what must have been a very late hour. Probably up to something with that Spanish girl he had been dogging from the first.

While he shaved he looked at his ties and selected one, thinking that people on voyage went on behaving as if they were on dry land, and there is simply not room for it on a ship. Every smallest act shows up more clearly and mostly looks worse, because it has lost its background. The train of events leading up to and explaining it is not there; you can't refer back and set it in its proper size and place. You might learn something about one or two persons, if you took time and trouble, but there was not enough time and it was not worth the trouble; an amiable indifference, a superficial pleasantness, was quite enough for the situation, but it is just these things that too many persons know nothing about, he thought, or don't want to practice for their own private reasons.

There seemed, for most people met on a casual journey, no middle ground between stiffness and distrust and a kind of gnawing curiosity, whether aimless but insatiable, or malicious and sly, that made you feel as if you were being eaten alive by little fishes. He felt his own life within him, something intact with a round smooth surface very hard for the fishes to get their teeth in. There was nothing he wished to confide or explain; he was quite simply transporting himself, like something inanimate sent by freight, stored in the hold, until, from the house he had taken and begun to prepare for his wife Mary in Mexico City, he should set himself down in the house where Mary was waiting for him in Hamburg. . . . In that interval nothing concerned him, he had no business with strangers. When they returned together, the ship and the passengers would still not matter, for it would be the voyage of their lives. They would never see Germany again. Mary must be his native land and he must be hers, and they would have to carry their own climate with them wherever they went; they must call that climate home and try not to remember its real name.

That was the way it would be. And what would it be like to know always, to carry the knowledge like a guilty secret, that they had not come to any given place of their own will, their own free happy choice, but were driven there; that they were in flight, harried over one frontier and then another, without power to choose their place or to refuse what shelter might be offered? His pride sickened. What a shameful existence for any man, what a doubly shameful existence for a German! No matter what he might say in casual talk about his mixture of bloods, he knew he was altogether German, and the whole world except that one country had been for him merely a hunting ground, a foraging space, a place of profitable sojourn until the day came when he should go home again for good. . . . Wherever he had been, he had felt German ground under his feet and German sky over his head, there *was* no other country for him — and how was this taken away from us, Mary? That solid earth was slipping, the house would be shaken about their heads, their long flight was beginning, and he could not even imagine the end. . . . The future was a vast hollow sphere, strangely noiseless, unpeopled, without incident or detail. Yet he knew that, visibly, nothing might be changed for a great while; perhaps things would change so slowly he would hardly be aware of change. No doubt he would continue as a minor executive in the German oil company in Mexico until the time came to look about for something else. By then, he would pretty certainly find something similar, as good, or better, somewhere else. . . . He might even go in business for himself.

He could not feel fated, destined for catastrophe; actually he could not imagine himself literally driven out, in danger of his life; surely he and Mary would never be put on a boat, penniless, prisoners, to be thrust into another country still that did not want

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them either — like that unbalanced Spanish prisoner with her wild tale of terror. Poor woman, he thought with a kind of impersonal pity, and leaning over the rail he looked again into the steerage deck. Dr. Schumann was nearby, observing the steerage passengers also, with a very thoughtful face. He greeted Freytag mildly and shook his head.

"They seem to be more comfortable this morning," said Freytag. The people were moving sluggishly, but they were moving, busy with their hands, putting things to rights. Some of the men were smoking, and the huge fat man in the cherry-pink shirt, who had sung as the ship left Vera Cruz, stood among them, legs apart, roaring another song, a few scattered words rising on the wind. The other men, rolling up their bundles or opening canvas chairs, stopped now and then to listen, smiling broadly, joining in for a phrase or two. The women had managed to wash a few garments, faded shirts and baby rags; a long line of them flapped from a cord hung so low everyone had to stoop under it as he crossed the deck. There seemed to be more space, and nobody was actively sick.

"They will do very well if we don't run into weather," said Dr. Schumann. "Broken arms, legs, heads, maybe necks," he said, looking down at them. "They have no place to make themselves secure — there are too many of them; I am hoping the weather holds until at least the Bay of Biscay, when all these shall be left safely at Tenerife."

"It is always rough in the Bay of Biscay," said Freytag. "Well, at least these people are going home," he said.

"So they are," said Dr. Schumann. "I hope only we get them there without further suffering for them." He seemed rather gloomy and a little under the weather himself, and barely nodded when Freytag moved away.

In the areaway leading into the dining room, Freytag stopped before the bulletin board. The little flags on pins, stuck every day in the map to mark the progress of the voyage, were marching in a curve across the blue field of the Atlantic. Land could no longer be sighted anywhere even through strong glasses; from the Caribbean to the Canaries, fourteen days more; from the Canaries to Vigo, to Gijón, to Southampton, to Bremerhaven, eight days more or ten at most. News dispatches were rather nautical in character: the movements of ships unknown to landlubbers were thought worth mentioning, and the outbreak of dockworkers' strikes in San Francisco, New York, Lisbon, Gijón. Passengers advertised on little slips of paper that they had lost or found jeweled combs, down pillows, tobacco pouches, cameras. The program for the day was there, and the ship's pool.

As Freytag idly glanced at these things and looked away, David Scott and Jenny Brown drifted past together, both a little pale and stiff-looking in the morning light; they exchanged sketchy nods. Freytag moved away in the opposite direction, with a certain lightly malicious satisfaction in his belief, his instinctive knowledge, that no matter — no matter at all — what kind of appearances they chose to keep up, the match was no good; they were not in the least happy together and would never be; it couldn't go on. He turned as if for a last look at the retreating figures to fix an image in his memory even then changing and disappearing; and before he could stop it, suppress it, before he even realized he had thought the thought, it formed in actual words shockingly in his daylight mind: "If that were Mary walking yonder, even at this distance, at first glimpse, anybody would know that she is a Jew. . . . What have I done to us both, Mary, Mary . . . what shall I do now?"

ORCHARD

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

THERE the gold falls; here;
There again. Sun through trees.
Here the shadows; there;
The breeze.

Singing in the blossoms now.
Summer choral: strophe and anti.
There the petaled chorus bow.
Here, I.

Sing the scale out, breeze!
Notes of year and season old —
Let me hear the apple-trees,
The singing and the gold.

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The Dead Sea Scrolls

A Unitarian who is minister of the First Church in Boston, DUNCAN HOWLETT, *in common with men of many other faiths, has been reflecting upon the meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls in terms of Christian theology. Will they compel a revision? A graduate of the Harvard Law School and of the Harvard Divinity School, and the author of* Man Against the Church (*Beacon Press*), *Mr. Howlett served in Salem and New Bedford before being called to the oldest parish in Boston.*

FAITH AND HISTORY

by DUNCAN HOWLETT

1

EDMUND WILSON, in his provocative article in the *New Yorker* on the Dead Sea Scrolls which has now been published in book form (Oxford University Press), raised the question of the impact of the Scrolls on Christian theology. He went so far as to suggest that the traditional account of the origin of Christianity might have to be given up. Describing the ruins of the community center of the Dead Sea sect which penned the Scrolls and hid them he said, "This monastery, this structure of stone that endures between the bitter waters and precipitous cliffs, with its oven and its inkwells, its mill and its cesspool, its constellation of sacred facets, and the unadorned graves of its dead, is perhaps, more than Bethlehem or Nazareth, the cradle of Christianity."

While few would go so far, the more general question asked by Mr. Wilson has been raised on every hand. Will some revision of Christian theology be necessary in the light of the information which the Scrolls have been found to contain? He hinted at the possibility of some anxiety among the scholars at work on the Scrolls, almost all of whom are of traditional theological persuasion. There might be some concern among them, he suggested, lest some presently known or later to be discovered manuscript should upset a long-cherished theological dogma.

The response of the theologians to this suggestion was both swift and clear. No discovery that had been made or that might be made could upset theological convictions, they said. Christian theology does not rest upon data such as manuscripts might contain, they insisted, however ancient and however authentic such manuscripts might be. They maintained that the beliefs of Christian theology are a matter of faith; and that while faith is ultimately derived from events deemed to be historical, such faith is not affected by findings in the world of fact. They went further. Even to ask whether these manuscripts affect Christian faith was, they argued, to revive a theological argument now dead. They pointed out that such a question reveals the fact that the questioner is not contemporary in his thinking, but is a generation behind the times, stuck fast in the fundamentalist-modernist controversy of the 1920s.

The theologians may be right. To ask what effect the Scrolls have upon Christian faith may be to show one's self a "modernist." But that a great many people are asking these questions may indicate that modernism is not quite as dead as the theologians think it is. At the least, the finding of the Scrolls has revived a set of theological questions that men were asking a generation ago in a movement that took the name "modernism."

Modernism was, among other things, an attempt to cut through the theology of the ages, through the stories related in the Bible as well, and to get back to the events that really happened which were presumed to lie beneath the Bible stories. It was an attempt to find out how much of the Bible may be believed literally, and how much must be set aside as misinterpretation, later embellishment upon simpler stories, or reliance upon unworthy sources of information. The Dead Sea Scrolls promise to throw a vast amount of light on these questions.

Those who took up the defense of the old orthodoxy against the modernist approach to Christian teaching were known as "fundamentalists." They took the position that every detail in each of the stories in the Bible is to be regarded as true exactly as recorded. They wanted to stick to what they regarded as the fundamentals of the Christian faith, particularly as derived from the Bible. If the mind of man cannot always understand how certain of the Bible events could have taken place, they said, we must not forget that with God all things are possible, and the Bible is the story of God's activity in the world of men. Thus the fundamentalist-modernist fight, while it covered a wide range of topics, was essentially on the question,

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What are the facts? How much of the Bible is, and how much is not, to be regarded as literally true? It was upon this issue primarily that the battle with the modernists was joined.

When the controversy was at its height, it revolved around such questions as the authorship of the books of the Bible and the dates when they were written. The modernists, for example, basing their position on the findings of Biblical criticism and archaeology, held that the first five books of the Bible had been compiled out of several ancient sources, and were put in their present form perhaps around 400 B.C. The fundamentalists, on the contrary, held that these books were written by Moses as they purport to have been. The controversy raged over every aspect and every detail of the Bible, including the miracles. It was a part of the impact of the scientific factual mood of the nineteenth century upon the whole of Western culture.

Oddly enough, the *coup de grâce* was administered to the modernist movement before it had ever really taken form. It came at the hands of Albert Schweitzer, who in the first decade of the twentieth century turned the full power of his youthful mind and heart to the effort to reach an accurate and dependable account of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. In 1906 he published his *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*, a volume in which he undertook to review all the attempts to write the life story of Jesus which had been made down to his time. There had been many such attempts, some of them very searching in the questions they posed. In a thoroughgoing and scholarly manner, Schweitzer analyzed the questions the scholars had directed to the Gospel stories in an attempt to get at the real story. He poured the bright light of his superb intellect upon the answers which earlier scholars had given to their questions; he showed how unsatisfactory these answers had proved to be, and he pointed out how they had almost invariably led to further questioning and further searching.

At the end of his inquiry Schweitzer asked his own questions, gave his own answers, and then concluded that the whole effort was vain. The mists of time lay too thickly about the Man of Nazareth, he said. Now in the twentieth century it was too late to recover the true story. Jesus remains, after all our efforts, the "One Unknown." We find him only when we ourselves answer the moral and religious command which he lays upon us through the pages of the Gospel. We find out who he was, not by a scholarly analysis of Bible texts, but in the personal experience which results from following in his footsteps. It is not surprising that the young man who reached this conclusion before the First World War should have given up his theological studies and founded a medical mission of his own in the heart of equatorial Africa, and given up the remainder of his life to it.

Schweitzer's *Von Reimarus zu Wrede* was soon translated into English as *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, and although it was widely read and greatly admired (it still is, half a century later), there was no lessening of the effort to get back to the real events presumed to lie behind the Bible narratives. Modernism came on apace and, with the conclusion of the First World War, burst into full flower in Protestantism as a clearly defined movement with a name of its own, contending for the field openly and sharply against fundamentalism. Almost all the leading theologians of the time claimed to be "liberal" if not modernist, and were eager to show that they were willing to accept the results of Biblical criticism.

Even while the tide of modernism in the United States was at the flood, however, it had already begun to ebb in Europe. At the time when Harry Emerson Fosdick, the leading modernist preacher of the post-war period, was drawing overflow crowds to the great new Riverside Church in New York, Karl Barth, the Swiss theologian, was leading men back to the faith of their fathers. America soon followed suit. By the early 1930s, under the leadership of Reinhold Niebuhr, the ebb tide was running strong here too, and theologians on all sides were calling for a return to the orthodoxy of the ages. Today the scholars are quite right when they say that modernism as a movement is dead.

The modernists never found the answers to the questions they asked. What virtue the movement had lay in its readiness to inquire, its willingness to search for truth in areas which had formerly been thought too sacred to enter, and its uncompromising attitude as to what truth is. Modernism caught the imagination of men while it was cutting away the obscurities which the passing of time had heaped upon the Gospel story and the rest of the Bible as well. It was exciting and satisfying when the true answer seemed to lie just around the next bend in the road. But it failed because the answer never was just around the next bend. There was never more than half an answer. And always there were yet more questions. The facts that modernism set out to discover were not to be had.

2

The new orthodoxy, often called "neo-orthodoxy," which took the place of modernism gave a very old and time-hallowed answer to the problem the modernists had raised. The broad conclusions of Biblical scholarship were not rejected, they were accepted. This made the neo-orthodox in effect as modern as the modernists. But the new orthodox did not answer the questions of the modernists. They took the position Albert Schweitzer had taken: that the true story of Bible events cannot now be recovered. Many of them carried the argument one step further and held that the attempt to get at the true historical account ought itself to be given up. Both

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modernists and fundamentalists were wrong, they said. Both had set for themselves an impossible goal. The true answer to the questions they had been debating was to be found elsewhere. Thus they disposed of both modernism and fundamentalism with a single blow. At least they felt that they did. They divorced theology from a concern with facts, made faith a matter of theology, and so cut the Gordian knot.

The neo-orthodox found the formula for their answer in the writings of St. Paul and St. Augustine. Christianity had been confronted by fact-minded men before, and had long since worked out its answers to their questions. It was to these that the neo-orthodox turned. Paul's teaching had been a stumbling block and foolishness to the fact-minded, and to all such people he had offered the answer of faith. Paul invited men to believe without proof, to accept without evidence. We are justified by faith, he assured men. We are not justified by what we do. In a word, Paul divorced his faith from the world of fact. In his hands Christian theology became a matter of conviction and commitment. It has continued to bear the stamp of his thought ever since.

Many of the monumental controversies among theologians which racked the Christian Church for the next few centuries were related to this issue. St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo four centuries after the time of Paul, found himself at the center of such a controversy at the hands of Pelagius, an English monk. Pelagius was quite shocked when he read in the *Confessions* Augustine's prayer: "Give what thou biddest, and bid what thou wilt." It seemed to give man nothing whatever to do, to remove religion entirely from the world of fact and to leave his salvation entirely to God. This, of course, had been Paul's doctrine of grace. Here, in the hands of Augustine, it was worked out to the full extent of all its logical implications.

In modern terminology, Pelagius was a "modernist." Yet he could also be called a fundamentalist because he laid his emphasis upon the facts of the Christian story as found in the Bible. In the prescientific age of Augustine, the lesser differences between the two approaches tend to become blurred unless the real issues are clearly kept in mind. Pelagius was a fundamentalist in that he wanted to start with Bible facts; but he assumed that all the necessary facts about Christianity are to be found in the Bible. On the basis of that assumption he argued that men must stick closely to them. Only in accepting the Bible as it is was he like the fundamentalists, however. There the similarity ends. He was the hardheaded realist of his time, asking the same kind of questions that the modernists asked in ours. For example, he strongly opposed the allegorical method of interpreting the Bible, which was employed by the theologians of his day in order to resolve inconsistencies and other difficulties in sacred texts. Pelagius held that to use allegory in interpreting Scripture was to distort Bible fact and this in turn allowed men to escape Bible precept.

Augustine met the questions of Pelagius as Paul had met the questions of Hellenistic culture — with the answer of faith. The church sided with the great African bishop. Pelagius's ideas were officially condemned, and he himself was excommunicated as a heretic. When the controversy was over, the thought of the church, crystallized by the mind of St. Augustine, was clearer than it had ever been before. Faith was now declared to be the greatest gift, and to come to man from God by grace, quite independently of any aspect of this world. The divorce of fact and faith was complete.

During the next thousand years the Bible sank further and further into the background while the doctrines wrought out by the theologians took an increasingly prominent place. Christian thought and worship during this period was almost wholly divorced from the Bible — so much so that the Bible was not permitted to be read by the common people. It was thought to be too confusing. The theology of the church was regarded as the consistent logical explanation of the deeper meaning of the Bible. Hence the reading of it, except by trained experts, was deemed to be not merely unnecessary but actually dangerous.

The Reformation, which was among other things a back-to-the-Bible movement, revived the old argument in a new form. The Pauline and Augustinian doctrines of sin and grace and the primacy of faith were not abandoned. They were kept. Yet at the same time the Bible was put back into the hands of the people on the assumption that all true Christianity could be found there. The Reformers thought the Bible could speak plainly for itself and that it ought to be permitted to do so. What they failed to realize was the extent to which some fifteen hundred years of Christian thought had smoothed out the difficulties which lie upon the face of the Bible when it is regarded as a system of thought.

Consequently, once the rebellion against Rome was accomplished, there were almost as many interpretations of the "plain meaning of Scripture" as there were Reformers. As a result the great churches were soon forced to draw up creeds or confessions of their own to which the faithful were required to subscribe. The doctrinal controversies that plagued the early Protestant Church could be settled in no other way. These two mutually inconsistent principles have stood side by side in Protestantism ever since: the belief, on the one hand, that the elements of Christian faith are to be derived from the Bible account itself; and, on the other, that the elements of our faith are to be derived from Christian theology which is presumed in its turn to have been derived from the Bible.

Down through the modernist movement, Protes-

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tantism held to both points of view at the same time. It was able to do so because it proliferated into many churches and sects and because few Protestant churches became authoritarian in structure. The modernist movement represented the coming to full flower in Protestantism of the fact-minded point of view, the conviction that faith ought not to be based upon theology.

3

With the end of the modernist movement, however, and with the almost unanimous swing to Pauline and Augustinian theology, it began to look as if Protestantism had come full circle. Now, in the writings of the theologians on the Dead Sea Scrolls, it seems to be clear beyond doubting. So far there has been hardly a dissenting voice to their assertion that nothing the Scrolls have been found to contain and nothing they could be found to contain can affect Christian theology. Thus Protestantism has now arrived at the point which Rome reached under St. Augustine. In both cases, oddly enough, it required about four hundred years of theological debate to accomplish unanimity of opinion. And in both cases the resolution of the problem was the same. Both in the end separated the world of fact from the world of theological dogma.

But this is not quite the end of the story. While the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls has brought into sharper focus the remarkable unanimity among the theologians upon the status of Christian doctrine, it has also demonstrated that no such unanimity of opinion on this point is to be found in the minds of the lay people. The old questions of the modernists are still with us. How else are we to account for the great popular interest in the Scrolls? Some of the experts describe this interest as "morbid." I think they are mistaken. Popular interest in the Scrolls is not derived from the iconoclast that lurks in all of us, although there are doubtless some who hope these ancient writings may be used to discredit Christianity. Nor is popular interest the result of idle curiosity, although there is doubtless some of that present too. Popular interest in the Scrolls is not merely curious; it is not merely intellectual; it is also spiritual.

The desire to know what the Scrolls contain and what these writings mean rises, I believe, from a deep-seated yearning on the part of people everywhere to learn more about the enigmatic figure known to men as Jesus Christ, a figure who is the center of the religion of most Americans and perhaps half the population of the earth as well. Most men know what is to be found in the Bible. But they also know what Schweitzer demonstrated in his thoroughgoing investigation of the matter: that what we know is not enough. We are not satisfied with a Christ of faith. We want also to know everything we can about the Jesus of history. It is Jesus Christ who lived and taught in Galilee about whom we want to know, and about whom we can never know enough to be satisfied.

Popular interest in the Scrolls rises from the fact that they are now known to have been written just before or during the life of Christ. They were penned within a very short distance of places where he is known to have been. He may well have visited the very scriptorium where the ink was set to the parchment. The Scrolls were written by a sect which shows very close affinity to John the Baptist by whom Jesus was baptized, a group with remarkable similarities in their structure, practices, and beliefs to the earliest Christian communities.

As a matter of fact, the scholars themselves, in spite of their apparent agreement that Christian theology cannot be affected by the Scrolls, have shown the greatest interest in them. They are currently engaged in examining the enormous mass of manuscript material which has come in, much of it in tiny fragments. They go about their work with the most painstaking care, and they debate every aspect of the texts in the light of the most exacting critical analysis. No assumption goes unexposed. No fact is asserted without being challenged and a thoroughgoing demonstration required. No dogma affects in the slightest the scientific detachment with which these men carry on their work. It is fascinating and it is exhilarating to see the caution and the exactitude with which they permit only the most thoroughly tested conclusions to be drawn from the evidence the Scrolls present.

There is excitement among the scholars over the Dead Sea Scrolls, great excitement — much greater than there is among the lay people. It may well be explained on the ground that a vast new store of information has suddenly been thrust into the midst of several scholarly fields in which not very much that is new has appeared in half a century. Yet the observer cannot escape the impression that this is not the whole explanation. In spite of their official theological positions, many of the scholars give the impression that they think of themselves as gathering and collating information which in itself may in fact make a difference to the Christian religion.

The finding of the Dead Sea Scrolls will increase our knowledge of Christian origins. On this all are agreed. And in the end we find that the discovery does not affect our theology at all. But the discovery has also served to remind man once again that he cannot successfully divorce his theology from the world of fact. New facts have a way of turning up all the time and they have to be taken account of, even by theology. Official Protestantism may wish to come full circle, theologically speaking, but now it appears that the same thing cannot be said of Protestant laity. Judged by their interest in the Dead Sea Scrolls, they appear to be ready to raise the modernist issue all over again.

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Vachel Lindsay

Born and raised in upper New York State, CARL CARMER *is a former teacher, an essayist, a regional writer of distinction, and the editor of the famous Rivers of America series. In the paper which follows, he gives us three memorable moments in his friendship with Vachel Lindsay, moments which will illuminate that magnetic poet for those who never had the good luck to hear him.*

THREE APRILS AND A POET

by CARL CARMER

1

On a cloud-hung April morning in 1915 during a Harvard postgraduate year, I entered Emerson Hall to hear a lecture on Tennyson and found the genial and thoughtful Professor Bliss Perry already at his desk. Sprawled on a chair beside him another man, apparently in his early thirties, slept soundly. His legs, short for his long torso, were stretched out in front of him, and the soles of his mud-caked tan shoes had thinned to twin perforations. Spotted with mire from their cuffless ends to his shins, his dark blue trousers were worn to a sheen below his belt. His thin gray jacket, though too tight about his shoulders, hung full below them in wrinkled folds. Deep-set above high cheekbones his eyes slanted obliquely from their outer edges downward toward the end of the high ridge that was his nose, and his wide mouth was blanketed by a protruding upper lip so ample that the fold at its middle was surprisingly deep.

Professor Perry said that in a course about a poet long dead it was sometimes worth while for a class to hear a living poet. The man beside him, he said, had walked some ten miles to be in Cambridge at this moment. Posterity would remember him as the author of many fine poems, and especially of "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." "The name of our guest," said Professor Perry, "is Vachel Lindsay."

The closed lids suddenly lifted, revealing circles of gray blue so overwrought with yellow that the resemblance to cats' eyes was startling. The poet came swiftly to his feet and stepped lithely down to the edge of the platform.

"Booth led boldly with his big bass drum," he chanted resonantly — and at once every listener's separate heaven was invaded by a blaring Salvation Army Band which marched at the head of a tatterdemalion route. I had read the poem the year before in the magazine *Poetry*, and had been annoyed by the author's directions printed beside it: "Bass drums louder and faster . . . Banjos . . . Flutes." Now, as the poet himself marched the platform with Booth's army, his voice somehow evoked these instruments and I wondered how I could have been so lacking in understanding.

> The banjos rattled and the tambourines
> Jin-jing-jingled in the hands of queens!

Tennyson was a pale wraith within us as Lindsay's bold accents beat the living daylights out of our polite concepts of poetry.

Hearing Lindsay that morning had made, I discovered, an indelible impression on me. When in the next few years I read of his triumphs, I felt a peculiarly personal sense of satisfaction at having appreciated him early in his career. The seedy minstrel of the Harvard classroom was in steady demand as a reader at universities, clubs, and public lecture courses. Many Americans had been stirred by the man from Springfield, Illinois, who had chosen to learn his America the hard way — by tramping long highways of the South and West and reading to housewives, stationmasters, farmers, mechanics his *Rhymes To Be Traded for Bread.* The verses were bringing him more than the occasional backdoor handouts which he had won when he, like his favorite folk-hero, Johnny Appleseed, "was a man of lonely walking."

Lindsay was in love with America. His serenades for his beloved extolled buffaloes, automobiles, bronchos, movie queens, politicians, California whales, prize fighters, and home towns — particularly his own. He was holding up to Americans a flattering word-portrait, and its beholders preened themselves before it as if it were a mirror. It was a far from true likeness for, as he described the process, he was recalling to the minds of a swiftly changing society the virtues of what he chose to call "The Old Court-house America." His scorn for a standardized America, a nation of vain pretensions to culture and yielding conformity, was vitriolic.

It was in another April, when I was an instructor at the University of Rochester, that I made arrangements for Lindsay to give two readings. A fashionable women's club would hear him in the morning and he would read at the college that afternoon.

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I did not see the poet until just before luncheon with the English Department. He was in a towering rage. His hostess at his morning appearance, he said, had decided that because the day was bright and her tulips were out he should read in her formal garden. The sun had lent little warmth, and both he and his audience had shivered. "My voice went straight up," he said. "At the end of my first poem I was so sure that I was inaudible that I turned to my hostess, who reclined behind me on a chaise longue, and said, 'Can you hear me?'

"'No, we can't, Mr. Lindsay,' she said sweetly, 'but go right ahead, it doesn't make any difference.'"

At the luncheon the poet recovered from his wrath to discuss his method of reading: "You have heard a performer in vaudeville talk a song above the melody played by the pit orchestra?" Though I was sure that they had not, the professors nodded gravely. "That's what I try to do," said Lindsay. "I talk my songs. Though the orchestra isn't playing, I try to suggest that it is. You might call my work the 'higher vaudeville.'"

After lunch we strolled to the campus, and there I found that my enthusiastic recommendations at college assemblies had brought results. The auditorium was full, and a queue stretched far down the outside walk. A telephone call to nearby East High School procured happy coöperation. Soon we were in a vast assembly hall filled with university and high school students. The poet's smile was ecstatic.

"This is more like it," he whispered as I rose to introduce him.

He opened with the "Kallyope Yell" which he said should be delivered in a "mass whisper" as University of Kansas students gave their "Jay Hawk Yell." The poem described a world at peace, a circus world, and one of the lines read, "Every day a circus day." At this, cupping his hand to his ear, he paused and shouted, "What?" then answered himself with an apologetic "Well, *almost* every day."

When he came, a moment later, to "Bands a-playing every day," the packed balcony exploded into a deafening "WHAT?" Bashfully but blissfully he replied, "Well, *almost* every day."

After that he yelled at the audience and they yelled back for more than an hour. When he roared with syncopated drumbeats into "The Congo," a Negro boy took to the aisles, dancing wildly to the jazz rhythm. When, after instructions to his hearers, he began his tribute to the old abolitionist John Brown with the shout "I've been to Palestine," the windows of the hall shook with the chanted choral response: "What did you see in Palestine?"

Afterward I pulled Lindsay, exhausted but exalted, away from the rhythm-intoxicated, autograph-seeking crowd. I suggested refreshment but he looked at me reproachfully and said, "I never drink alcoholic beverages." Then his face darkened. "I have only an hour to rest before a dress-up dinner those women arranged for me," he said, "and no tuxedo. This suit is all I've got."

2

In the mid-twenties at the beginning of a Deep-South April, a student brought news to my office at the University of Alabama. His fiancée, he said, was attending Gulf Park, a girls' junior college on the Mississippi coast, and had written him that Vachel Lindsay while lecturing there a few weeks before had come down with influenza. The illness had lasted so long that he had had to cancel the rest of his schedule, and the president of the college had persuaded him to take a job teaching modern poetry. "The class meets on a platform in a live oak tree," said my student. "They climb up a ladder."

I wrote at once suggesting to Lindsay that he give a reading in Tuscaloosa, and he replied that he would come.

He arrived on a sun-drenched morning. Though he was in his mid-forties, he looked no older than when I had last seen him. He was in a jolly mood but I was troubled by an unforeseen happenstance. The president of a Tuscaloosa bank had just installed a basement cafeteria for his employees, and because of his pride in it had requested that the next visiting celebrity should be its first luncheon guest. Since the president of the University had agreed to honor the same meal, I regarded the invitation to Lindsay and me as practically a command.

Both of our companions, I told the poet fearfully, had a consuming interest in real estate, and I doubted my ability to lead the conversation into other channels. He ignored my gloom, in his enthusiasm for reporting on himself. "Gulf Park is wonderful," he said. "I am in love with one girl or another all the time and that is very good for me."

The luncheon began stiffly and the dreaded subject came up sooner than I had anticipated.

"Lindsay," said the president of the University briskly, "where are you from?"

"Springfield, Illinois."

"How's real estate up there?"

My heart sank but Lindsay began to talk. In the next twenty minutes it seemed to me he gave the number, history, and current appraisal of every lot in his home town. Later, I escorted the president of the University to his office door.

"More sense than most of the darn fool poets you bring here," he said gruffly.

When I rejoined Lindsay he grinned at me. "Among my recent works is *The Golden Book of Springfield*," he said.

That evening, as we neared the Liberal Arts College a pretty senior approached. "Mr. Lindsay, I

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have looked forward to our meeting for a long time."

"And I from the beginning of time," said the poet, beaming and bowing.

As he watched the hall fill until it was crowded to more than capacity, Lindsay became nervous and excited. "This may well be the largest audience I've ever had," he said. "I think we should turn out most of the lights."

Though I protested, knowing that this would disappoint many who had come as much to see him as to hear him, he insisted on so dimming the room that he would be a mere silhouette on the platform. I gathered that he had resented published suggestions that he was more performer than poet, and wished to reduce to a minimum his famous gestures, poses, and facial expressions in order to let his poems speak for themselves.

Perhaps if I had not prepared his audience for the uninhibited shouter I had heard in Rochester, Lindsay might have accomplished what he meant to do. As the program developed, however, I observed that he was not letting himself go and was striving for precise and meaningful nuances which I suspected would be lost on hearers whom I had led to expect physical rather than intellectual eccentricities. Nevertheless, in my chair near him on the platform, I felt his happiness. When he came to the final selection, "The Chinese Nightingale" (which he then regarded as his masterpiece), his low chanting came out of the half-light to create a mood which for a few minutes stilled the restive and displeased crowd. The last lines of the poem —

> "Spring came on forever,"
> Said the Chinese Nightingale —

he spoke so slowly and with such calm assurance that I knew that he had identified himself with the bird and that he believed that spring would always continue within himself.

At my house later, Lindsay was in an ecstasy, convinced that he had made his greatest appearance. He insisted on enlisting the Tuscaloosa intelligentsia (invited there to meet him) in playing his poem-game, "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," and I was amused, after he chanted "King Solomon had ten thousand horses," to hear them sheepishly replying in unison, "We are the horses."

After he had returned to his Gulf Park classes high in "Friendship Oak," his happy state continued. "All of America is trying to sit in my lap," he wrote me. Months later he wrote again from Spokane, Washington: "I still look back on Tuscaloosa as my last real platform appearance. I rather made a mess of it at Princeton.

"I am writing a book now — and feel so literary I may never speak again. . . . It is curious how among a year's hundred dramatic experiences one will remain, though no more vivid than the others at the time. In such a case, it must be a deeper genuineness of the episode. . . . I remember all Tuscaloosa with love and happiness."

After this letter I had no more direct contact with Lindsay — but I kept up with him as best I could. I went to New York to live, and in that city I read of his marriage. Friends who saw him occasionally, reported to me on his life. He was father of a boy and a girl. Seattle, in which he had settled with the high hope of being a creative influence, was a disappointment. Its businessmen seemed unable to tell the difference between a true poet and a writer of rhymed doggerel, and they kept suggesting subjects that were typical of Chamber of Commerce thinking.

And so, my friends told me, he had packed up the family and gone home to Springfield — "The mystic Springfield in which I always live, wherever I may happen to be." He had dreams for Springfield, my informants said — a magnificent cathedral and a great world university — and though he advised himself to wait for the dream to come true, he was not born with patience, nor could he acquire it. Bitterness welled in him, and also the realization of the continuing truth of a paragraph that he had written years before: "There is just one way to convince citizens of the United States that you are dead in earnest about an idea. It will do no good to be crucified for it, or burned at the stake for it. But if you go broke for a hobby over and over again . . . they will notice your idea at least."

One evening my poet-neighbor and close friend, the late William Rose Benét, dropped in to see me on his way home from his editing job at the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

"I saw Lindsay today," he said. "He tried to sell us some poems. It's a strange thing that posterity will be reading his best work with admiration — I'm sure of that — and yet there was nothing he showed us that we wanted to buy. It was out of step somehow. When he left the office I could see that he was terribly discouraged."

I heard the rest of the story as if those who recited it were the chorus of a classic tragedy. Back to Springfield and the knowledge that America no longer wanted to sit in his lap. Back to the house in which he was born, the house in which Mary Todd Lincoln's sister had lived and where she had given a gay farewell party for her brother-in-law who had at last "amounted to something" and was going to Washington to be President of the United States. Back to debts he was unable to meet, to sneers from prosperous businessmen who could pay their way and more, back to jibes about "half-cracked poets," back to the knowledge that the vision of his home town which had come to him as a revelation would not be realized in his lifetime.

Newspaper headlines told me of his death, by his own hand, in 1931. Spring had not come on forever — though he had believed it would, with certainty, years ago.

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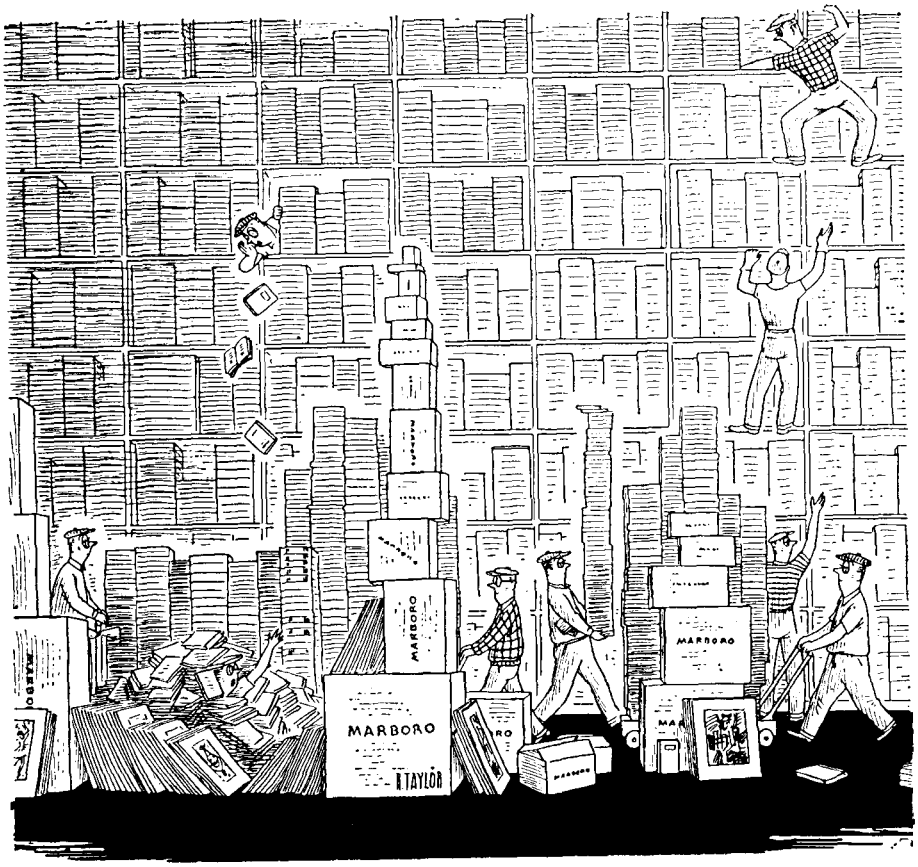

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

When the air was cleaner than it is in most American cities today, people did not need to wash as frequently, and they didn't. When houses were unheated and the bathtub a portable object pressed into service on Saturday nights, the bath was a weekly — in cold weather a monthly — adventure for which you needed a hot kitchen and a quick snuggle down thereafter. A single apartment house on Park Avenue probably consumes as much water in one month as the entire village of Concord did in 1860.

Water, which was once as cheap as air, is so no longer. The water table is dropping all over the country; in New England, which is one of the most liquid parts, it has dropped three feet in the last six years; in Arizona, which is one of the driest, it has dropped as much as fifty feet in nine years. They are mining for water in some districts of the West today.

We are all answerable for this. Taps were made to be turned on, and Americans are perfectly careless in doing so. "Let it run," calls Mother, "let it run until it's good and cold!" I doubt if one household in ten bothers to keep a bottle of water cooling in its refrigerator. Swimming pools are thought by some to be a necessity, and also air conditioning — but air conditioning can require anywhere from 50 to 300 gallons of water a minute. Industries, especially those which produce food and fiber, are the most constant and demanding consumers. And then, on top of all that, we have had these recurring droughts and floods. We know what to do about the droughts — "Turn on the hose, turn on the sprinkler, fill the canvas pool for the kids, let's get cool!" Droughts will eventually run even the biggest wells and reservoirs dry, as New York City found to its alarm. But so will floods: the widespread gullying and diversion of channels, which is a flood out of control, sweeps away the ground water which would normally be filling in our supply. Drought or flood, either way we lose.

A great change has come over this country since 1940. Prior to that year an incalculable number of Americans seemed intent on reducing America to the deserts of Egypt in record time. Man-made fires, one-crop agriculture, pollution of our streams, the overconsumption of our resources, were destroying a great heritage. But the peril of war made us cautious and at the war's end the increase in population, the industrial expansion (with an ever-increasing demand for water), the need for irrigation, and the unpredictable droughts forced us to realize as never before how dependent we all are upon water. National habits change slowly, and it is asking too much to expect the majority of Americans today to become conservers rather than careless consumers. But unquestionably there is much more vigilance in the land, and under the pressure of apprehension we are better disposed to appreciate the vital truths so graphically and concisely presented in ***Water: The Yearbook of Agriculture, 1955*** (U.S. Department of Agriculture, $2.00). The taxpayers are the real publishers of this book — without their subsidy it would cost $10.00 a copy — and those with any interest in conservation would do well to procure this handsome and enlightening volume.

This is the story of water with, of course, special reference to the United States. The chapters are short, authoritative, and remarkably diverse. Reading the book is like being flown in a helicopter from region to region, putting down in the north woods, in the river valleys, in the Great Plains, on the macadam deserts, to hear what the expert in each has to say. The authors are multiple; there are more than a hundred. For instance, Harold E. Thomas tells us of the Underground Sources of Our Water; Ivan R. Tannehill answers the question Is Weather Subject to Cycles? F. W. Went writes the explanatory piece on Fog, Mist, and Dew. Lloyd W. Swift has a delightful article on The Need of Wildlife for Drinking Water; Carl E. Schwob goes after Pollution; and there is a battery of experts who break down the problem of Floods.

The chapters are usefully divided into sections, and two which I found of particular interest were Water and Our Forests and Water and Our Soil. (I trust every hunter and angler to poke around in Water and Our Wildlife!) The book ends with a long Look to the Future (five heady chapters in that one), and its incentive is compressed in this quota-

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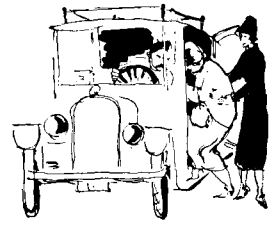

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tion from Gifford Pinchot: "The word 'conservation' in its present meaning was unknown until the early part of 1907. It occurred to me one day that forestry, irrigation, soil protection, flood control, waterpower, and a lot of other matters which had up to that time been kept in separate watertight compartments were all parts of one problem. That problem was and is the use of the whole earth and all its resources for the enduring good of men."

The seeing hand

People will never cease retelling the Helen Keller story. This little girl of seven who could be wild as fury and who was rescued from a darkness and stillness "as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight"; this blind, dumb girl with her insatiable intelligence who was taken by the hand by Anne Sullivan, fourteen years her senior and herself half blind, and led to reality, is a living legend at once so heroic and so touching that we will never forget her. Mark Twain, who befriended her, said that she was the most marvelous person of her sex since Joan of Arc, and when someone remarked that Helen's concept of things beyond the reach of her hands must lack reality, Mark replied, "But a well put together *unreality* is pretty hard to beat."

Helen used as no one had before her "the seeing hand," and from that moment when Anne held her hand under the spout at the pumphouse and Helen connected the word "water" with the running stream — from that moment nothing could stop her. Within a few hours she had mastered thirty words. At no age at all, so **Van Wyck Brooks** tells us, she was deep in German, soon to be followed by Latin and Greek, and at ten she wrote a long idiomatic letter in French. With this seeing hand of hers she learned to tell trees, to touch animals and flowers, to translate a world she was never to see into her private imagery. With her fingers against Mark Twain's lips she was to hear him read aloud or indulge in table talk, and she described his talk as "fragrant with tobacco and flamboyant with profanity."

In its gentle truthful way, Mr. Brooks's small book, ***Helen Keller: Sketch for a Portrait*** (Dutton, $3.00), is more poignant than anything Helen has written about herself. We watch her emerge; we share her famous friendships with Mark Twain and Alexander Graham Bell — and Mr. Brooks; we know her intimates with whom Helen came to live after taking her Radcliffe degree — Anne Sullivan, John Macy, and Polly Thomson; we know her loneliness when Anne was ill and when in desperation Helen thought of marrying; we are made sensitively aware of what a struggle went into her living and of how her voice with its uncertainties remained the great disappointment of her life; we laugh — and applaud — when we hear her say at the age of eight, "I am preparing to assert my independence." A valiant little book full of vitality.

Prince Hal

Henry V of England has come down through the ages as Falstaff's drinking companion, as Shakespeare's dark-haired Prince Hal, and as the King who led his knights and bowmen so magnificently at Agincourt. We in this audio-visual age see and hear him as played by Sir Laurence Olivier in the most beautiful color film yet produced.

Now comes a historical romance, ***Harry of Monmouth*** by **A. M. Maughan** (Sloane, $4.50), to fill in the tapestry, to show us the upbringing, the training by battle, the treachery, dedication, and love which encompassed Henry in his short reign. He was the grandson of John of Gaunt (whom we read about in *Katherine* by Anya Seton); his father, sent into exile by Richard II, returned to seize the throne with the aid of the Percys and the great earls from the North; and when Richard died in prison — by poison? by disease? — the realm was swept by an accusation from which Prince Hal himself could never escape. As the Prince of Wales he was trained for war by Hotspur; he was blooded at the age of twelve in the Battle of Shrewsbury when he glanced up as the shower of arrows descended; for seven years, almost barehanded he kept Owen Glendower at bay on the Welsh border; he drank hard when off duty and would not marry as his father wanted, yet with audacity and knowledge of men he led his pitifully outnumbered expeditionary force to an amazing victory and freed England from the threat of French invasion for the rest of his life.

In all this he seems to have had little time for women. He had an instinctive dislike for Anne of Burgundy, whom he referred to as a stuffed owl, and a romantic attachment for the French princess, daughter of the Dauphin, whom he nicknamed "Greensleeves" from a portrait he had seen. In time she became his own "Kate" when he had his say after Agincourt. Their courtship and marriage as here described are an idyl.

The kingship as Henry V found it was an uneasy business. He had no illusions; he had seen his own father hardened and haunted by the specter of Richard. Treachery was ever present, as he himself was to know when men he trusted — Hotspur, Oldcastle, and Scrope — turned against him. Seven times he was to escape assassination, and the charity with which he had begun his reign could no longer be dispensed. Certainly he had his golden moments, but they were few and far between, and what we read of here is a true man, unsparing and hard-driven.

The author has a little difficulty setting the scene at the outset. There is too much history and it comes too fast: Hotspur's betrayal, for instance, is too swift for credulity. But once Harry is fairly launched, the story settles down to a good pace and to a style which happily blends Plantagenet detail with natural idiom. The real skill of the writer shows in the characterization of the growing

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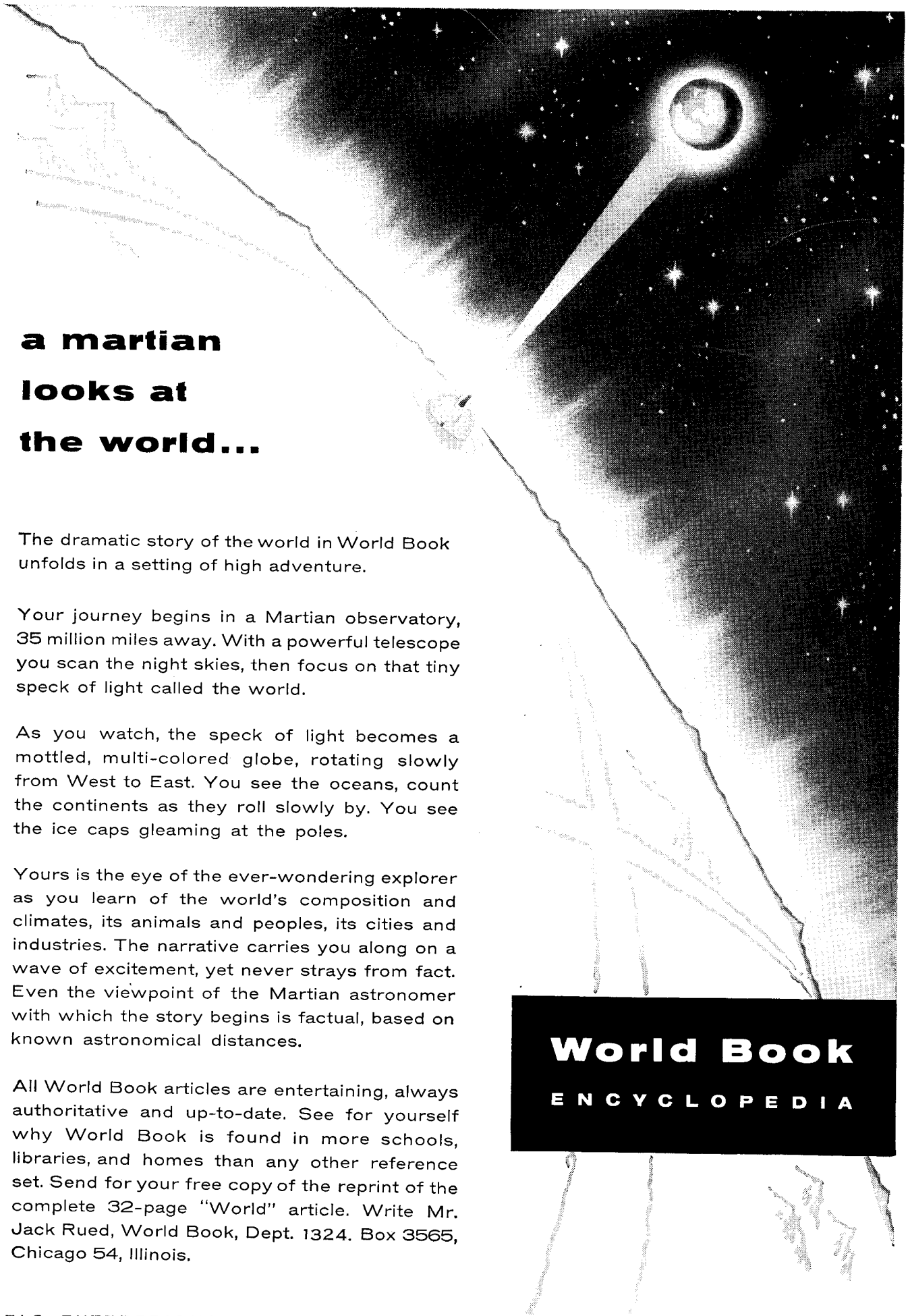

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and apprehensive Prince and of those who surround him on his way: Bishop Chichele; Nicholas Colnet, his doctor; Dorset, his trustworthy uncle; Tom and Humphrey, the younger brothers who were closest to him; and Hungerford, the ever-loyal. This in its essence is a story of fealty at its best and of the hazards which encompassed a king.

A secret ranch

Oliver La Farge was a professional writer in being while still an undergraduate at Harvard. After graduation he flirted briefly with anthropology at Tulane University, but with the publication of his first book, *Laughing Boy*, in 1929 — it won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction that year — he staked out his claims in the Southwest, claims which he has been enlarging ever since. He has been a rugged fighter for the Indians in the years when they were being shoved around and dispossessed, and although his family roots are in Saunderstown, Rhode Island, Oliver long since has made his home in New Mexico. His new book, ***Behind the Mountains*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), is a collection of linked stories drawn from life, a memoir of his wife's family and of their sunny, secluded ranch east of Santa Fe and north of Las Vegas, walled in by the heights of the Sangre de Cristo range. The stories, which he has absorbed by listening to his wife and in-laws remembering together, take place in the 1920s when his wife, Consuelo, was in pigtails.

The family lineage was part Spanish and part French, and the elders whose word was law in this charming book are José Albino Baca, his father-in-law — a tall man, handsome and correct — and Doña Marguerite, his mother-in-law — a person not to be trifled with, a perfect hostess as famous for her table as for her impeccable French and Spanish. These two between them ruled a considerable domain: two villages and the land between, a vast throng of people — wranglers, sheepherders, cowpunchers, workmen — loyal and independent in the old New Mexico style. They ruled the big two-storied adobe ranch with its pitched roof and porches front and back, and the six children, five daughters and one son, who filled it with youth. Consuelo, who was one of the second batch, is ten when the book begins; and Pino, the only son, who has been East to boarding school, is at once a prince and a torment.

The stories follow the seasons and are concerned with dear familiar events: Christmas; a wedding in one of the home villages; a wonderful pack trip across the mountains lead by Pascual, the official horse thief of Rociada; the shearing of the sheep; the visit of the Archbishop when God at last reprimands Pino, much to the delight of the younger sisters. These are likable people, their actions charged with affection and their private worlds with "sun and grace and violence."

BOOKS *The Editors Like*

Artists' Lives

A JOURNEY TO GREATNESS *by David Ewen.* (Holt, $5.00.) Since George Gershwin seems to have had little personal life, this biography is largely a chronicle of his professional development, a story quite astonishing enough in itself.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF *by Sergei Bertensson and Jay Leyda.* (New York University Press, $6.50.) Solid, forthright life of the pianist-conductor-composer, well buttressed with letters and the memories of surviving friends and relatives.

THE THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE *by H. Montgomery Hyde.* (University Books, $5.00.) A crisp account of the circumstances which led Wilde to sue the Marquess of Queensberry for libel, followed by partial transcripts (missing material summarized) of the court actions which ultimately landed Oscar himself in jail. A highly entertaining book, complications deftly elucidated and the unsavory aspects of this most unsavory case handled with tact.

Fiction

A HOUSE OF CHILDREN *by Joyce Cary.* (Harper, $3.50.) Plotless reminiscences of an Irish childhood, with emphasis on the ability of happy children to bounce like rubber balls from pointless terror to wild delight, self-absorbed and indomitable throughout.

SOME INNER FURY *by Kamala Markandaya.* (John Day, $3.50.) What might have been merely another never-the-twain-shall-meet love story is given distinction by sound characterization and a lively description of life and politics in an upper-class Hindu family.

MANO MAJRA *by Khushwant Singh.* (Grove, $1.25.) The Moslem-Sikh clash on the Pakistan border, with bad behavior and good intentions on both sides. The story is simple, tartly ironic, and the characters have a ferocious vitality.

THE HORSE SOLDIERS *by Harold Sinclair.* (Harper, $3.95.) This hard-riding historical novel, based on one of the more extraordinary episodes of the Civil War, is a fine piece of sophisticated derring-do.

Far Places

FOLLOW THE WHALE *by Ivan T. Sanderson.* (Little, Brown, $6.00.) Whaling is a trade almost as old as mankind, and Mr. Sanderson covers its whole history with the thoroughness of the scientist he is, and the imagination of the novelist one suspects he may yet become.

THE ANTARCTIC CHALLENGED *by Admiral Lord Mountevans.* (John de Graff, $4.50.) The author, a veteran explorer himself, summarizes the adventures and achievements of all the known expeditions to Antarctica.

AYORAMA *by Raymond de Coccola and Paul King.* (Oxford University Press, $4.50.) Father de Coccola says little about his missionary work, merely presenting his Eskimo friends as he saw them in action — grim, surprising, funny, and ultimately a tough, clever, likable race.

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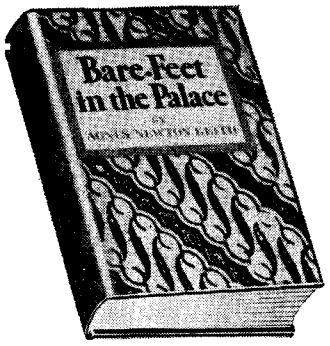

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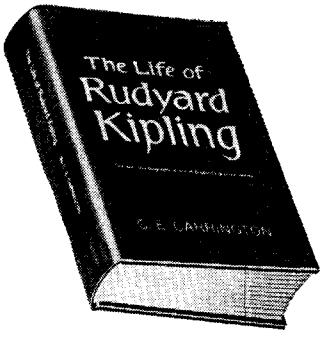

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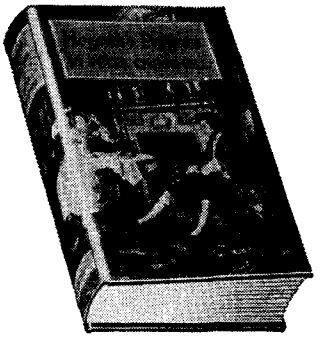

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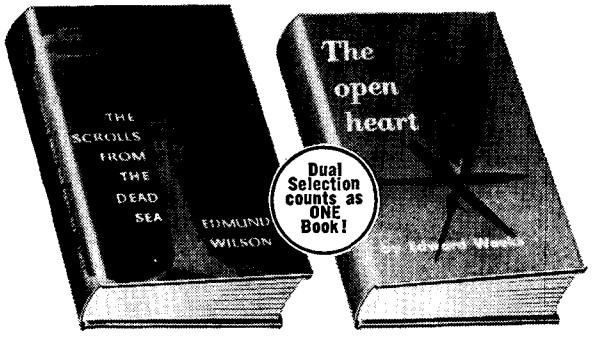

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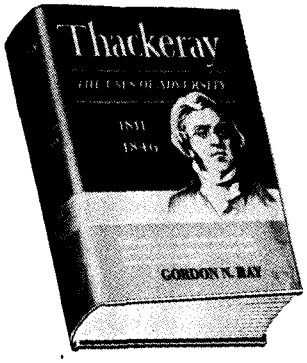

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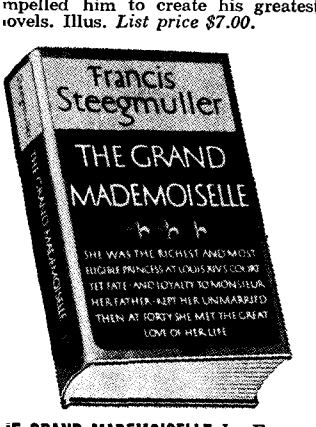

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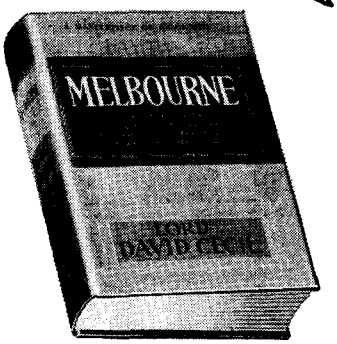

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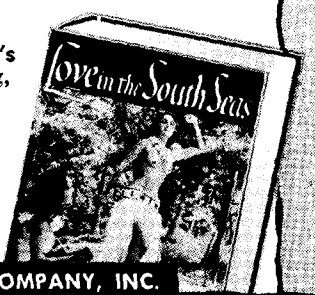

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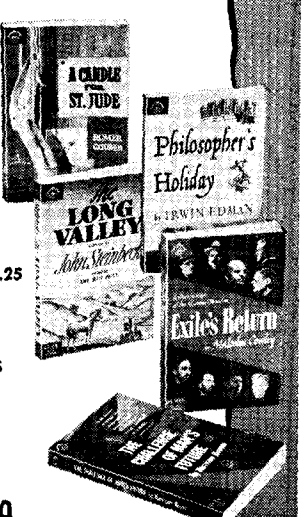

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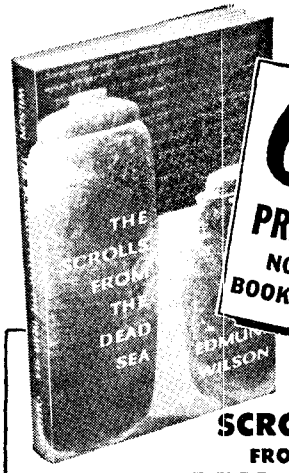
Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

IN THE letters written by **Marcel Proust** between 1896 and 1900, he periodically mentions "slaving away" at a "very long and exacting" novel. Until a few years ago, students of Proust concluded that he must have started work at this time on *Du Côté de Chez Swann*, abandoned it, and returned to it after an eight-year period of relative unproductivity. There remained a puzzle in Proust's career: How did the fashionable literary dilettante suddenly develop into the disciplined genius who was able to conceive as a whole the immense masterpiece which took him fourteen years to execute? The mystery was cleared up in 1950 when a young French scholar, Bernard de Fallois, who had been given access to Proust's as yet unsorted papers, discovered the jumbled fragments of the novel referred to in the letters. When he had arranged them in their proper order, they formed a work of 350,000 words which is, in effect, a preliminary draft of Proust's magnum opus. Entitled ***Jean Santeuil*** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), it now comes to us translated by Gerard Hopkins and with a valuable preface by André Maurois.

What is the crucial issue when one is trying to evaluate the rough sketch for a masterpiece? Is it such facts as that the narrative is disjointed; that characters are introduced and then allowed to vanish; that the author's experimentation with style sometimes causes incoherence? Or is it the fact that in a number of passages — for instance, the drama of Jean's childhood love for a little girl he plays with on the Champs Elysées, and the fine pages about the old age of Monsieur and Madame Santeuil — a touch of greatness is already apparent? Or is it, finally, the fascination of comparing the many similarities and the many differences (full-blown treatment of the Dreyfus case, faint suggestion of the homosexual theme, absence of progress from Time Lost to Time Regained, and so on) between the first and final versions; of noting how Proust developed and improved his original material? Weigh-



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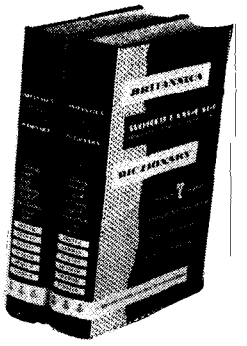

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ing all of these considerations, it seems to me clear that *Jean Santeuil* has very little to recommend it to readers not already steeped in Proust, and much to recommend it to Proust's more ardent admirers.

The great Maestro

Toscanini (Knopf, $3.50) by **Samuel Chotzinoff,** a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, chronicles the author's intimate association with the mercurial Maestro from 1926 to the time of his retirement. Mr. Chotzinoff does little or no delving into the inner man — his book is essentially descriptive. It presents its subject in all the varied moods which "*inhabited* him without warning, and evaporated as mysteriously." It discusses his views about music. It lists his likes — minestrone (which he often had for breakfast), practical jokes, champagne and brandy, musical comedies; and his special dislikes — divorce (a man might have many mistresses but only one wife), press photographers, being written about, and Mussolini (on whose ticket Toscanini unsuccessfully ran for political office just after the First World War).

As might be expected, Mr. Chotzinoff's profile is rich in arresting anecdotes, many of them recounted to him by the Maestro. The youthful Toscanini, after playing in the orchestra at the première of *Otello*, dragged his mother out of bed and terrified her by crying: "Down on your knees to Verdi. Tonight a miracle happened at La Scala." Another characteristic story is that of the quarrel with Richard Strauss, who changed his mind about letting Toscanini be the first to conduct *Salome*. So enraged was Toscanini that, unable to sleep, he boarded the night train from Milan to Vienna in order to rebuke the composer in person — " 'Strauss,' I told him, 'as a *moosician* I take off my hat to you. . . . But as a *man* . . . I put *on* ten hats." With its deft picture of Toscanini's autocratic ways, his childish traits, his spellbinding power over people, and his insatiable perfectionism, Mr. Chotzinoff's short book is briskly entertaining from the first word to the last.

Books and men

The Writer Observed (World, $3.75) brings together a selection of the interviews with authors which **Harvey Breit,** Assistant Editor of the *New York Times Book Review,* contributed to that journal over a

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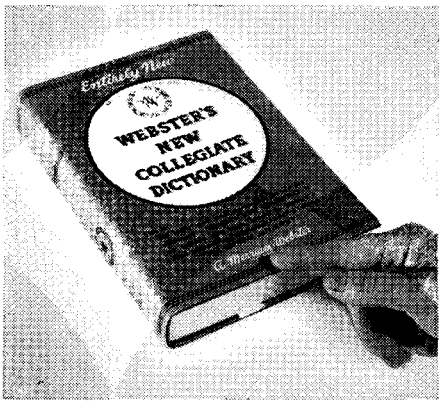

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four-year period. In his Introduction, which discusses the relationship of journalism to literature, Mr. Breit explains that he "manipulated," as scrupulously as possible, the raw material of these talks with an eye to bringing forward the man behind the book. He was aiming — within the limitations of the short, newsy interview and the friendly stance — at a measure of creative portraiture; and in the best of his pieces he achieves it. He suggests, obliquely but tellingly, the arrogance and insulting condescension of Evelyn Waugh ("The best American writer, of course, is Erle Stanley Gardner. . . . Do I really wish to say that? By all means."). He captures the ineffable Thirkellism of Angela Thirkell, and warmly projects the impressiveness of Robert Frost. Among the other writers in Mr. Breit's gallery are Eliot, Marquand, Alan Paton, Aldous Huxley, Henry Green, Dos Passos, James Jones, Sandburg, Thurber, Faulkner, Hemingway, and Truman Capote.

Of the sixty "talks," some inevitably are on the thin side; and occasionally an affected note is sounded. But all in all, Breit's collection pays handsome dividends to anyone interested in the literary life. It presents, readably and compactly, a rich miscellany of information about a sizable cross section of the leading American and British writers — about their appearance, their tastes, their working habits, their opinions, and the impact of their personalities on a sympathetic observer.

Fiction roundup

Irwin Shaw has turned aside from the novel of contemporary history and has written a story of a wife's infidelity, its causes and its consequences. There is just a hint in ***Lucy Crown*** (Random House, $3.95) of an up-to-date, Americanized *Madame Bovary:* it is to Flaubert's masterpiece what frozen, sliced peaches — a pretty good product — are to the matchless peaches of Flaubert's Normandy.

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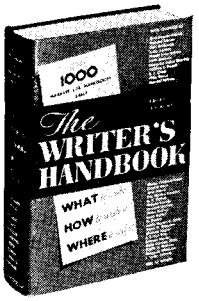

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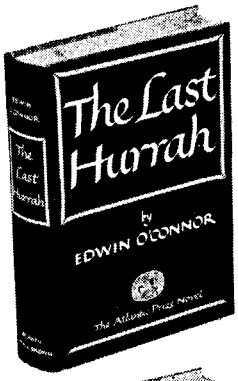
rest of the novel poignantly unfolds the tragic effects of that fateful summer on the three members of the Crown family; and it finally brings Tony — now an embittered man of thirty — a fuller understanding of his parents and the beginning of compassion for them. Occasionally slick or glibly showy (but less so than the author's previous novels), *Lucy Crown* is a continually absorbing book, and at its best a painfully moving one.

In his third novel, **Herbert Gold** takes us into a world which has figured in thrillers but has seldom engaged the attention of the serious novelist — the surrealistic world of the carnival. ***The Man Who Was Not With It*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.75) is the picaresque story of young Bud Williams, who twice leaves his father's home for the carnie. There he learns to chant the suckers in; falls in love with Joy, the fortune-teller's daughter; and shares the agony of Grack, king of the side-show barkers, who helps him "kick the habit" and then gets back on "the habit" himself. Mr. Gold sustains three themes throughout his free-wheeling story — drug addiction, young love, and a father-and-son conflict. But it is his lovingly detailed and humane re-creation of the carnival — its lingo, its people, its tricks, its raffish morality — which gives his novel its distinctive flavor, its humor, and its force. In fact, in the jargon of the carnie, Mr. Gold is so much "with it" that the uninitiated reader is not always with him.

Your Own Beloved Sons (Random House, $3.50), a first novel by **Thomas Anderson,** a twenty-seven-year-old veteran of the Korean War, is fictional reportage, but of a rather high order. An American artillery company in Korea finds itself surrounded by the enemy, and the captain calls for volunteers for a patrol which will reconnoiter an escape route. The five men who elect to go are drawn into this dangerous mission by the fact that their leader will be Sergeant Stanley, an inspiring non-com with a reputation for taking care of his men. What happens to the patrol forms a gripping rapid-action story with overtones of psychological drama. Mr. Anderson's book is notable for its vivid, shatteringly convincing reproduction of combat experience; and for its unusual portrait of a sergeant as hero — a hero whose concern for his men assumes the dimensions of a tragic flaw.



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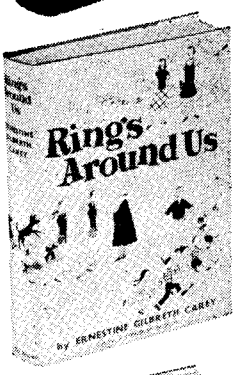

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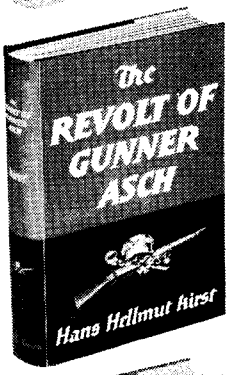

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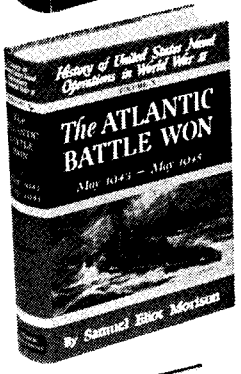

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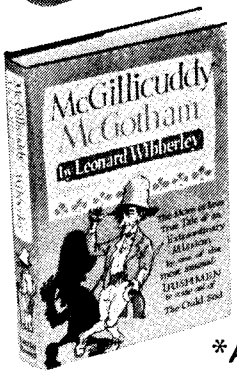

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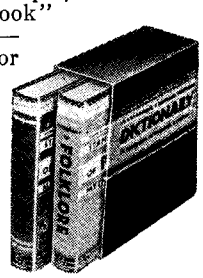

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Although he suffered more at Hara's hands than any other prisoner except those whom the sergeant killed, Colonel John Lawrence, who had lived in Japan, recognized that Hara was the product of a perverted mythology and saw in him a weird idealism, an underlying nobility. Now he unfolds to his friend the startling story of how, on a wartime Christmas, the demonic Hara spared his life in honor of Fāzeru Kurīsumasu; and of the unforgettable last hours he spent with Hara when the sergeant, whom Lawrence's testimony had failed to save, was awaiting execution as a war criminal. Like *Venture to the Interior* and all of Van der Post's books, this superbly written and deeply felt tale is a venture to the interior of the human soul. It makes believable the most difficult love of all — the love of a man for his enemy.

Anthony Powell, though he has long enjoyed a considerable reputation in England, remains virtually unknown in this country. His latest novel, ***The Acceptance World*** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), is the third volume in an unfinished fictional panorama of British society. It is emphatically not everybody's dish, but I warmly commend it to anyone specially partial to subtle and original social comedy.

The time is 1931–32, the depths of the depression; and one of the book's many delights is the oblique, imaginatively satiric way in which it presents the rise of Marxist ideas — a subject so many earnest writers of the Left and the Right have treated with the maximum possible dreariness. *The Acceptance World* has no clear-cut beginning or end. The characters, a diverting lot, come and go as people do in life; and the action progresses, seemingly without design, through a succession of brilliant scenes — a visit to the narrator's uncle in a shabby hotel whose passages "seemed catacombs of a hell assigned to the subdued regret of those who had lacked

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n life the income to which they felt ntitled"; a weekend at a stock-›roker's country house in the course ›f which a *clairvoyante* receives mes-ages from Karl Marx; a workers' lemonstration headed by a senile ·elebrity-of-letters in a wheelchair; a ate party at the flat of a famous 'ark Lane hostess; the narrator's Old ;chool annual dinner.

Mr. Powell surveys this world with . self-possessed, dryly derisive melan-·holy — "as if [like one of his char-cters] contemplating the deteriora-ıon of a landscape, known from ·outh, once famed for its natural ›eauty, now ruined beyond recall." 'his disenchantment is fused with an ntrancing wit and a marvelous sense f the absurd in human conduct. 3ut even when the action has wildly ırcical overtones, one feels that no aricature is involved; that Powell is ›lidly rooted in actuality. In my eckoning, he belongs in the top rank f contemporary seriocomic writers.

A writer of the generation which ›llowed Mr. Powell's, **Kingsley mis** has in the past few years estab-shed himself as a bright new star in ritish letters. English critics have ıggested that what Huxley was to ıe twenties and Waugh to the thir-es, Kingsley Amis may well be to the fties. What is certain is that Mr. mis represents a new temper in ritish social comedy, which hitherto as been rooted in an upper-class iewpoint. The hero of his new novel, *'hat Uncertain Feeling* (Har-›urt, Brace, $3.50) — an assistant brarian in a small Welsh town — is product of the welfare state: a man ıe gentry are apt to greet with "the ance of a great conductor intro-uced to a dancing xylophonist." ›hn Lewis for his part looks on the pper bourgeoisie, Oxonians (Mr. mis, incidentally, is one), and high-rows with a jaundiced eye. He pre-ers beer to martinis, and his favorite ading is *Astounding Science Fiction.*

The basic elements in the plot are ıat Lewis, six years married and the ıther of two children, needs a better-aying job; that, though virtuous in rinciple, he is fatally susceptible to ttractive women; and that Mrs. ruffydd Williams, wife of a local big ıot who can get Lewis the desired romotion, is both overpoweringly ›ductive and determined to seduce im. There is an underlying element f seriousness in the novel, and Mr. mis is nowhere near as successful as nthony Powell in integrating seri-ousness and comedy. But his talents as a comic artist and a rollicking storyteller are more than sufficient to make *That Uncertain Feeling* a vastly exhilarating affair.

Other worlds

Heaven and Hell (Harper, $2.00) by **Aldous Huxley** might be described, pretty accurately, as a guide-book to what Mr. Huxley calls "the antipodes" of human consciousness — the world of visionary experience. It discusses, briefly, the three safest and easiest methods of transporting oneself to this remote continent — hypnosis, lysergic acid, and (best of all, apparently) mescalin; and it describes what the visitor may expect to encounter.

There is a striking similarity, Huxley reports, between visionary experience and the heavens and fairylands of folklore and religion — "Everything seen . . . seems to shine from within. . . . The typical . . . experience begins with perceptions of colored, moving geometrical forms [which presently become] patterned things such as carpets, carvings, mosaics. These give place to vast and complicated buildings, in the midst of landscapes which change continuously, passing . . . from grandeur to deepening grandeur. Heroic figures of the kind that Blake called 'The Seraphim' make their appearance. . . . Fabulous animals move across the scene. Everything is novel and amazing." The visionary, says Huxley, seldom sees remembered scenes and objects: "He is looking on at a new creation" which blazes with clusters of precious stones and with preternaturally brilliant flowers.

But in visionary experience, there is a hell as well as a heaven. (Mystical experience, Huxley observes, is something different: it is union with "the divine Ground" which is beyond heaven and hell.) The visionary filled with negative emotions — hate, fear, and anger — finds himself in a world of infinite horror and malevolence: a world like that depicted in the demon-infested paintings of Bosch or the nightmarish stories of Kafka.

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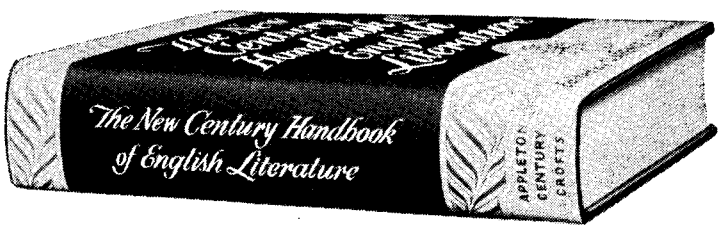

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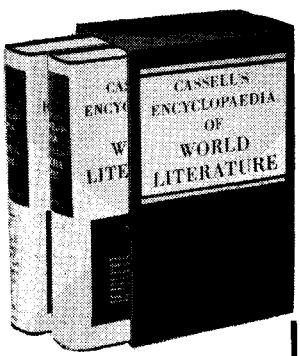

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death. Anyone who wishes to check Mr. Huxley's observations can do so by swallowing four tenths of a gram of mescalin.

A liberal's credo

Testament of a Liberal (Harvard University Press, $4.50) by **Albert Guérard** — Professor Emeritus of Literature at Stanford University — is a brilliantly written essay whose thinking I found in parts admirable and in other parts disappointing. Professor Guérard is most impressive in the theoretical sections defining liberalism, civilization, and culture; and I can perhaps best suggest the quality of his thought by a few direct quotations: "I am a *Liberal* in the sense that I am a *Respirationist.* I need air to breathe. . . . Liberalism is freedom from hate. . . . I cannot accept hundred-percentism in any form. . . . Unanimity and stagnation are two names for a single disease, the arteriosclerosis of a society. . . . We should be 'rationalists' — within reason. . . . That civilization is best which produces, not the largest possible amount of goods, but the largest amount of freedom. . . . The man who grabs and jostles, who 'gets tough,' is not civilized. Perhaps the first commandment of civilization is: '*Après Vous.*' . . . All ideas are to some extent inevitably subversive. . . . Christianity was subversive of paganism."

But *Testament of a Liberal* is explicitly intended to be "a practical book," and a good many of Mr. Guérard's prescriptions in the field of politics and economics either have an academic ring or are rooted in socialist theories which the past half century has badly shaken if not actually discredited. Mr. Guérard seems unwilling to recognize what a number of British and Continental socialists have learned from firsthand experience: namely that most of the basic economic problems encountered under capitalism persist in a socialist economy; and furthermore that the type of controls which Guérard favors (on advertising, stock exchange profits, and so on) subtly lead to the regimentation of life, which he so strenuously condemns. In sum, *Testament of a Liberal* points up the dilemma of contemporary liberalism. Its civilized and humane spirit still represents to many "man's last, best hope"; but in its approach to practical problems, liberalism has lost something of its former dynamism.

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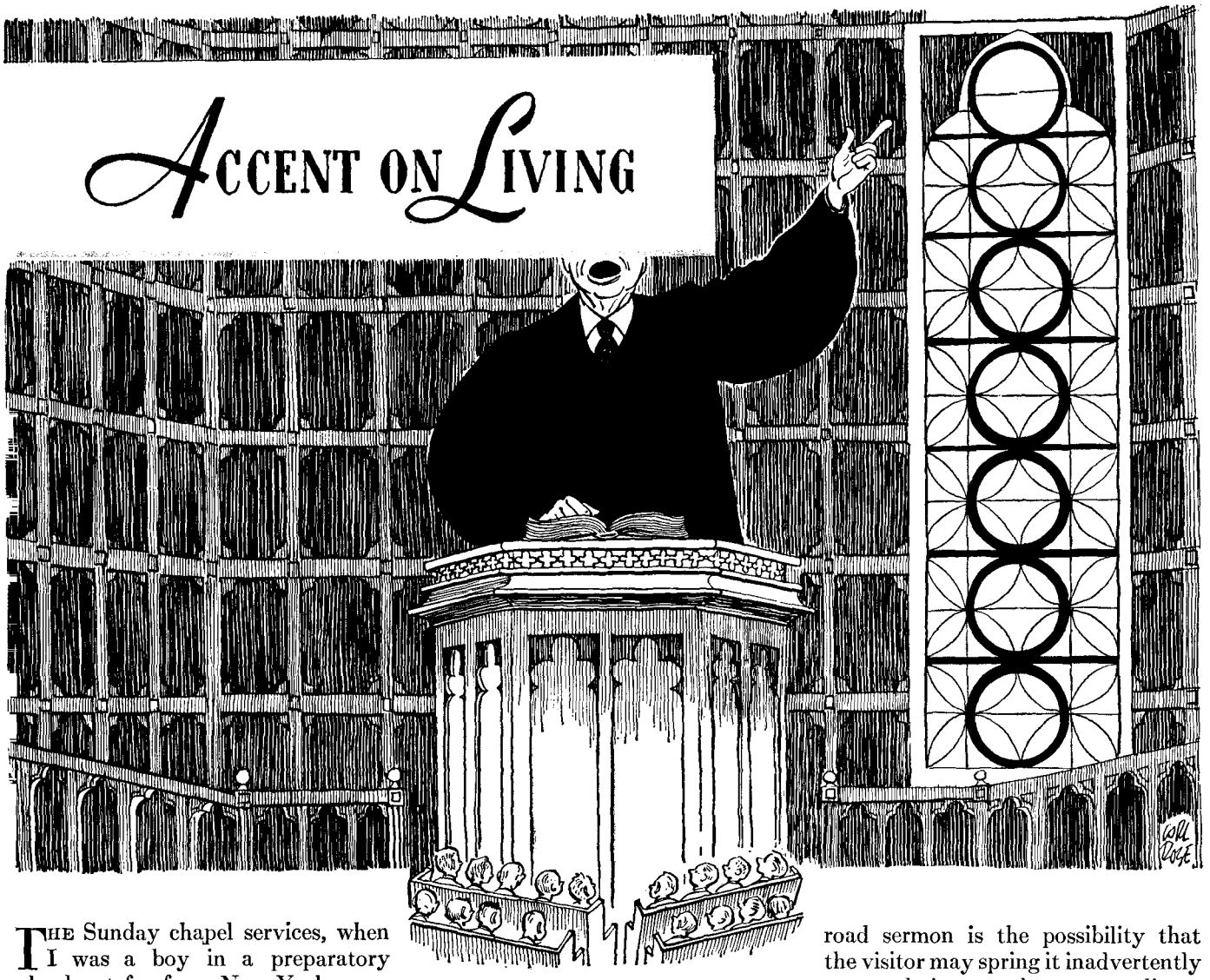

THE Sunday chapel services, when I was a boy in a preparatory school not far from New York, were conducted by a succession of visiting clergymen. There must have been around a hundred of them whom we heard from year to year, varying widely in age and eminence, some of them known to us from previous appearances. One was a bishop who came annually, and we were impressed by the fact that he wore a draft cap and brought his own Bible, accompanied by a junior cleric who carried it for him. This was distinctly out of the ordinary, and anything out of the ordinary in the 5 P.M. Sunday service was remarked with the liveliest interest by all of us. The small chapel had only a center aisle, dividing the school into two sections which sat facing each other across it, an arrangement which gave each half a full view of how the other was reacting, especially to anything at all out of the ordinary.

It was well understood among us, from unmistakable experience, that most of the visitors were giving us what we called their "road sermon" — the tested showpiece, the all-purpose harangue, the magnum opus of their repertory. With this in itself we had no quarrel. If the subject matter was not always attuned to our condition, these men were nevertheless offering the very best they had. We became connoisseurs of oratorical techniques: the flashing gesture, the lowering of the voice to a dramatic whisper and the sudden clinching of the point in a full-power, triumphant shout that would have echoed, in those unamplified days, to the topmost gallery of Madison Square Garden. Almost any boy in the school could raise a stern forefinger, in his small talk, and, gesticulating and counting with the fingers on his left hand, declare, "There are five points on which I beseech you to take thought. One . . ." One of our visitors kept punctuating his remarks with the words "roughly speaking," and this became the standard preface, with suitable horseplay, in all conversations among us for months.

The great risk, of course, in the road sermon is the possibility that the visitor may spring it inadvertently a second time on the same audience in a later engagement. There were remarkably few repeaters of this sort, and one supposes that a simple card file of subjects and engagements protected almost all our visitors from any such folly. But the handful who did return the next year with identical language, who found sudden inspiration in precisely the same phrase that had inspired them on previous occasions, whose power-note rose and fell in exactly the same cadence as before — these were quite marvelously out of the ordinary. They were all memorable for some outstanding quirk in the first place, and it would be hard to exaggerate the sense of delight transmitted from one group of boys to the other across the center aisle, as the realization grew that we were about to get a letter-perfect repetition, complete with gestures, of last year's sermon.

Of all the repeaters, the most egregious was a hoarse-voiced divine whose line of argument, whatever it may have been, was lost altogether in oratory and histrionics of a truly

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spectacular order. Quite the loudest ever addressed to us — a hundred-odd boys in an extremely small chapel — his output was also by far the most ornate, and in each of the identical sermons which he delivered in two successive years there occurred an unforgettable sentence. Beginning in harsh, tense, low tones and exploding into a bellow with the final two concluding words, the sentence was: "It well-nigh makes my buh-lood *TO BOIL!!*"

The first sermon alone was sufficient to establish the line in the common parlance of the school. Its reception when it was heard again — in full vigor and intact — the following year was even more favorable. It became part of all negative statements and complaints. "Holden gave me five marks for being late to breakfast," a boy would say and then, striking an attitude: "*It well-nigh makes my buh-lood TO BOIL!*"

I cannot believe that this same cleric is still making himself heard, some decades later, but sermons astonishingly close to his, in style and content, freight the air waves every Sunday morning, and the listeners in the neighborhood of Boston, and presumably almost anywhere else, are offered a half dozen at a time. Many are "transcribed," which can mean, one suspects, that the "little church" from which the tirade originates is in fact Studio 4 in some radio station, and that the hymns in which an accomplished choir raises its voices from time to time are good library properties supplied by the studio engineer. The effect is nonetheless nostalgic, for these speakers are hoarse-voiced and angry, and they sound like men whose blood is permanently close to the boil. They confront all too dark a world, sometimes in sorrow, more often in wrath.

One of them was lamenting recently the plight, though he never did say what it was, of "the men in the armed forces throughout the land — lone, homesick, [dropping to his low register] *heartsick!*" The listeners — men and women alike — fare no better than the armed forces, and a speaker will work himself into a towering studio rage over what "you men" and "you women" are up to. The indictments against the male listener flung at him in the second-person approach, cover just about everything in the course of a week or two. As to the women — you women — they give themselves to nothing but bridge and canasta and to gossiping over the telephone, although one of the louder Sunday morning sermons of recent weeks disclosed what the speaker seemed to feel was a new culpability of theirs, hitherto unperceived. It was the whole apparatus of fashion, cosmetics, jewelry, and luxury that so incensed him. Why, why indeed, he demanded rhetorically, why should women "seek to deck themselves out" as they do? The answer, and a mighty poor reason he considered it, was: "They are hoping merely to at-tuh-ract the attention of *SOME MAN!*"

The world seems to have worsened steadily since I was a schoolboy. But some of the preachers are just as good as ever.

CHARLES W. MORTON

GOURMET OR GOURMAND?

by DONALD MOFFAT

Author of many books and articles, DONALD MOFFAT *is one of our most knowledgeable writers on the French cuisine and the way of life in France.*

JUST when *gourmand* and *gourmet* became synonymous respectively with glutton and epicure it is hard to say, but there is no question that these false meanings are today pretty thoroughly imbedded in the English language, and even, according to certain evidence, in the French as well. Forty years ago — a moment in gastronomic history — the sound of the bastard word *gourmet* set up a wave of shuddering that registered on sensitive ears like an earthquake on a seismograph, annoying the judicious the way *contact* as a verb and *drapes* as a noun do today. Whether it is ever possible to head off a word, once it has started down the road to hell, and shoo it back on its course, is doubtful. The least one can do, however, is to point to the truth and hope for the best.

Gourmand is old, *gourmet* is new, in any sense. According to Skeat's Etymological Dictionary, *gourmand* is of Scandinavian origin, whence it passed into French and English. In England, home of Thackeray's gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy, it has always been synonymous with gluttony ("To that great gormond, fat Apicius" —

Ben Johnson), as also in Ireland, where *gioraman* meant a man of good appetite; while in France, as Maurice des Ombiaux remarks in his *L'Art de Manger* (1928), its epicurean sense was already well established by the thirteenth century. There the definition of *gourmand* is as clear as its derivation. Till the middle of the nineteenth century it never meant anything but a connoisseur of food, an amateur or dilettante of the art of the table — dilettante meaning, of course, not an elegant trifler but a lover of the fine arts: another good word gone off the rails.

Gourmet came along much later, and its origin is much less certain. According to Skeat, it has the same root as the English word *groom*, "a servant, lad" — which in England is now of course confined to one who tends horses. In its brief history as part of the French language it has always had to do with wine, passing through various forms such as *gromet*, *grummet*, *groumet* (Spanish *grumete*, a ship's boy), before settling down to its present spelling. Always, however, it retained its connotation of serving-lad, and not till the sixteenth century did it assume its special application of wine merchant's apprentice — a sort of bottle fetcher and washer, a very humble link in the glorious oenological chain.

In picking up a lance in this dubi-

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ous battle, I am merely one of a number who have tried to restore the two words to proper usage. The editor of *Le Carnet d'Epicure*, a

French culinary magazine published in London between 1911 and 1914 under the patronage of the great Escoffier, saw red whenever he came across *gourmet* in print — "*ce mot bâtard, ce mot prétentieux.*" Maurice des Ombiaux devotes an entire chapter to the heresy. Both quote Littré and the *Académie française* with obvious satisfaction, pointing out that they agree in defining *gourmand* as "*celui qui aime la bonne chère,*" and *gourmet* as "*celui qui se connait en vins, qui sait les goûter.*"

They scornfully emphasize the fact that *gourmet* is so young a word that it not only hasn't had time to work up a synonym, but hasn't even a feminine form, while the good old *gourmand* has its *gastronome* and its feminine *gourmande*. (It is not hard to understand, by the way, why *gastronomy*, with its connotation of gastric juices busily working away in the stomach, of ulcers, bellyache, and bicarb, has never become a popular word in English.) *Gourmette?* There is no such word, except in its special form which means the curb chain of a horse's bit — a fine thing to call one of those "pretty *gourmandes* who add so immeasurably to the pleasure of dining," as M. des Ombiaux remarks. (I was sorry to see so distinguished a *gourmand* as Crosby Gaige fall into the error of using *gourmette* in one of his sensible articles in the *Atlantic.*)

So — let us have no more nonsense: *gourmand* means a connoisseur of food, *gourmet* a connoisseur of wine. In France, where dining without wine is like washing without water, *la gourmandise* or *la gastronomie* embraces the whole art of dining, including appreciation of food *and* wine — and still unborn is *la gourmetise* or *la gourmeterie* or any such illegitimate substantive.

When, after the French Revolution, the great French prophets of *gourmandise* like Grimod de la Reynière and Brillat-Savarin and their nineteenth-century disciples brought literature to the service of the table, one of their principal aims was to educate the people, suddenly democratized, to an appreciation of the arts of cooking and dining, formerly a monopoly of the upper classes. They hoped to raise the standards of French cookery, to re-establish its reputation on the democratic level. In elucidating their thesis they both (whatever their practice at table may have been) continually stressed the fact that *gourmandise* is utterly opposed to excess, and insisted that it requires as fine a training in the diner as in the cook who prepares his dinner.

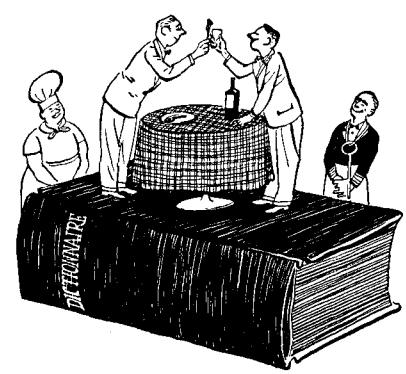
"*La gourmandise,*" declares Brillat-Savarin, in one of his much-quoted aphorisms, "means an impassioned, reasoned, and habitual preference for food which flatters the taste. Morally, it implies the fear of God, who ordains that man must eat to live, by inviting him to do so by the gift of appetite, encouraging him by flavor, and rewarding him by pleasure." And "the title of *gourmand,*" wrote Grimod, "demands an exquisite judgment, a profound knowledge of every branch of the culinary art, a sensuous and delicate palate cultivated by long experience, and a thousand other qualities that are very difficult to combine."

Reading them, I confess to wondering whether they don't protest too much. Is it possible that they, and not the great cooks and *gourmands*, were the true inventors of gastronomy? Perish the thought.

Yet it is interesting to note that neither of them ever used the word *gourmet*. It never occurred to them. They both had respect for the language, and *gourmet* was only just beginning its pretentious career. Des Ombiaux, tracing its history from Revolutionary days, makes clear how it worked its way insidiously into popular usage: "The word first began to take on its improper sense in the last decade of the eighteenth century, a time when certain noble lords, not to mention the *nouveaux riches* (who are always with us), were quite ignorant of true gastronomy. Yet they longed to impress the poets, artists, and philosophers whom they invited to their ostentatious dinners and so, to avoid social blunders, they sought expert advice in the choice of the wines they served. These experts, quite naturally, were the *sommeliers* or wine stewards; in other words, the *gourmets*" — who had apparently come up out of the cellar by then. "The custom grew till finally *gourmet* picked up its meaning of a man capable of appreciating good wine.

"But it was not till well on in the nineteenth century that this word was applied to the *gastronome*, or connoisseur of the table. Then the stupid, pretentious, and ill-mannered new rich of the Second Empire (1851–1870) began to feel squeamish over the shameful word *gourmand*, and soon it was replaced, among these ridiculous snobs, by *gourmet*. It is easy to understand Flaubert's contempt for such people. They loved to speak a windy pompous language, dreamed of reviving the courtly manners of Marie Antoinette's day, and aped the fashions of that period while superimposing their own bad taste and affected speech. A cat no longer was a cat. Banished from conversation was the simple word, welcomed the equivocation — and God knows they were master of the art of equivocation! The honest word *gourmand* was unbearable to their hypocrisy; and so they picked up and used the handiest substitute.

"Let us not fear *gourmand*. It has



only one meaning. *La gourmandise* is and always has been celebrated as a virtue among the kind of sensitive people who despise gluttony as they do drunkenness. Let us forget *gourmet* in relation to everything concerned with *la bonne chère*, and leave it to its proper function as designating a connoisseur of wine. The Academy and Littré join in showing us the way."

Et voilà — there you are! I don't expect my remarks to have any effect whatever, except to cleanse my reformer's conscience. So shines a good deed on a naughty word.

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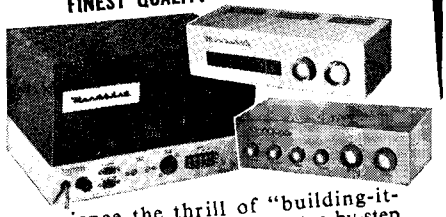

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TWICE IS ALWAYS?

by LOYD ROSENFIELD

LOYD ROSENFIELD *lives in Mexico. His writings as a free lance appear in many newspapers and magazines in the United States.*

WHEN, for the second time in all our years of marriage (to the very best of my memory), I allowed cigar ashes to drop on the carpet one night last week, my wife asked, "Must you always drop ashes on the carpet?"

This is not the first time such a thing has happened. I have been accused of late of such other crimes as always letting the bathroom faucet drip, always forgetting my latchkey, and always allowing the car to run out of gas.

Understand, now, I am never accused of always bringing home a pay check, always taking my wife to the theater, and always doing odd jobs around the house.

Not long ago we drove out to one of those new subdivisions to see a friend who had moved there. Not only do the houses all look alike, but the streets all curve around to try to give the impression the houses *don't* look alike. It's very confusing. When, after only ten minutes' circling, I hadn't found the address, my wife commented, "It's funny to me that you, who were born in this very city, always get lost."

"When was the last time I got lost?" I asked quietly.

"Last summer looking for Ted's Tennis Racket Restringing Shop," she answered.

I sighed. "But it had gone out of business, dear, and another shop was there. That's why I couldn't find it."

Last month the office force gave a surprise stag party for the boss's fifty-fifth birthday, and I told my wife, regretfully, that it was necessary for me to attend.

She agreed, but pouted slightly. "I understand, but I don't like having you always go out and leave me alone at night," she said.

I allowed my mouth to drop open in astonishment. "But darling," I protested, "the last time I left you alone at night was in the spring of '51 when I went down to help fight the Arkansas River floodwaters!"

Her only comment was "Oh you — always exaggerating."

Two weeks ago Friday I brought home a jazz record called "After Midnight," which I happened to be attracted to, so I naturally played it a couple of times that evening. The next evening friends dropped by, so I played it once for them.

When it was over, my wife shook her head and said, "Loyd is always playing that record. I hear it in my sleep."

"Sarita, please!" I said. "I only bought it yesterday and played it just two times last night."

"Twice last night, once tonight," she said. "That comes out to over five hundred times a year."

Well, I stood still for that, but I decided to make an issue of the cigar-ashes-on-the-carpet deal, because the thing seemed to be getting out of hand and I kept having to warn myself, "Temper, temper, temper."

So when the two-ton truck had left I called her out to the back yard. Upon seeing the ten-foot-high mountain of ashes she screamed. Then she cried, "What in the world is that?"

This was the question I had been waiting for. "That, my love," I answered her, "is 1439 pounds of ashes. After a great deal of precise calculation I arrived at that figure as being the amount of ashes that would be on our carpet if I had 'always' dropped them every time I smoked a cigar."

She looked at the mountain for a moment, then said, "It's a good thing I cleaned them up, then, isn't it?"

Last night when I sloshed into the house after walking the six blocks from the bus stop in what may have been Hurricane Zelda, she greeted me with "Must you always track mud into the living room?"

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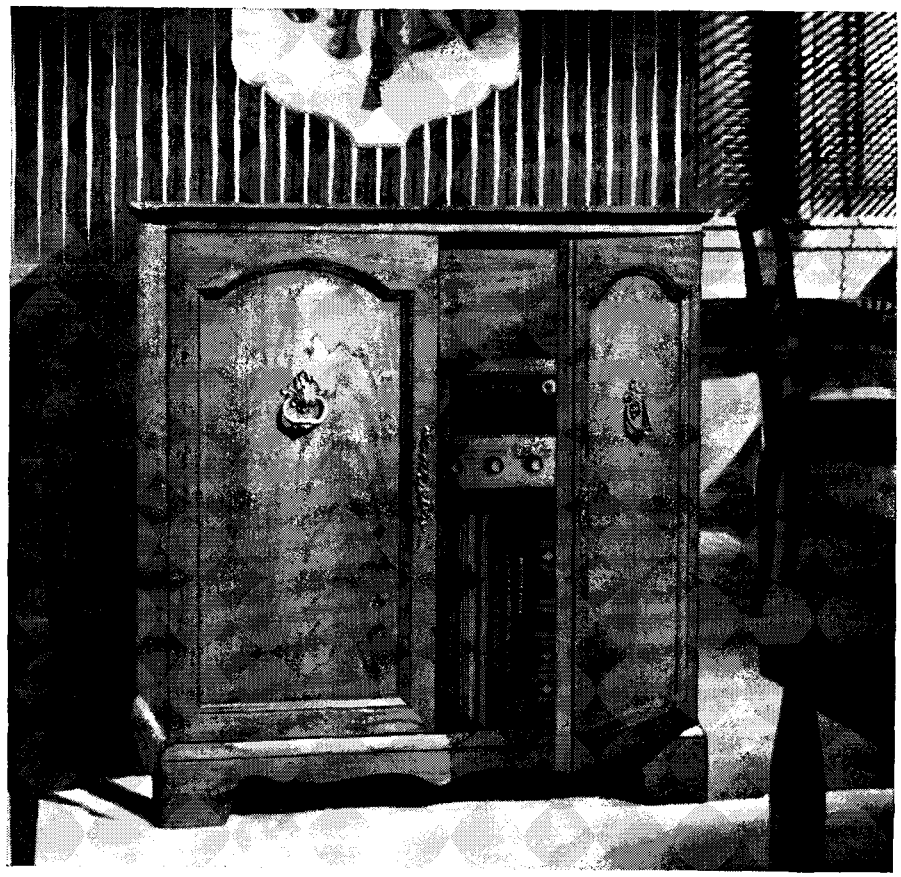
by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Organ Works (Helmut Walcha, organ; Decca-Archive ARC-3013/30: eighteen 12″). Odd to recount, and to experience, my reaction to this set of records was in very large part an access of humility before such a mighty and ecstatic display of musical beauty and devotion. Everything here conduces to the almost overpowering effect of the summation. All but the contested and fragmentary works of Bach are included. The blind organist has immersed himself in them: there may be alternative approaches to some of the music, but none, surely, more valid or stirring. The two organs, both ancient and not tampered with or "improved," sing with the elemental sweetness of a past we cannot reach but which can reach us (for which be thanks). The recording has been accomplished with minute and loving care by the engineers of Deutsche Grammophon, and the disks themselves double-guarded in plastic. The whole issue is part of a history of Western music in recordings which promises to be monumental. But no other Western instrumental music can surpass — and almost none can match — the organ music of Johann Sebastian Bach. So here is probably the high point of this most ambitious project, and something no one who pretends to be a music lover can afford to ignore. I should suggest starting with either ARC-3021, which includes the C Minor Passacaglia and Fugue, or ARC-3029, intriguingly assembled under the title of Chorales of a Different Kind. After listening I felt, briefly, like a Human Being of a Different Kind, and so may you. It's worth trying.

Bach: Concertos for Two Harpsichords in C Major, for Two Harpsichords in C Minor, for Violin and Oboe in D Minor (Helma Elsner and Rolf Reinhardt, harpsichords; Will Beh, violin; Rolf Reinhardt conducting Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra; Vox PL-9580: 12″). Both concertos, in their harpsichord



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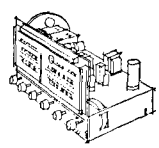

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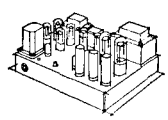

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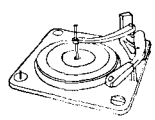

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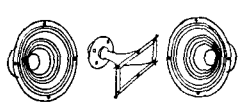

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versions, have been recorded before, and well. The Violin and Oboe Concerto — a precedent version of the C Minor Harpsichord Concerto — is new and overdue to major-league LP. It is one of Bach's most fetching concertos, warm and winsome, and although it is paced here a little briskly for my taste, it still is welcome. The recording is brightly intimate, as chamber-music records should be.

Bartók: Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta (Sir Adrian Boult conducting the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster W-LAB-7021: 12″). Sonic impact is paramount for effectiveness in this engaging *tour de force* that is more than a *tour de force*, and here the sonic impact is quite beyond cavil. So is Boult's shrewd pacing, which makes the whole thing well worth its premium price.

Brahms: Sonatas for Viola and Piano, Opus 120 (Paul Doktor, viola; Nadia Reisenberg, piano; Westminster WN-18114: 12″). These were published simultaneously as sonatas for clarinet and for viola. In the latter version, I had not heard them until now. Whereafter, I agree with Sir Donald Tovey that they are better in the viola than in the clarinet version; there is a tenderness in the strings that the reed cannot quite match, even when Kell is the artist, and it is important here. Doktor and Reisenberg — a marvelously expressive pianist — leave nothing to be desired, and the reproduction is adequate to their intent.

Corelli: Concerti Grossi, Op. 6, No. 8, "Christmas," and No. 11 (Argeo Quadri conducting the English Baroque Orchestra; Westminster W-LAB-7015: 12″). Most of Westminster's laboratory-standard super-fi series has been devoted to *loud* music. It is a real joy to hear a chamber orchestra get the same treatment, and the illusion of actual presence is quite startling. Corelli's two lovely concertos are played with fitting charm.

Debussy: *La Mer*; Nocturnes (Pierre Monteux conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra and Berkshire Festival Chorus; RCA Victor LM-1939: 12″). The gorgeous tone of the Boston orchestra is so compelling that only after *La Mer* has ended does one realize that he was getting more color than content. At least, that's how it affected me. I couldn't get seaborne, somehow, as I nearly always can by the Toscanini reading (on old RCA

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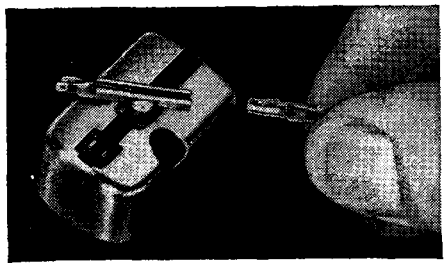

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Victor LM-1221, with un-"enhanced" sound). No fault whatever to find with the Nocturnes.

Mozart: *Le Nozze di Figaro* (two versions: Erich Kleiber conducting Lisa della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Suzanne Danco, Alfred Poell, Cesare Siepi; other soloists; Vienna State Opera Chorus and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London XLLA-35: four 12″. Vittorio Gui conducting Sena Jurinac, Graziella Sciutti, Risë Stevens, Franco Calabrese, Sesto Bruscantini; other soloists; Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6401: four 12″). Here is no lopsided competition. On RCA Victor's side, Jurinac's Countess edges out della Casa's, Sciutti's Susanna matches Gueden's, Bruscantini's Figaro shades Siepi's, and Calabrese's Count outpoints Poell's. London has the better Cherubino (Danco), and — wherein the whole picture changes — London has Kleiber and the Vienna Philharmonic. In finish, richness and dramatic continuity, the Glyndebourne production simply cannot compete; I must vote for London's as the best *Marriage of Figaro*. However, I do like RCA Victor's gift of *two* Italian-English libretti better than London's of a piano score.

Puccini: *Turandot* (Renata Tebaldi, Inge Borkh, Mario del Monaco, Fernando Corena; other singers; Alberto Erede conducting Chorus and Orchestra of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome; London XLLA-36: three 12″). Puccini died before *Turandot* was finished, and Franco Alfano composed its close, but that is not why it never has seemed to me *real* Puccini. In trying to extend his philosophic reach, he sacrificed some of his earlier inspired showmanship, and the opera moves massively. This is its best current version, beyond doubt, but it isn't faultless. Tebaldi, a big and luscious Liù, makes Borkh sound like a very small, chilly Turandot. The men are adequate in their parts. The sound is splendid, and Erede maintains all the continuity the work permits. There'll be another *Turandot* along soon, I believe, by Angel, probably with Callas.

Scarlatti: Eight Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord (Julian Olevsky, violin; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster WN-18113: 12″). An attractive novelty, these are very early Scarlatti, with a "period" flavor and grace. A great man's beginnings are always interesting. To

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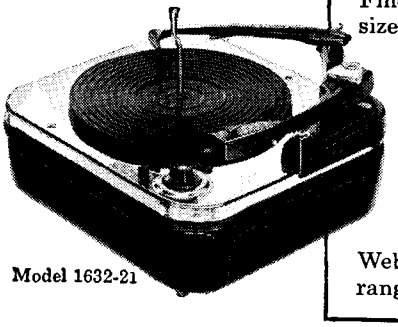

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see how great the great man got, buy also Volume 12 of the complete Harpsichord Sonatas in performance by Valenti, just out (Westminster WN-18102). Excellent sound in both.

Schubert: *Die Winterreise* with **Schumann: *Liederkreis*** (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano; RCA Victor LM-6036: two 12″). This is one of the best records of this or any month, and I do not want to indulge in any talk of whether Schiötz or Hüsch could, in his prime, have bettered Fischer-Dieskau. The fact is, we *have* Fischer-Dieskau, and he is good enough for me. His voice has, I think, some dynamic limitations, but they are not important in these songs. What is important is the wonderful conveyance of tenderness and pathos he contrives through tone and inflection. There is high and sensitive intelligence in this singing, and earnest commitment, and much work behind it. Gerald Moore is his usual, quietly brilliant self. A memorable album.

British Band Classics —Gustav Holst: Suites No. 1 and No. 2; Ralph Vaughan Williams: *Toccata Marziale*; Folksong Suite (Frederick Fennell conducting Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble; Mercury MG-40015: 12″). There apparently has been much writing for wind-band, some of it by major composers, of which we know very little. Mr. Fennell, in Rochester, has dedicated himself to dispelling this ignorance, with the brilliant assistance of his Eastman School band. Gustav Holst, it appears, entered music as a trombonist and never lost his love for brasses. Some of it he communicated to his friend Vaughan Williams. Four samplings of the results we hear on this record, a revelation. The music is big, bright, and gay, without a dull moment, but at the same time clever and subtle. The band projects its propulsive vitality with a finesse I somehow never have connected with brass bands, and Mercury has transferred the whole thing to disks with hair-raising effect. A truly new, and very exciting, musical experience.

THE AMERICAN ROPE TRICK

by KEN KOLB

KEN KOLB *was born in Portland, Oregon, served in the Navy during the war, and since graduation from the University of California in 1950 has been living in San Francisco.*

THE last time I was passing through India, I looked up an old fakir friend of mine to exchange a few burnooses (the burnoose is the official Indian monetary unit), and of course I ran into the same old trouble: he wanted me to perform the American Rope Trick for him.

The American Rope Trick, for the benefit of those few who have never been to India, is done as follows.

The American produces a standard roll of ticker tape which he places upon the ground. By chanting stock quotations he makes the ticker tape rise vertically into the air to the height of two Cadillacs stood on end. He then seizes an American car-hop waitress whom he has brought along for the purpose and shinnies up the ticker tape, dragging the girl up by her voluminous blonde hair. The two disappear into nothingness at the top of the tape. Very soon the sounds of a titanic struggle are heard, and pieces of debris fall out of the sky in a manner reminiscent of New Year's Eve in New York City.

The American then slides back down the ticker tape, produces a bankbook, mutters the magic words *Dow-Jones Industrial Averages* and presto! in place of the waitress there appears a Hollywood starlet with a Max Factor face, a Dior dress, three pictures to her credit, and her hands full of preferred shares of Kennecott Copper, up three points.

Americans may scoff if they will, but I have met hundreds of Indians who have actually seen this trick performed.

Well, maybe not *actually* seen it performed, but who *know* somebody who has seen it performed. Or have an uncle who knows somebody who has seen it performed. Once in Bombay I encountered a rajah who had an elephant-scrubber who had a cousin who had actually taken pictures of the American Rope Trick.

Unfortunately, there was no shutter in the camera, and when the elephant-scrubber's cousin later got into financial straits he was forced to sell the pictures to some English tourists as interior shots of the Black Hole of Calcutta. He bought a used car with the proceeds and disappeared in the direction of New Delhi.

Thus was all evidence of the American Rope Trick lost, but knowledge of it persists to this day to trouble the American traveler.

THE PASSING REMARK

by WILLIAM D. MUNDELL

FREEM JENKINS had just bought a donkey.
— Maybe because in certain ways it displayed
Some of his own characteristics
He was unusually fond of the animal.
It wouldn't be pushed around
And it had a mind of its own.
It brayed sometimes just to hear itself.
Freem's neighbors had recognized a likeness
But the comparison had not become acute
Until one of the neighbors met Freem and the donkey
Walking side by side on the road one morning.
They exchanged a mild "hello"
And the neighbor quickly added,
"First time I've seen yeh together!"

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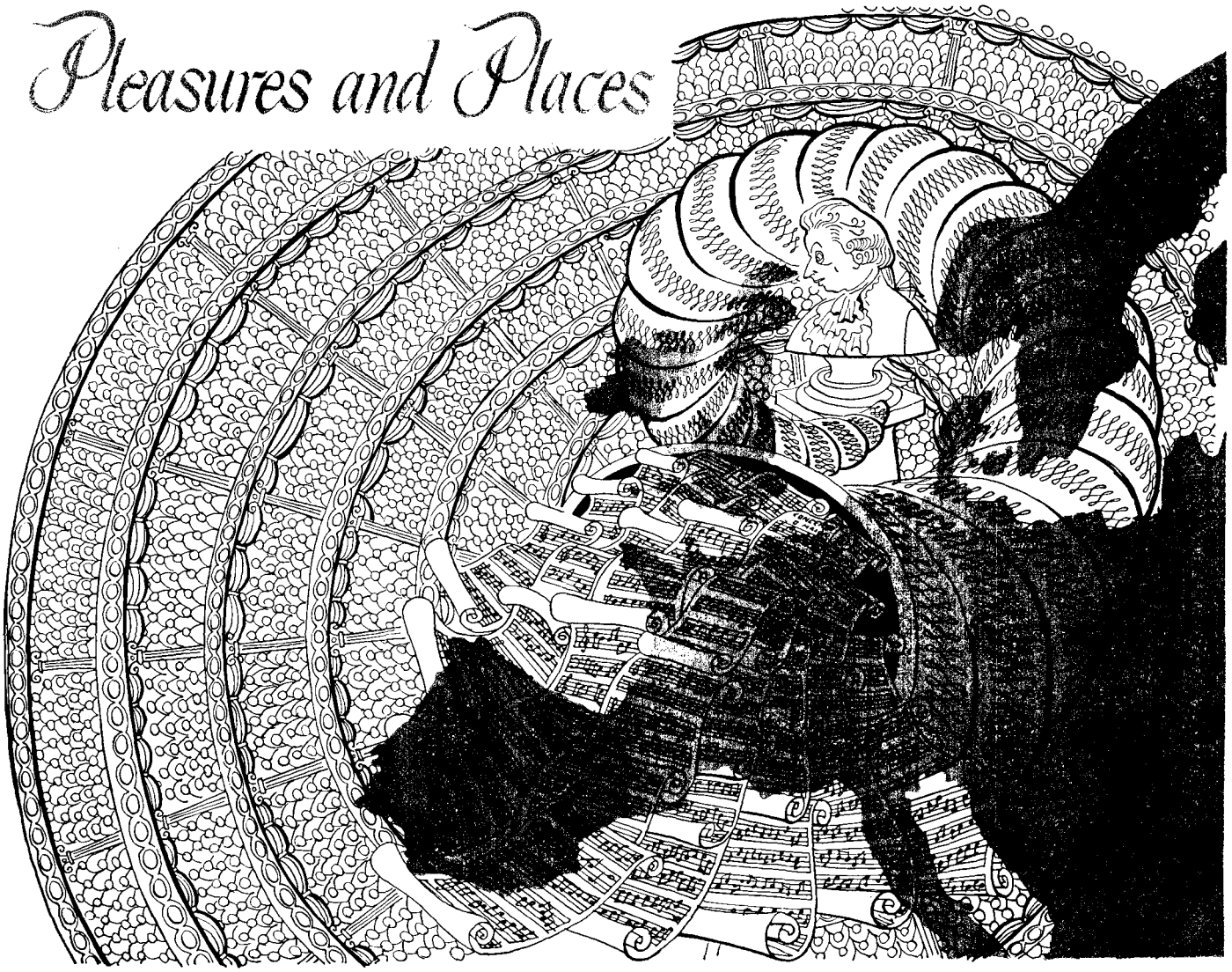
Pleasures and Places



MOZART FESTIVALS

Those music-lovers who fidget through the overture and cannot wait for the curtain to go up on the "real" performance have cause to rejoice over the coming musical season in Europe. The score or two of concerts that have already been held there in honor of Mozart's bicentennial are clearly only a prelude to the great flood of music that is to be poured out in homage to him this summer. To celebrate the memory of the most European composer who ever lived — his music, a perfect blend of Nordic and Latin influences, is as cosmopolitan as the life he led in a dozen different cities — virtually every orchestra from Oslo to Istanbul has been busy this spring tuning up its instruments. The result bids fair to be the greatest harvest of Mozart music that Europe has reaped in the two hundred years since the composer's birth.

This may pose a problem for people who don't happen to appreciate Mozart. They can solve it either by going to South America or, less cravenly, by going in August to the Bayreuth Festival, where thick Wagnerian incense will still be burned before the altar of Siegfried. It is only fair to add that they can also get a good earful of *bel canto* by going down to Italy, which remains faithful to Puccini and Verdi; and they can have their pulses quickened with invigorating shots of Granados and Albéniz in Spain. But everywhere else the world of music will be invaded as never before by Mozartian arias and minuets.

Austria

The most important festivals in this Mozart Year will be held, naturally enough, in Austria, which has an uncontested right to lead the international recognition accorded to the greatest of her musical sons. The opening comes in Vienna in June, with an International Mozart Festival scheduled to last three weeks (June 2–24). It will include thirteen performances of Mozart operas by the Vienna State Opera and a whole series of concerts to be given by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and the Prague, Berlin, and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras. Among the conductors invited are Bruno Walter, Josef Krips, and Herbert von Karajan.

Coinciding with the opening of the Vienna festival, an International Mozart Congress is to be held at the Vienna Academy of Sciences from June 3 to June 9 for all professional Mozart-lovers. It will be presided over by the Austrian musicologist, Erich Schenk, who has greeted this bicentennial year in his own fashion by publishing a new definitive biography of the composer. And to keep the spirit of Mozart alive in the city of Johann Strauss, a number of outdoor evening concerts will be given through

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July and August in the stately courtyard of the Vienna Town Hall.

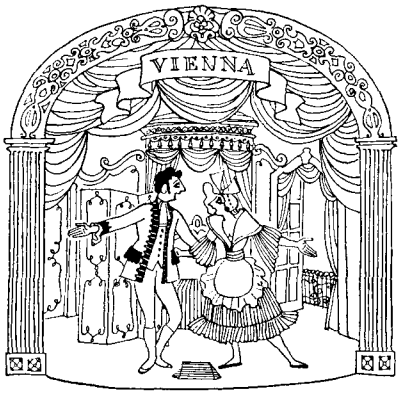
Impressive as this effort is likely to be, it seems certain to be surpassed by the baroque splurge which Salzburg is planning this summer, to honor the infant prodigy who was born there in 1756. The normal festival length is being increased this year from five to six weeks, so that it will start in mid-July rather than at the end of the month. All six of Mozart's great operas (*The Magic Flute, Così fan Tutte, Don Giovanni, The Marriage of Figaro, Idomeneo,* and *The Abduction from the Seraglio*) will be presented, to the exclusion of all other operas. They will be performed in the Festival Hall and the arcaded Felsenreitschule, though plans are being made to stage *Don Giovanni* out-of-doors in the noble Residenz square, where the traditional Salzburg morality play, *Jedermann* (*Everyman*), will continue to be shown.

Here, as in Vienna, an important conference of Mozart experts is scheduled to take place in August, under the auspices of the Central Institute for Mozart Research. While this is certain to attract the connoisseurs, the amateurs will be able to entertain themselves by going to see Salzburg's unique Marionette Theater, which recently toured the United States. This summer its repertory is to be given over almost entirely to Mozart from July through to September. In addition to a miniature presentation of *The Magic Flute*, it will offer marionette performances (with music) of several youthful operettas that few Mozart-lovers have ever heard — *Apollo and Hyacinth* (composed when Mozart was eleven) and *Bastien and Bastienne* (composed when he was twelve), along with a humorous piece of operatic vaudeville called *Der Schauspieldirektor* (*The Stage Manager*) which Mozart composed in later life, and which depicts a vocal duel fought out between two rebellious *prime donne* and their manager.

Not content to leave the celebration of the bicentennial to Vienna and Salzburg, other Austrian cities are joining in in their own way. Graz is planning to put on a five-week Mozart festival (from May 1 to June 5) which may afford amusing distraction to energetic tourists worn out chasing chamois over the nearby Styrian Alps. Innsbruck is planning to commemorate the great composer in jolly Tirolian style by giving a series of serenades in the arcaded court of its Museum of Art and Folklore in July and August.

Germany

If your itinerary takes you to Germany rather than Austria, you may still indulge your taste for Mozart, for next to the Austrians it is the Germans, the most conscientious music-lovers on the Continent, who are out to make a big thing of the bicentennial. The old city of Würzburg has decided to exploit the prestige of its great palace — former home of the bishops and grand dukes of Würzburg, which miraculously escaped de-



struction during the war — to stage a two-week festival from June 9 to June 23 with the help of the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Edwin Fischer, Irmgard Seefried, and the Koeckert Quartette.

From the 23rd to the 24th of June an unusual Mozart festival is to be held in the monastery church of Seeon, in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps near Chiem Lake where mad King Ludwig II built his rococo imitation of Versailles. It was in this convent church that young Mozart conducted the first performance of his Offertory for the Festival of St. John the Baptist.

The stellar event of the German season will take place in the castle of Ludwigsburg, situated on the fringe of the Black Forest near Stuttgart, from June 29 to July 15. It is an appropriate place for a Mozart festival not only because Mozart himself stayed some time here, but also because it is a magnificent eighteenth-century *Schloss* ("a perfect imitation of Versailles," as the guide will unsmilingly inform you) with baroque gardens, a museum, a portrait gallery, a private chapel, and a baronial hall which lend themselves perfectly to a summer celebration of this kind. The festival, which is being organized by the German Mozart Society, will

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feature a wide diversity of Mozart works, from his seldom-played operetta, *La Finta Giardiniera*, to little-heard choral pieces. The concerts will be played for the most part by the German Southwest Broadcasting Company Orchestra, with the participation of French, Italian, and German soloists, including Wilhelm Kempff.

France

What the Germans will offer you with painstaking thoroughness, the French will present with Gallic ingenuity, and they are taking considerable pains to discover elegant ways of hailing the memory of the little court favorite who when he was only seven played before Madame de Pompadour. An important concert is to be held on May 14 in the chapel of the Palace of Versailles to commemorate Mozart's visit there, and this is likely to be followed in June and July by some evening Mozart concerts in the Palace gardens, highlighted by illumination of the fountains.

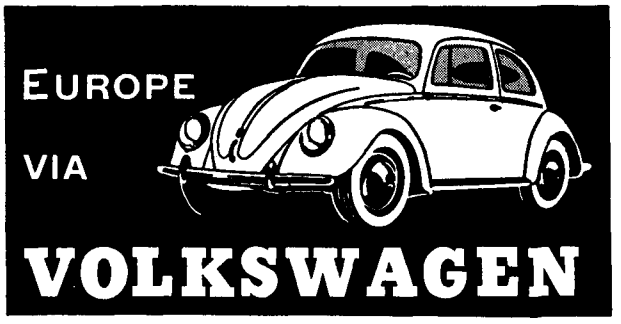
In Paris (where Mozart's mother died and was buried) a number of Mozart concerts are planned in some of the great town-houses. One will be held in June in the stately, colonnaded court of the Hôtel de Soubise (now the home of the French National Archives); another is scheduled for the same month at the Hôtel de Beauvais (the former Bavarian Embassy, where Mozart stayed during his first visit to Paris); and a grandiose Concert Serenade is due to be put on in July by the Paris Opera and its huge Corps de Ballet in the great court of the Palais Royal.

Besides the programs in Paris, the picturesque Alsatian city of Strasbourg will devote its entire festival (from June 8 to June 23) to Mozart works, to be played against the background of one of the finest gothic cathedrals in Europe, and in the elegant eighteenth-century court and salons of the episcopal palace.

For its summer festival (July 7–August 2) Aix-en-Provence is planning to import the Paris Conservatory, the German Southwest Broadcasting Company Orchestra from Baden-Baden, and the Quartetto Italiano to play concerts, in which the *pièce de résistance* will be *Don Giovanni*.

In the little town of Prades, in the Pyrenees, Pablo Casals is likewise planning to give a lot of attention to Mozart. Once again this festival, which is to run from July 3 to July 18, will be an all-chamber-music affair. Among the noted guest artists who are scheduled to take part will be Yehudi Menuhin, Joseph Szigeti, Rudolf Serkin, and the Vegh Quartet.

A festival featuring the music of Mozart's contemporaries is to be held in July at Sceaux, just eight miles from Paris, in the elegant seventeenth-century chateau which Louis XIV's minister, Colbert, filled with murals by Le Brun. Not to be outdone, the watering spa of Vichy has decided to stage a Mozart Week in mid-July. It will be welcome news to those *gourmets* who have eaten too much *pâté de foie gras:* they will be able to pamper their eardrums while curing their livers. And for those who like music with their aquatic sports, there are glad tidings from sunny Menton (next to Monte Carlo



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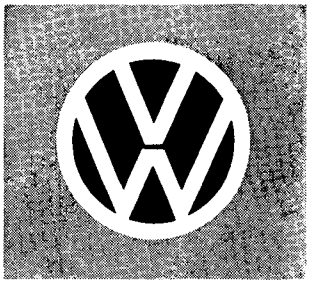

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on the Côte d'Azur), where some Mozart Gala Nights are scheduled during the Riviera Festival (August 1–15).

England

On the other side of the Channel, the British are preparing to honor the bicentennial with appropriate decorum. This year's Glyndebourne Festival (June 1–July 31) is to be entirely devoted to Mozart. As at Salzburg, all six of Mozart's great operas will be presented here in the theater of the graceful Elizabethan and Queen Anne manor house which has become one of Europe's great musical landmarks. There will be five performances a week, with all the traditional trimmings — evening dress, and a dinner intermission full of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

For the festival which he is once again preparing at Aldeburgh (on Britain's North Sea coast) Benjamin Britten is also scheduling a good share of Mozart melodies (June 15–24). They will enliven a sparkling program that includes a lecture concert by the French composer François Poulenc, a talk on music by E. M. Forster, a dissertation on art by Sir Kenneth Clark, and a poetry reading to musical accompaniment by Dame Edith Sitwell.

The Edinburgh Festival, from August 19 to September 8, will make a Highland bow to Mozart. Its main attraction will be the visit of the Hamburg State Opera, under Gunther Rennert's direction, which will present *The Magic Flute*, Richard Strauss's *Salome*, Stravinsky's *Mavra* and *Oedipus Rex*, and Cornelius's *The Barber of Bagdad*. Some Mozart church works are also due to be sung here by the Vienna Hofmusikkapelle, which will close the festival on a lofty note.

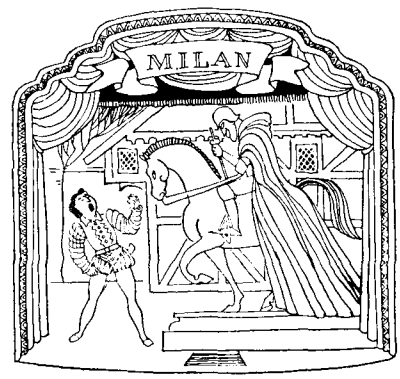
Italy

The Italians, of course, have never forgiven Mozart for having been born on the wrong side of the Brenner. However, certain Italian cities are making a special effort to forget momentarily their national allegiance to Verdi, and are planning to make a Mediterranean salute to the composer of *Don Giovanni*. Florence will be playing some Mozart during its forthcoming *Maggio Musicale* (Musical May), which is always a gay event in this most bewitching of Renaissance cities. In Milan, the Scala, conscious of its international prestige as one of the great opera companies of the world and as the one which has done more than any other to revive eighteenth-century opera, is preparing a two-month-long salute to Mozart (May and June). The celebrations will include special performances of *Così fan Tutte* in the tiny jewel of an opera house which the Milanese recently built next to their big one especially for eighteenth-century opera — a theater which is now baptized the "piccola Scala."

The smaller countries

Many smaller countries in Europe are also scheduling Mozart programs. The city of Zurich in Switzerland is planning a June festival which is to be well seasoned with Mozart, and the citizens of Geneva have organized a Rose Week (it is a week lasting thirteen days, from June 18 to June 30), which will feature outdoor performances of Mozart works.

The Dutch are planning a month-long Festival of Music and Drama (June 15–July 15), featuring Mozart performances, which will be given in Holland's three capitals — Amsterdam (business), The Hague (political), and Scheveningen (seaside-recreational). The Swedes will hold a big festival (June 3–13) with performances by the Royal Opera Company. Mozart's early operetta, *La Finta Semplice*, will be put on here at the quaint eighteenth-century court theater of Drottningholm Palace.



Faraway Finland will honor the great Austrian composer with performances in late April of three of Mozart's operas by the Helsinki Opera Company. And there are unexpected tidings from Turkey, where the Ankara Opera Company is planning a special salaam to Mozart, though no dates have yet been set. It is welcome news for those ardent globe-trotters who would like to have the best of both worlds, and would love to be able to hear the strains of *Figaro* after watching the sun set over the Golden Horn.

(Additional information on specific Mozart celebrations may be obtained by writing to the European Travel Commission, 295 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

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